



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

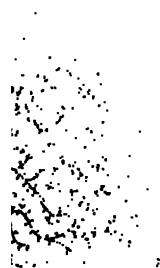
### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

WYLLIE RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07605824 1











L I F E

AT THE

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS;

OR,

Pictures of a Pleasant Summer.

BY

MARY J. WINDLE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT.

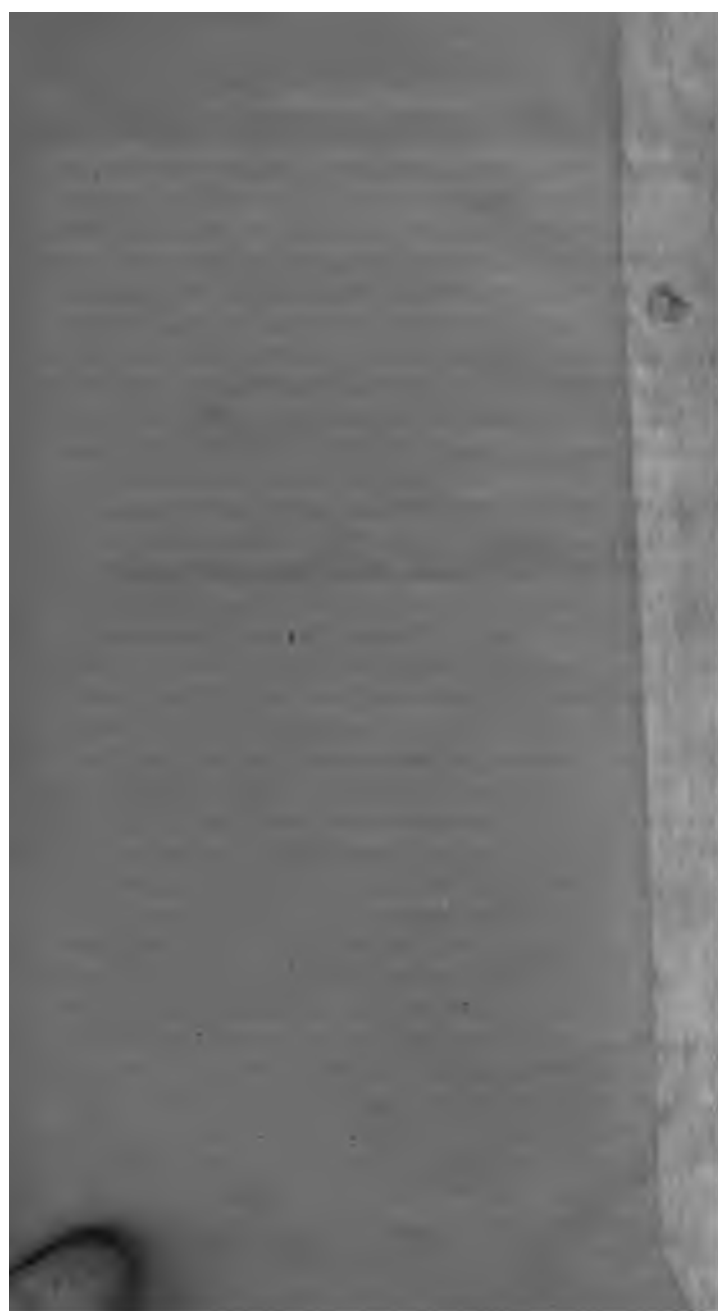
NEW YORK: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., 155 NASSAU ST.

PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT AND CO.

1857.





**LIFE AT WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.**



L I F E

AT THE

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS;

OR,

Pictures of a Pleasant Summer.

BY

MARY J. WINDLE.

AUTHOR OF "LEGEND OF THE WALDENHAMS," ETC. ETC.

---

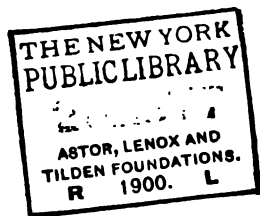
"There's rosemary that's for remembrance."

---

PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT AND CO.

1857.



**BROWN-GOODE COLLECTION**

1900  
1901  
1902

TO THE  
PEOPLE OF SOUTH CAROLINA

*The Following Pages*

ARE  
ADMIRINGLY AND MODESTLY

INSCRIBED.

WASHINGTON CITY, June, 1857.

THE  
200  
1900

## P R E F A C E.

---

THE extent and duration of the favor which has been unexpectedly extended to them have led to the collection of the "Tales and Sketches" which compose this volume. The hope is entertained that what gave pleasure in an imperfect and broken form, may, in completion, not give less. Should the reader find enjoyment in these collected labors of many days, the writer will have had her purpose accomplished; and, without regarding this approbation as an absolute pledge of future favor, will be incited to more mature endeavors to add to the available enjoyments of domestic leisure.

Relinquishing all thoughts of a fantastic and needless brilliancy, she has applied herself to the task of imparting instruction and pleasure, satisfied if these writings minister to human sympathies.

M. J. W.

WASHINGTON CITY.





## PEN AND INK SKETCHES.

---

GREENBRIER, June 20, 1856.


DEAR PUBLIC: We left home under a solemn vow and promise to ourself that nothing but the inevitable duty of writing a family letter should induce us to stain our fingers with ink for one week after our arrival at Greenbrier, yet no sooner were we installed in our cozy quarters, than we found the "*cacoethes scribendi*" creeping upon us; and, unable longer to resist the contagion, we began most vehemently to deface all the blank paper within our reach, and the next morning detected ourself terminating a long article addressed to no particular person, and certainly destined for the pages of some distant journal.

We were, of course, very properly, ashamed at thus finding ourself breaking faith with ourself; but we soon capitulated with our conscience, for, after a little of that feminine special pleading which so often "makes the worse appear the better reason," we began to discover not only "*des circonstances atténuantes*" for our delinquency, but even laudable motives; and we came out of court—where we had been judge, jury, plaintiff, and defendant—fully acquitted. To set forth the arguments that passed on all sides, would be far too lengthily an undertaking for the limits of a preface.

So much has been published upon the Virginia Springs, that the subject has been completely exhausted by minds of every calibre. It therefore looks like a work of supererogation to endeavor to extract a new idea from so worn-out a theme, or attempt to add a word to that which has already been so often and so well said ; but such is the incorrigibility of female human nature, that, with this fact staring one in the face and appearing silently to forbid it, we fancy we are bound to add our mite to the general fund of entertainment, to correct some impression which may have escaped a mightier mind, or correct some mistake which may have been perpetrated by a more careless one.

We left Washington at the uncomfortable hour of five in the morning, being startled from a languid chat by the voice of the hackman while partaking of an early breakfast. The aspect of Pennsylvania Avenue was decidedly solitary—indeed, it might almost be described as dreary. A short drive brought us to the Alexandria boat, its broad, black chimney silently vomiting lazy volumes of smoke, while the narrow steam-pipe by its side shot forth a viewless jet, whitening upward to fleecy cloud ; and high above all—calm, grand, and sublime—rose the Washington Monument, looming up like a mighty giant above the crowded spires and roofs of the city. Soon the wheels began to turn, and the boat moved sluggishly from the wharf, gradually quickening its speed, and, with beautiful precision, dexterously threading its way from among the slow, sullen coal-barges, as a lion might spare to trample on a mouse.

In spite of the early hour, the deck of our boat presented a singularly effective and striking scene. Nothing vulgar, in the ordinary sense of the term, met the eye in any direction ; but there was a good deal of *genteel comedy*, which it was the more agreeable to watch, as all the actors in it appeared extremely happy. Our first study consisted of a lady, who, though she had passed "*la premiere jeunesse*," and was



not strictly beautiful, was striking in appearance; and a handsome "*militaire*," not quite old. It was one of those vehement flirtations which, if carried on at all, should find a less public scene of action than the deck of a steamboat. Close by these, but quite unheeded by them, stood a pair of young ladies, sketching in two little books, "*à l'envie l'une de l'autre*." It seemed to be a match against time, as well as against each other; and the odds were against their finishing the first view before it was half a mile behind them. In another direction, a voluble old lady, with a most lugubrious aspect, was pouring out a torrent of autobiography, telling how she had undergone fraud and extortion at the hands of perfidious steamboat captains and ticket agents, all which particulars a pale boy at her side, who reminded us of the diffusion of useful knowledge, seemed eagerly to drink in and lay to heart.

After a pleasant sail, we neared the quaint old wharves of Alexandria, catching a glimpse of its ancient warehouses, which grow like so many fungi at the water's edge. Amid noisy shouts and quick exclamations we drew up before the vociferous pier, a succession of bumps sending the impatient passengers into each other's arms. The great bell at the depot tolled forth a warning peal, and involuntarily grasping still closer the arm of our companion, we hastened to secure seats in the long train of cars ready to receive us.

The bell in a few moments gave the final signal, the iron fiend panting and puffing, as if struggling to heave into motion the lengthy machinery—equalling in proportions the car of Juggernaut—to which he was bound. A moment more, and we glided through the suburbs of the town, catching glimpses of open spaces, heaped with lime and sand, ready for building, and tenanted by troops of boys, who were arranging banquets of sand-pies. But soon our speed was increased to a rate unknown before railways had converted

---

our country into the semblance of a gigantic implement for the torture of St. Lawrence.

Our fellow-passengers seemed to have their own peculiar way of dissipating the *ennui* of a rail-car. In one direction, a *business man*, with a morning paper in his hand, was bending his brows over the state of the "money market," in great doubt whether land-warrants could possibly fall lower. Another, a gentleman of studious aspect and travel-worn appearance, showed

That he in botany was skilled:  
He bore a lacquered satchel, filled  
With stores of floral specimens  
From mountain-tops and mossy glens.

Presently the whistle shrieked, and with a mighty blowing-off of steam, and whistling from the locomotive, and grinding, and crushing, and squeaking, we slackened speed and approached a little village, with a sign swinging before an inn of some pretension. Had our entrance into this village been preceded by the flourish of a brass band, and "See, the conquering hero comes!" we could not have been more convinced of our irresistibility. The arrival of the cars was evidently a great event in that quiet spot. The children of both sexes, and various women with infants in their arms, were collected on the platform; while not a few of the more staid and respectable of the inhabitants, quite above testifying their curiosity in this way, went on errands to that part of the line of street where the train stopped, and lingered to converse with a neighbor about the weather. Even the animal creation seemed strangely excited. Flocks of ducks and geese set up a discordant gobble at the sight of us, and a motherly hen, with a thriving and inquisitive family, raised a chorus of sounds, nodding and whispering together as though they knew a great deal more than they chose to tell.

From here we were borne, almost like thought, through soft, sunny meadows of fresh, tender, vivid green; through

waving woods, bounded by the horizon on every side, and amid the perfume of wild-flowers, which, with their fairy garlands, trailed their graceful wreaths across the iron rails, to be crushed with the heavy wheels. In a very lonely part of the country we passed a kind of "Robinson Crusoe" picture—a rude shanty in the midst of a wide patch of uninclosed land, whose weather-beaten sides looked as though it had lost its way, wrapped itself up, and sunk to sleep. We rushed by, tantalizing a group of ragged and barefooted urchins with the sight of all the fashion, trunks, et cæteras, flying past as if that part of the world were only made to fly over, not to settle upon. At noon we stopped at Staunton, a pleasant town. The hope of a good dinner had reconciled us to the dust and fatigue of the last twelve hours, and we hurried to the dining-room without so much as a glance at that cruel teller of home-truths—the glass. As scant of food as Petruchio's Katherine, we did full justice to the dainty dishes set before us, and were soon again seated in the cars, the mile-stones flying rapidly by. How we blessed in our hearts the memory of Caius Gracchi, by whom these memorials of distance were bequeathed to posterity, to tell us how every minute brought us nearer and nearer our destination. Along some portions of our route the massive foliage of the trees alternated in glorious fertility with plains of golden corn; while here and there mountains, sheeted with azure blossoms and verdant foliage, cast into shadow the vast forests that girdled them around. Sometimes trees, partly torn up by the roots by wind and storm, reclined on those behind them, or impended in dangerous proximity to the line, as if nodding in anger at the passing trains—monarchs of the woods, whose reign in these solitudes has been strangely intruded upon by the rushing enginery of modern transport.

Our railway route terminated at Millboro', where everything looked as dispiriting as Tadmor in the Desert. The

whole place seemed dead, fossil, petrified. But this did not depress us. Like Henry V. at Gratz, we felt convinced that better things awaited us. It was by no means into freedom and comfort that a majority of the passengers emerged from the cars at this place. They threw about them alarmed looks, and commenced hurrying, some one way, some another, occasionally meeting like so many locomotives in collision, till at length all rushed consentaneously, or were carried by the stream, towards the baggage-car. What glaring eyes were thrown towards the opening of this cavern, as it disgorged trunk after trunk, tumbling them upon the ground as if they belonged to nobody in particular, but were to be scrambled for by all. The wiser of the travellers went quietly off, edging themselves clear of the frantic mass, and making energetically for the stages which were to convey us to the "Warm Springs" to lodge.

How beautiful the country through which we passed! Oh, the intense enjoyment of that pleasant transit! Not a helter-skelter flight by railroad, rendering the landscape a blurred and featureless confusion, but a slow journey through fertile fields, where the hay was half up, half down, filling the air with fragrance.

After a most refreshing night's rest at the "Warm Springs," we resumed our journey in the early morning. Our route from this point was up-hill and down-hill, through those lovely landscapes that lie away off, nestled in the by-places of Virginia; meadows of soft, luxurious grass, giving sustenance to the flocks of sheep that would win the prize at any agricultural show; farm-houses, whose dairies' cleanliest receptacles are filled with bowls of golden-hued butter, and cylinders of odorous cheese. Beyond these stretched scenes too grand for description, too wonderful for painting; far as the eye could reach was a range of mountains, undulating with graceful curves, and so decked with green that no thought of mountain ruggedness occurred while looking at

them. At one point we wound up a deep ravine, and after slowly mounting by curves and turnings, we were placed aloft on the solemn solitudes of mountains, which rose tier on tier, seeming but a step between the uppermost and heaven. On our left a slope terminated in a deep gorge, through which a little brook tinkled, as though myriads of fairy revelers tripped it there to the music of their own silver bells. It was such a view as in our life we never beheld. We know that God is everywhere, but certainly we feel his presence most when his works are in the grandest scale spread before us; and it is in the unclouded beauty of such a scene that we read closest His infinitude and His omnipotence. About us and above us towered mighty trees, whose roots had been grappling for ages among the seams and fissures of those granite hills. The blows of impious axe-men had never echoed from these mountain-sides. No trace of man's worldliness had yet defaced that solemn scene.

Beautiful, too, beyond description, were the downward views. All motionless in the noonday dazzle stretched a lovely valley, until it seemed continuous with the heavens that stooped down between the two mountain ranges to let its angels revel in the green beauty that dotted it everywhere.

What a sublime sonnet might the gifted Hayne have extracted from such a scene! What floods of unimaginable beauty would have flowed from his pen! That exquisite view—like the sun's rays awaking the mysterious harmonies of Memnon—would have touched glorious chords in his bosom.

About one o'clock the green slopes and lovely grounds of the White Sulphur revealed themselves to our weary eyes. Everything looked so fresh, so pure, that we grew flushed and heated from a sudden sense of contrast, and remembered our own travel-soiled garments and fatigued faces painfully.



Dear Public, we did not promise (did we?) to give you anything more than an account of our journey here. If, however, you have become sufficiently interested to desire to hear more, we will, at a future day, cut the nib from our pen, and dash off with a few simple strokes the various beauties of this far-famed watering-place.

---

★  
GREENBRIER, June 30, 1856.

WE awoke this morning in a cosy, snug, sleep-inviting chamber. Half dreaming, our eye fell upon the pale blue door drapery and pure white window hangings. Other furniture dawned on us by degrees; and, at last, we took in the complete fact of a pleasant room, but obviously from the position of window and door, an unknown room in an unknown place. We thought of Bedridden Hassan, transported in his sleep from Cairo to the gates of Damascus. Had a genius stooped his dark wing, as the Eastern tale said, and borne us over land and sea, and laid us quietly down beside a strange hearth?

The delusion was quickly dissipated by the crowing carol of a baby in a cabin near, whose accomplishment of the solitary word "mamma," as often reiterated as the word *I*, by a fluent member of the "House," recalled us to a sense of our present location.

Come to the open window, at our bidding, dear reader; lean your chin on both hands, the elbows propped commodiously on the sill, and contemplate a scene of rich and tranquil landscape beauty. The whole view is essentially placid in its character. There is neither torrent, dense forest, nor foaming cataract to be seen, but all is calm, almost holy in its beautiful tranquillity. The stillness of early morning slumbers everywhere; little birds are fetching their young ones breakfast out of the orchard trees, and the early bees

are doing their first spell of work. The carriage horses stamp from time to time in their closed stables; all else is still. Before us and around us, bathed in quiet sunshine, and curtained round with beautiful woodland, stretch rows of modest cabins, with their low roofs peeping out from leafy screens, like birds' nests, inclosing a fine lawn so smooth and even that a Yankee would invent a scythe for mowing it at a single slice, without grazing the earth. Had we dropped down here from the clouds, ignorant of our locality, we would think of Switzerland or Italy, or fancy ourselves on an excursion with Wordsworth, among the romance of his lake scenery, or with Sir Walter Scott, in some fairy spot of his beloved highlands.

It was not a morning to be wasted in-doors, the balmy air, and the quivering life-full foliage were all wooing without, so we went and sauntered dreamily without the inclosure, passing broad wavy meadows, where the sheep with their little mossy-faced lambs, speckled the pasture, and horses bounded and tossed their manes in play, or quietly cropped the grass at their feet. We passed on among the fields where butterflies were flashing about in the sunshine, and every time our foot touched the yielding carpet of green, it crushed the dew from a thousand tiny moss-cups. Purple eyes looked up lovingly from deserted fields, birds waved their wings and wheeled and carolled in the soft light; the very winds murmured their music among the old trees, and then swept downward from their high communion, and stooped wooingly to kiss our cheek, leaving a touch of balm upon our lips.

But flowers, and birds, and sunlight were forgotten and merged in the surpassing grandeur and exquisite beauty of the scene that rose before us on reaching an eminence near the spring. Lifted up close, as it seemed, to the blue sky and silvery clouds, rose all around us the purple peaks and huge sloping shoulders of a vast mountain chain forming the

stupendous background of one of the most sublime views. The blue sky seemed to look with limpid clearness through the beautiful arches as they rose tier above tier into the morning air, and from every rift and crevice, and stony receptacle, where an inch of soil could lodge, curtains of exquisite wild flowers fell over the brown rich mosses; full-tufted bushes of dark green verdure rocked and swayed in the morning air—and high up against the transparent sky, light feathery wands of blossoms sprang from the huge clefts, crowning the grim battlements with their most fragile beauty. In an ecstasy of enjoyment, we sat down on a bank of elastic moss, the sun breaking through the closely interlaced branches above in little gushes of light. A little stream went dancing and babbling merrily before us. From the tree above our head came what might have resembled a scream, but for its musical intonation. Tril-il-il-illa! went up the song, laden with the odors of the flowers, and steeped in the hues of the sky—Tril-il-il-illa!—and the birds joined spontaneously from every tree in the heart-chorus; and the leaves seemed to glow and quiver to the strain. Everything, from the golden moss-cup to the giant mountain, seemed looking up into heaven. Never did our imagination conceive a distinct idea of the Garden of Eden till we beheld the environs of this enchanting spot. We have seen the paradise of that dreamer of gorgeous dreams, "Huntingdon," but our mind remained unenlightened till we beheld the scenery which now surrounds us.

We returned by the way of the Spring, whose medicinal virtues have given great celebrity to this justly celebrated watering place. We had always so incorporated the notion of the "White Sulphur" with that of stupendous mountains, that we expected to find the Spring itself flowing between barriers of rocks, like the Rhine above Coblenz; and great was our surprise to behold it encircled by twelve massive columns, supporting an arched roof, on the centre of which

stands a beautiful figure of the Goddess of Health, a plain of cabins surrounding it like twenty Salisburys rolled into one. We reached there at the water-drinking hour, and found in this fane, erected to Hygiene, an assembly of old and young, cherub children, and blooming nurses, all surrounding a circular balustrade, imprisoned within which was posted a bright-faced, dark-eyed boy, who, stooping and rising with the mechanical precision of a steamboat piston, dipped forth glass after glass of the bubbling sulphurous liquid, causing an imaginary hypochondriac to think of a smiling fiend, ladling up draughts from the brimstone tanks of Lucifer.

Belles, with lankly hanging morning robes, loitered beside the Spring, in the travesty of veiled prophets. One, a beautiful girl, whose eyes and complexion suggest the idea of some Israelitish princess of the patriarchal days, swallowed the draught with an ultra rueful countenance, for the copy-right of which Cruikshanks would have offered a handsome sum. In one direction, a young mother, with goblet in hand, was wasting as much eloquence on a little golden-haired, rebellious urchin, as might have smoothed over the Nebraska question, or conciliated the Kansas dilemma! In another direction an infirm old man—rare specimen of a race fast decaying—was dispensing glass after glass with a courtesy which might edify our modern age.

In one quarter a group of cavaliers—whose menacing length of beard gave them the air of our Jewish friends, the old clothes men—held glasses in their hands, which ever and anon were raised to their lips with most unequivocal symptoms of distaste.

The whole scene was extremely animated. Mulatto maids of all sizes were passing and repassing from the Spring to the cabins, lightly poising graceful pitchers on their heads—like the captive princesses of the ante-Homeric age, or like

the daughters of the patriarchs—with an erectness of gait and facility of movement worthy of admiration.

The sight of all these people, thus grouped and huddled together on the margin of the Spring—many of them pale and delicate—suggested the idea of a pool of Bethesda, where the healthy and the beautiful seem to have no business, but to come in mere wantonness and frolic, unless they are, as some of them seem to be, the angels, whose presence gives virtue to the water, akin to that angel who stirred the pool of the Five Porches at Jerusalem.

This spring is said to be the finest in America. The waters act with great power upon all diseases of the liver, bowels, and digestion. The far-famed celebrity of its waters draws invalids from all parts of the country; while the surpassing beauty and gayety of the place attract fashionable idlers thither. The gregarious instinct which annually assembles on our house-tops the migratory birds, is impelling Greenbrier-ward the flight of our city population, who are whirled here by every successive stage.

Has society palled upon you, dear reader? Have the week-day struggles of the world made you wish for some short Sabbath of repose? Are you fretted in the harness of working-day life? Are you tired of the city's infected air? Do your chafed lungs require the soothing of balmily breathing breezes? If so, bend your steps to the White Sulphur. Here are sunshines scarce ever clouded, and fragrant airs as gentle as a maiden's whisper. Here are nights all a-glow with stars. Come, and throw off in this holy place the stuff that gathers on your souls in life's tiresome travels, as barnacles gather on the keels of vessels in their weary voyages through briny seas. Eliot Warburton recommended his readers to sail down the Nile, if they wanted to lull the vexed spirit. It is easier to visit Greenbrier! We don't have the crocodiles here, but we have, instead, the liquid whistles of the little winged people that find summer lodgings here.

GREENBRIER, July 14, 1856.

OUR canvas is all ready for the colors, dear reader. A quire of foolscap, cut and paged, a half dozen nicely nibbed pens, and the most convenient of standishes, all spread invitingly before us. Out of doors the grassy slopes are all glowing with sunshine ; but within here the light falls cool, the breeze plays through the open door, and golden streaks of sunbeams come in faintly, upon the pleasant shade, touching it into character and consciousness. As we write, a robin has come up from his home, near the Spring, and is pecking his pretty bill and smoothing his plumage, with a knowing impudence, directly before our face.

Without, all is animation. The very gravel seems responsive to the measured pulsations of patent leather and mice-like feet. The lawn and walks are filled with loitering groups of idlers ; some pursuing their joyous way along the grounds ; some quietly seated at their ease, with dreamy eyes fixed upon the ever changing scene, and voices of children ring on our ears ; and a sweet, soft, universal tinkle, as of some fairy music, is in the air. At one point, blooming juveniles are trolling gayly-colored balls, others bounding over the lawn. These, and a thousand other varieties, are presented by the visitors, ever numerous in this lovely spot.

The parlors, four in number, with windows opening on the lawn, have lounges placed by them, on which you may loah at your ease, and see the gay groups pass to and fro, without the fatigue of joining them. There is about these delightful summer rooms no affectation of costliness, but a wonderful accumulation of comfort, neatness, and, we may add, elegance. A pure taste is apparent in the selection and arrangement of furniture, pictures, and drapery, affording a favorable contrast to the gaudy, flashy style of Northern watering places.

Do you feel a desire to join us, gentle reader ? Come,

then, and you shall have no reason to complain of your "*cicerone*." And, first, we will mark that cluster of gentlemen under the trees. Some few of them seem wholly absorbed in the gratification bestowed upon Europe by the immortal Raleigh. (Apropos of cigars: they seem to be as much the "staff of life" to the gentlemen here as is their daily bread; every masculine visage is seen through a thin, curling vapor that causes their moustachioed lips to look like the craters of so many tiny volcanoes.) Those two gesticulating so vehemently are active, steady-going politicians, who conceive themselves born to be statesmen; and, whether in a fast train or recreating at the "White Sulphur," fancy themselves fulfilling their mission by converting conversation into a political debate.

Note that superb woman passing slowly down the shady alleys. We never saw an improvisatrice, but we fancy this lady looks more like that daughter of passion and poesy than any being since the days of the burning lipped Corinna. This lady, who is from Baltimore, bears a name that thrills the world. He who first bore it went long ago to his rest; but the influence of that name still stands in full light and fervor. Like the peal of a ghostly trumpet, it seems to summon dead hosts from their sleep under the Northern snows, and along the Egyptian sands, and in the sunny fields of Italy. It is a name entwined with the roots of a vast empire, sprouting through every fibre, running into every limb, penetrating, oversweeping and surviving all charters and institutions.

That lovely group of children on the lawn, who are chattering so volubly in French to their foreign nurse, are members of a family from New Orleans. The mild-faced mother by their side is a living impersonation of Sir Joshua Reynolds' picture of St. Cecilia.

That gentleman and lady loitering along the gravelled walk toward the Spring, look like one of the happy couples'

described by Boccaccio, and still existent on some faded canvas of Titian. They are said to be on a bridal tour. A bride is under any circumstances an object of interest. She must be old and plain beyond permission, whom people do not turn round to look at; and, in the present instance, she is not only young, but lovely and graceful. The tall, fine looking individual by her side, looks down on her as men *do* look on what is the apple of their eye, and the upward glance of those soft, shy eyes—it is as beautiful and innocent as any little fawn could lift out of its cover of fern, or any lamb from its meadow bed.

That *petite* figure dressed in exquisite taste, is Miss — (excuse the name), of Savannah. Her soft and full Southern dialect, tells unmistakably her home. *Pretty* seems a word of praise too common to apply to her. But, perhaps, it is the right one; beautiful would imply greater regularity of feature and richness of coloring. Her daisy-like prettiness and charming “*naïveté*,” would not sit well with the latter.

But here comes the “Leila of Byron,” the beautiful Miss —, of South Carolina. She is surrounded by admirers, listening to their compliments with courtesy, but still with the regardless air of one whom too much unsolicited attention is surfeiting. The gentleman at her elbow looks as if he was half tempted to follow the advice of Dr. Franklin, shut his eyes, harden his heart, and propose. He walks as though he trod on fleecy clouds, and lived on ether—as if he was not thoroughly certain that it was the common earth he stood on, or that the usual sky was expanding over his elevated senses.

That delicate looking girl, who is invariably seen with her mother, is Miss —, of New Orleans. She is tall and slight, but with an air of fashion, and a gracefulness of attitude rarely seen.

That couple seated under the trees are from —. What did bring those two strangely assorted persons together?



Certainly not sympathy. It may be a trick of Don Cupid's; but, even he, with all his perverse blindness seldom makes such a blunder as this. Nothing less than entireness of idolatry, the wildest infatuation could have bidden fate to spread the roof over heads so different. And yet, on the principle, perhaps, that extremes meet, they seem to agree perfectly; and, like the moment-hand and hour-hand, which, with so different an impetus, move in harmony upon the same dial-plate, seem to get on extremely well together.

That sombre-looking individual with a most menacing moustache, is said to be the victim of a gigantic fortune, and is dying of a surfeit of bank-notes. His hypochondriacism is so strong upon him, that we should shudder to see him look into a cutler's or druggist's shop. People submit to his caprices as they overlook the rough coat of a pine-apple, because they know it to be fine fruit at the core.

That lady with pale, interesting face, and Italian hair and eyes, is a French governess; her onerous task being to imbue some five or six sets of brains with a due tincture of what *they* consider a most complicated and difficult science—that of the French language.

Dear lady reader, a word in your ear! Among the guests at the "White Sulphur," is a member of the English nobility—a "*bona fide*" English Baronet. Since the day when the fountain of Arethusa rose in Sicily, after running to earth in Greece, never has anything turned up here causing more flutter among our belles. Some seem to fancy he is to restore the dead to life, and kill, on the spot, all who pretend to be alive. The distinguished individual seems entirely innocent of any murdering intention, and passes along with a dignity of air and carriage which commands as much as it attracts.

GREENBRIER, July 21, 1856.

DEAR PUBLIC: We repaired, a few days ago, to our writing-desk, seized a new quire of the finest wire-wove, and a pen, which we held to the light, to ascertain that its nib was unimpeachable, ere we commenced. On the carpet before us, with a stately air of sobriety, sat our only companion—an aged dog—with a skin like the inky cloak of the Prince of Denmark; and having drawn our chair closer to the table, and placed the foolscap squarely and commodiously before us, instead of putting pen to paper, we laid it quietly down again, and fell into a fit of musing. There are two reasons which induce persons to pause at such a crisis: either that they find they have nothing to say, or find they have too much. We suspended our measures because in the latter quandary. Our dumb friend seemed to share our dilemma, for an air of sympathy and bewilderment gradually came over his sage and meditative face. In his wisdom, he saw there was some trouble, but his straining faculties could not make it out, and he turned his wistful visage up to us with a wondering and compassionate gaze.

Of the various subjects presented to us, which *should* we select? Should we note the "love affairs" just commencing, or the "last ball," or a highly gratifying visit to the culinary department which we made yesterday? After a full hour's deliberation, the latter was selected as our subject. Unpromising subjects have originated capital works: witness the clever comedy produced on the title of "Knitting-Needles," by "Kotzebue," after undertaking, for a wager, to write one on any subject suggested.

Our canine friend seemed infinitely relieved at our decision, for he relaxed from his grave dignity, sniffed our dress with his shaggy nose, distended his delicate nostrils, and frisked round us with pantomimic gestures of joy which would have carried conviction to the mind of King Solomon.

Being very anxious to see the culinary department of the watering place of the South, we yesterday visited this region—a region of mystery to most of ladies, that they would hardly enter if the rest of the establishment were on fire. Had we at command the pen of Charles Dickens, we might impart interest and sentiment to our description; but it strikes us that this school has been overdrawn.

After being received by the *chef de cuisine*, with the air of a patron of Almack's, we proceeded leisurely to survey the animated scene. The walls blazed with rows of stew-pans highly burnished, ranging in nice gradations of size, from comfortable room for a lamb to broil in whole, down to the size you would select to do one fritter. Among these hung here and there vessels and implements of more contorted shape, culinary alembics—probably to distil the finer flavors, applied when deep and obstinate essences are to be tortured forth. The perfection of these implements is attributable, we presume, to the excellent management of the *chef de cuisine*—a courtier-like mulatto, clad in pure white, like some antique hierarch surpliced for sacrificial rites. This individual deserves more than a passing notice. He seems to have a high sense of his personal and official dignity; there is something imposing in his air, and governmental in his turn. All stood aside respectfully, to allow a free passage to one who, in his *sphere*, held the place of an emperor. He had set a-going seventeen simultaneous pans, big, doubtless, with the fate of seventeen separate breakfasts. Calmly he walked before a roaring furnace that emulated the blast of a foundry; his vigilant eye wandering up and down, active, yet serene, like Goethe's planet, "without haste, without rest." (We believe, if he were thrown into Nebuchadnezzar's hottest furnace, he would issue forth untraversed by the smell of fire.) Some of the pans were simmering tenderly; some frizzled in a louder key; some rumbled under covers; some, lidless, bubbled full in view. Each had its

peculiar crisis and doubtful turning point—its special contingencies of failure and success; yet all these complicated issues his clear mind kept apart, and severally fore-ruled. We noted with delight the nice discrimination of his artistic touches—so fine, yet so decisive. Into one pan he let fall a single drop from a cruet; another he stirred with a spoon, frowned, and cast in three sorts of spice; one little one he tasted, and, with a smile, gently laid back the lid.

That mulatto cook, dear public, is no ordinary man. In any other position, he might be an obstacle in the way of other people; but to the "kitchen," he is as well proportioned as an elephant to a jungle. Dignified and thoughtful, he is the very one to legislate with subordinates, and overawe waiters. Nobody can brow-beat him, irritate his nerves, or exhaust his patience. And then, his imposing presence! Why, his white garments seemed to diffuse light and life into the stagnant atmosphere of that unincidental region.

In one direction, the morning supplies of meats were piled on a table. These raw materials of his art he inspected with fastidious eyes, as an artist criticizes the setting of his palette. Underneath this table, lay a heap of live chickens, agitating their limbs, and doubling up convulsively their speckled bodies, as from time to time they gave a vehement struggle.

From the meat department we passed into the "pastry kitchen," a distance of some hundred yards from the former. Here we were politely received by a quiet, staid, white matron, who is the superintending spirit, her assistants being colored slaves. Before a spotless pine table stood an intensely black negress, with an extremely broad and flat nose (though not at all an unamiable one), and a pair of prominent, well-opened eyes, that made her look as if she was always astonished at something. And then her size! How much she must have consumed to attain that breadth and height, that wealth of muscle, that affluence of flesh. Cheer-

ful as a lark, she seemed to accomplish more work with her single arm than a half-dozen common servants. We wish Mrs. Stowe could have seen her in her neat, checked apron, her sleeves rolled up above her plump elbows; she would have afforded that lady a noble representation of slave life in the South. She was engaged in printing some rich golden butter with a wooden paddle. She moulded it into oval shape, stamping them vigorously with her practised hand, leaving beautiful impressions of lilies, and roses, and sweet-smelling posies, doomed to be as evanescent as the flowers whose similitude they assumed.

In another department stood a bright-eyed negro girl with a pan of water before her. The crisp green pea rinds fell off before the active movements of her fingers, leaving in her hands the tiny balls, which she set swimming in the clear water.

In the lamp department (which is remote and entirely distinct from the culinary), a negro man was proceeding as calmly and leisurely in his task of renovating and refilling various lamps, as if the enlightenment of the universe depended upon the evenness of their wick, and steadiness of their light.

In the various departments we found admirable system, healthy, likely slaves all employed; yet evidently not overworked or oppressed—a corps of-subordinates having their duties so arranged, that they relieved each other in quick succession whenever the work was severe. Whether the perfection of the management arises from perseverance in method, or efficient servants, the result is certainly admirable.

Nothing can exceed the dreariness of this department of servant life in Northern watering-places. Subterranean stories for the better engenderment of damp, mildew, and malaria, compel the menial occupants to retain a becoming sense of their semi-humanity, by existing in a state of semi-interment. The winds of heaven seldom wander out of their

way, for the ventilation of those noisome regions ; hence the faintness that besets the visitors on descending the vault-like stone stairs of those menial dungeons. The amusement of Northern visitors here at the *dolce far niente* of Southern servitude, is beyond expression. And then the *lits de maitres* provided for black slaves, while their white servants are accustomed to *lits de sougle*, or even worse. In conversation, they have freely admitted to us that the South is, after all, the paradise of two-footed bearers of burdens. Servants sitting down three times a day to luxurious meals, and at those sacred hours, as unattackable by the claims of their masters as if at church, appear, to their experience, worthy of the *Pays de Cacagne*, where the pheasants fly about ready roasted.

Dear lady readers, we have, as yet, few love affairs. We hope the belles here will be sympathized with as the case deserves.

---

IN our first sketch of the "Ball Room," the only difficulty we experience is in bringing on a spasm of enthusiasm in traversing ground so foot-worn ; for sketches of life and manners, of which the writer does not appear to be in a state of effervescence, is considered flat as a bottle of soda water that will not pop ; *et si le bouchon ne toute pas*, the writer does. Any appearance of languid circulation is sure to produce a languid circulation in return. It takes us ten minutes' deliberation to decide whether we shall treat matters didactically, *à la Guizot*, or Jules Janinously, *à la forked lightning*. We think the former is more piquant in a sketch.

Come, take our hand, gentle reader, and we will lead you down the gently sloping lawn to the brilliantly lighted ball-room. What radiant clusters of loveliness ! The centre of the floor is alive with dancers, the dance being a species of

waltz where the gentlemen whirl their partners round and round, with a velocity and swiftness that almost take away the breath, and then as suddenly leave them and whirl away in their turn, leaving the lady to overtake them in the crowd. We will find amusement in watching the different actors in this amusement.

One gentleman languidly saunters through the quadrille; another walks through the figures with a correctness that seems the result of instinct, but with a lassitude that appears ready to drop, as if this sort of thing was the greatest bore in the world, and as if he thought he should be obliged to decline dancing in the future; another dances with great earnestness, but without any very nice acquaintance with the figures, sometimes making happy guesses, and always thankful to be set right and go back to the proper lady and pause it with her over again, conscientiously. The ladies exhibited more uniformity. Their absolute indifference to the eccentricities of those gentlemen surprised us. They seemed to look with womanly sympathy upon the hermit-quadriller, and to consider the walking dancer a very elegant person. One lady walked through the figures like an Empress of the Cobourg, with the crown upon her head, the sceptre in her hand, and her train borne by two pages.

Pre-eminent in this brilliant assembly stands *the* belle of the "White Sulphur"—Miss —, daughter of Judge —, of South Carolina. Her beauty does not lie in complexion, though it is exquisitely fair; nor in outline, though her cheek is rounded as an infant's; but, rather, in an expression so dovelike as to haunt one with its rare beauty. It is this perfume of expression that gives the violet beauty of Miss — distinction, and makes it superior to the broadest camellia or fullest dahlia that ever bloomed. In describing thee

We own a higher spell,  
And feel a purer air;

For when we strive to speak thy praise  
It trembles into prayer.  
A solemn tenderness that pleads  
That life, to such as thee,  
May prove more happy and divine  
Than it is wont to be.

There were four ladies among the dancers, whom it needed no great stretch of imagination to convert into the representatives of the four quarters of the globe: Miss —, of Baltimore, figuring America with her abundant riches, tremendous mountains and mines of precious metal; while the languid Miss —, of New Orleans—Circassian in every gesture—might sit for the picture of Asia; and the dark-eyed, brunette complexioned Miss —, also of New Orleans, of the sultry fatherland of the moon; Miss —, of Mobile, is Europe, pretty, witty, wild—the acme of civilization; yet, having uncultured heaths and valleys in its very heart, of which it is the gentleman's province to discover whether they contain the craters of extinct volcanoes, or glaciers, frozen from the very Creation. Each lady is charming in her way, and we find ourselves as much puzzled to award the palm to either of the four, as Paris the apple to either of the three goddesses.

Among the seated spectators, note that sweetly serious face, with large pictorial looking eyes. It is Mrs. Chancellor —, of Mississippi, a bride from Virginia. The piquant, animated face by her side is Mrs. —, also from Harrisonburg. In a very little body, this lady has a very large heart, of a most India rubber nature; not, indeed, as the simile is used in speaking of female hearts, but her heart possesses this elastic nature in the best sense, namely, that it ever finds room for new occupants; and, moreover, it is remarkable for its quality of effacing all unkindness or injuries as easily as India rubber removes pencil marks from paper.



Seated in another direction, is the *petite* form and romantic face of Mrs. —, daughter of Chancellor —, of Baltimore; so youthful in appearance that we can scarce credit that she is the lady of an absent naval officer. Her large, bewildering eyes are shaped and colored as we see them in Raphael's lovely pictures.

The massive-featured, middle-aged gentleman, near the door, is Judge H., of Alabama, a name that stands unquestionably high. His talents, his legal knowledge, his sterling worth, enshrine him among the first men of his State. At his side, his lovely daughter looks like a bright flower near a hoary turret.

The gentleman seated near the window, with most menacing whiskers, looks as if he might be from the land of poignards, carbines, and stilettos. He believes that placid and passive feminine mediocrity is the only pillow on which manly thought and sense can find rest for its aching temples.

That young and strikingly handsome man in manner and appearance, is Mr. —, a young planter from Georgia. He has just stooped to pick up the fan of Miss —, and is presenting it to her in the chivalrous attitude of an Hidalgo tendering the *Abonico* to his Andalusian love.

Note that quiet, unassuming man, seated near the orchestra. Look at his face; it is as passionless and immobile as a pasteboard mask. Approach and enter into conversation with him, and you will be surprised at the magical transformation—at the immense expression of which that face is capable. The rather dull eye lights up as he proceeds in conversation, for he is at home on all subjects. General literature, public economy, questions of national security, seem equally familiar to him. His conversation exhibits unquestionable proofs of a mind of a high order. This gentleman is Col. —, of South Carolina. He has, we learn, been a member of the —.

Ball-rooms have their serious moments, dear reader. Something in the lights, the crowd, the music, conduces to stir up many of the thoughts that belong to graver hours.

Dear lady reader, a word in your ear. We have an English Baronet here, the very type of the roving English gentleman, who has lost, by intercourse with the world, all those roughnesses and irregularities which are supposed by Americans to form the essence of the English character. Our gentlemen tell him, unhesitatingly—meaning to be very complimentary—that he has nothing British about him; and the ladies, generally, agree that he must be somebody in disguise. What he seeks for in his travels we will find difficult to explain. It cannot be knowledge, for he takes no notes; and he cannot be in search of health, for his appearance at once belies it.

In our next we may note the invisible Cupids who are fluttering their wings.

---

GREENBRIER, July, 1856.

WE have received a neatly folded billet, containing a solemn abjuration, on two pages of Bath post, entreating us to write a "sketch" on Northern and Southern beauty, dress, and manners. Our fair Northern friends here seem to entertain a suspicion that we have a prejudice against their dress and appearance. As monkeys are said to have the power of speech, if they would use it, and are represented to conceal the faculty in fear of its being turned to their detriment, so to us is ascribed a fund of prejudice against the Northern belles, which we are supposed criminally to conceal. Various expedients have they employed to surprise our secret, to startle it out of us. Sometimes they place Northern made dresses in our way, and then listen to hear our remarks on the style, as Joan of Arc's jailers

tempted her with the warrior's accoutrements, and then lay in wait for the result. However, we had been now frankly invited to express our views on this delicate subject, and we resolved to be equally frank in disclosing them.

Having signified our consent, we enjoyed the respite of "*un petite quart d'heure*" to study the distinctive qualities of our subject. With pensive soul and contemplative visage, we meditated upon what the title-page of a fashionable pamphlet would call the present state and prospects of beauty and fashion in the two sections. We prepared ourselves to survey, with firm and philosophic eye, the fearful struggle insidiously in progress between Northern and Southern fashions.

\* \* \* \* \*

Aware of the nature of the ground upon which we are about to venture, we trust that we shall approach this subject—a subject upon which the two sections are naturally so sensitive, involving, as it does, a theme so sacred as that of the beauty and dress of their ladies—without prejudice.

The general traits of Northern and Southern beauty differ materially. At the North, almost every lady appears *pretty*, with her rosy cheeks and animated face; but we contend that one rarely meets there with a *high order* of beauty; and yet there is no part of our country where personal attractions are rated so exorbitantly. In New York, an ugly woman is a female Cain. Conscious that the mark of reprobation is upon her, she does not attempt to improve her appearance by dress, as it would be esteemed a flying in the face of Providence. All she has to do is to pass through life with her veil down, neither seen, nor heard, nor thought of. In the South, the tenderest feelings are inspired by plain women.

We learn that three gentlemen in — were buried, and eaten by the worms, for love of a lady who was pitted with the smallpox. The style of beauty at the South is of a

much higher order than at the North, though excitement is requisite to make it speak to the eye; but when the possessor is animated, then the whole face, which, but a few moments before was passionless and quiet, becomes radiant and illuminated with intelligence. A Psyche-like beauty slumbers in their dark, eloquent eyes, whose richly fringed lids droop over them, softening, but not diminishing, their radiance. The lustrous jet-black tresses seem made to be enwreathed with the blossoms of their fervid clime; while spasmodic, whether in tears or laughter, always *la flacon à la moir*, prepared for a scene or a sensation.

*Pretty faces* are more general in the North, but in grace, beauty, and expression, the South has the superiority. In elegance of dress, the Southern girl is able to beat the Parisian "*elegantes*" of the North with their own weapons, when they consider it worth while. The New York belles, in spite of the time and money they waste upon their toilet, are the worst dressed ladies in America. We hear their silk flounces rustle with indignation at the suggestion; we see their brows knit, and their fair shoulders shrugged to their ears. We beg your pardon, ladies, but so it is. If the Northern girls here would study the exquisite demi-toilette of the Southern belles, they would admit that the simple muslin dress with flowing sleeves, and the glossy hair without ornament, is in far better taste for breakfast than the ponderous trinkets, bracelets, and silk robes, loaded with trimmings, with which our mistaken Northern friends appear. In "*manner*," the Southern lady has that lovely languor and grace which are expressed in the careless elegance of her dress; even in home attire, "*peignoire*" and "*papillotes*," she possesses the art of appearing graceful and pleasing. There is a slide, a bend, a carriage of the head and arms, which is most attractive in her manner. She possesses, too, a cordial freshness and geniality which, without being in the least degree familiar, is confiding and friendly.

The Northern lady possesses more of what we call "*air*," is irreproachable in "*tournure*," with an extreme neatness of manner, which too often degenerates into "*stiffness*."

\* \* \* \* \*

On the conclusion of the foregoing paragraph, we forwarded it to the Committee, selected from both sections, who were assembled in the chamber of one of the parties. An hour's deliberation was agreed upon for the consideration of the verdict. A pleasant hour it proved to us. We doubt whether a soldier under punishment ever stood more in need of a bullet to gnaw for the assuagement of his agony than we while in expectation of their decision on a point so nearly involving our popularity; and we shuddered on meeting the smiling face of Miss ——'s maid, who came with a summons to the dreaded room. Had it been Dr. Mott coming to amputate a limb, with the instruments for the operation, we could not have felt more heart-sick.

After wasting a few moments in picturing to ourself the most ferocious phases in which Northern nature could demonstrate itself, we obeyed the summons, and followed the maid with an obsequious submission worthy of a junior clerk of the Treasury treading in the steps of the Secretary. When we entered the room, our heart contracted till it could have been little larger than a wren's! Dear public, we feel disposed to stop short and write—(to be concluded in our next)—for we have reached a crisis in our descriptions of life here.

As it is, we will relate, as distinctly and succinctly as we can, what there awaited us. The Southern girls had all taken flight in a kind of panic, as if feeling that their enterprise, though successful, would end tragically; and there we stood, solitary and alone. Place yourself in our situation, dear public! Imagine a timid woman—of rather a weak and pitiful nature than otherwise—exposed to such jeopardy, and conceive what would be your feelings. We

felt as if a rocket had gone up, or a diving-bell down, leaving us a gaping, powerless spectator; and we sank into the first chair, as much overcome as Dominie Sampson after his interview with the terrible Meg Merrilies. There were the Northern belles, drawn up in ranks, with their selected speaker, who surveyed us with such an expression as her Puritan ancestor may have worn while addressing one of the malignants of Charles Stuart. Involuntary reminiscences of Mr. Sumner pervaded our shuddering frame. We noticed, too—as captives in dungeons find sometimes dreary leisure to note the merest trifles—the odor of salts in the room, as though the speaker had required that stimulus to enable her to go through the scene.

Do not expect that we shall attempt to render a full account of the torrent of words in which her indignation expended itself on beholding us. One of the warm panegyrists and bitter satirists of our sex asserts their jactant tendencies to be of so irresistible a nature that the Roman women of his time could not refrain from chattering, even when offering up a sacrifice to the Goddess of Silence. But we confess we had not the remotest notion of the capabilities of feminine garrulity, till we listened to this outbreak. As the excitement of a man under the influence of wine is stimulated by contact with an enemy, so our appearing seemed to give Miss —— fresh vigor.

For some time she paced the room, as though in training for some pedestrian feat, giving reprehensive thumps to the table as though it was a pulpit cushion. Then pausing to take breath a moment, she recommenced, in language of which the fidelity and homeliness might challenge comparison with the compliments of a John Knox to a Mary Stuart.

How she did vilify the South—how she did criticize their fashions—and how uproariously she did triumph in the conviction that it was all jealousy. It seemed to be considered in this place—this conceited Southern watering place,—with

its spring that tastes like the fountain-head of all the lucifer matches of America—it seemed to be the fashion to stigmatize the North as having no beauty, no style. The North had never done the South any harm that she knew of; yet, what justice did that sketch do them—holding before our eyes the ill-fated article, looking as limp and shapeless as though it had arrived per mail from New Mexico—never had she heard Northern women handled as this “sketch” handled them; it had spared nothing—their manner, dress, nor beauty. Finally, execrating the whole Southern country in general, and us in particular, it was unanimously resolved that we were justly amenable to reprimand and punishment; and, dear reader, would you believe it (but I’m sure you can’t), our ill-starred sketch was condemned to the flames. Little did that bevy of fair girls imagine the value of the burnt offering. That unfledged attempt at criticism had a value in our eyes. Our foot, which seemed to have achieved a first step towards the temple of Criticism, had lost all support, and the earth was again insecure under our feet. After a struggle between a laugh and a sob, tears came to our relief. This was too much for our northern friend; who melted like a snow statue, and extended to us the condemned cause of all the trouble. We plainly felt that the slightest hesitation would have been fatal to this incipient treaty of peace, and we rose and met it half way. Retiring to our own room, we rang for a saline draught; and soon our disturbed dreams proved that something might be more disquieting than our waking thoughts. The visions of Richard in his tent could scarcely have been more painful. We privately assure our readers that three gray hairs have since been detected among the redundant tresses of our northern friend, and our own complexion is very far from what it was before this event.

GREENBRIER, WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, July, 1856.

It had been placarded throughout the grounds here—told in the parlors and cabins of the guests—that a lady of Richmond, pupil in elocution of Mrs. Ritchie, was to make her “debut” as a public reader in Longfellow’s poem of “Hiawatha,” on Tuesday evening of this week. By 8 o’clock on the evening referred to, the ball-room was filled to overflowing with a brilliant and appreciative audience of the most cultivated of the visitors. A strain of rich and impassioned harmony from the band had scarcely died away when the “debutante” gracefully appeared, the light streaming in long, soft rays upon her mild dark eyes and pure white dress.

In a voice of remarkable distinctness and flexibility, she asked the indulgence of the audience for her first public effort. Throughout the entire reading she was listened to with the most flattering attention. In the tender passages, she seemed to do full justice to the conception of the writer. The voice of Miss ——— seems peculiarly suited to passages of tenderness and heart-reaching pathos.

With her exquisitely distinct tones falling on our ear, we will point out to you, dear reader, the various celebrities who are sprinkled here and there among her hearers.

Note the expressive face and eagle eye just before us; they belong to our American Rothschild, Mr. ———, of Washington City. With the name of this gentleman is associated almost unlimited wealth. His home is the seat of sumptuous hospitality. There is no method of convenience or luxury which ingenuity can devise, no shape which art can summon from the region of the beautiful, no bounty that earth can yield from her many-zoned bosom, that is not found there. And yet it is the fruit of his own effort, the result of noble energy; and he exerts a wide influence by virtue of that intrinsic ability of which his good fortune is



the sign. This gentleman's noble charities have made him widely known. His name is engraven upon the asylums of the poor and ignorant; his princely donations have introduced the degraded child to motives of action and fields of education; he has thrown around the desolate orphan the atmosphere of a true home, blending intellectual and moral training with that true charity which teaches him how to assert his own manliness and support himself by the honest labor of his hands.

The dignified elderly gentleman just entering is Judge Chapman, of Alabama, a name which seems to command universal respect here. The quiet calm his face wears seems like the sealing up of all youth's restless emotions into one serene repose.

Seated near us is Mr. —, member from South Carolina, pronounced by Miss Murray to be the most finished orator in the "House." As a speaker, this gentleman has all the fire and enthusiasm which engage the popular sympathies.

Note the gentleman near the window, with clear, expressive profile, shaded by a profusion of rich brown hair. His whole appearance has a charm which we estimate under the name of distinction. This is the newly elected Senator from Maryland.

That very girlish looking person in half mourning dress is Mrs. —, of Alabama. We wish we had words to do justice to the expression of those dewy eyes. There is one face we have seen which pictures them to our idea; it is a Madonna, by Guido. The lady seated near is the niece of the lamented Vice-President King.

Note the gentleman under the chandelier. This is Dr. Moorman, for twenty years the resident physician at the White Sulphur, and author of an elaborate work on these waters—a work which should be in the hands of every invalid, comprising, as it does, most valuable directions on their efficacy and use. A tour through Europe has enabled this

gentleman to give an opinion of the virtues of the "White Sulphur," as compared with the various mineral springs on the continent. The fine benevolent countenance by his side is Mrs. ——. Her warm and generous heart seems to have shed its genial influence over her whole person; for it beams with that graciousness which so attractively succeeds the bloom of early youth. She seems to be the idolized and beloved mistress of a large family of slaves.

The very fine, intellectual head, just visible in a remote quarter of the room, is that of Mr. —, one of the proprietors of the White Sulphur, a gentleman whose high character and excelling qualities are so widely known as to render a notice from our pen superfluous.

That dark-eyed Baltimorean, seated near the orchestra, sings very delightfully. In Italian she makes her voice run up and down, and cut most marvellous capers; yet her simple melodies move us most deeply.

That scholar-like person near the door is Mr. —, editor of —. He spends his life sitting in critical judgment upon governments, dynasties, Presidents and cabinets, extinguishing poets by a sneer, mangling heroes by a home thrust, torturing artists, and exasperating comedians. Books, petitions, and circulars share his editor-table, with uncut copies of the magazines, the last new poems, and shabby blotting books, showing at least that his life has a purpose.

Those three young ladies in company with a venerable looking person, are the Misses —, from Louisiana. The absence of all pretension, the quiet and unassuming manner, the consideration for those around them, might be copied with advantage by some few here.

That lovely blonde, whom the sun seems to have been moved to spare, is Miss —, of New Orleans. Nothing can be more faultless than the pure Grecian outline of her face.

The gentleman shaping the points of his moustachios is

Mr. —. A wrinkle in one of his gloves would be a relief; but he never wears ill-fitting gloves; indeed, his whole dress appears as if he had been inducted into it in his childhood and that they had since grown up together. In spite of this gentleman's exaggerated dandyism, he is a great favorite with the ladies. One serious charge they bring against him, which he takes no pains to refute, but confirms by perpetual repetitions of the offence alleged—he is a poet! The “business men” seemed startled when they first made the discovery, for poetry and finance are natural enemies; but their good humor and good sense pretty generally prevail in his favor. He is rational on matters of business, and they forgive his thirst for the waters of Helicon the more easily, as he is the poet of the ladies.

That piquant face, with brilliant color, and eyes surmounted by eyebrows full of movement and expression, is the lady of a naval officer from Richmond. We should like to have a portrait of this lady to place in our gallery of lovable women.

The large and rather distinguished looking man, who is listening to the light whisper of a voice at his side, with a degree of interest that seems justifiable, in consideration of the loveliness of the object, is Attorney-General of this State, a forlorn single man, who, for some reason or other, still retains the solitary dignity of the bachelor state.

---

GREENBRIER, August, 1856.

DEAR PUBLIC: Cupid is fluttering his wings in the transparent atmosphere. The gentlemen spoil their cravats in their nervous efforts to tie them exquisitely, while our belles—innocent creatures—sit cool in white muslin, with their hair puffed in placid bandeaus, looking as serene as if they had no victims at present under torture. Groups of twos

stroll through the grounds morning and evening. During the forenoon, they sit in the parlor gossiping that gossip which is evanescent as foam upon champagne.

Gentle reader, do you feel a desire to visit the drawing-rooms at the "White Sulphur?" Then take our hand, and we will lead you to these gathering points of fashion. The aspect of those delightful summer rooms, as we enter, is most picturesque. Almost every quarter of the apartments have their gay groups. By the windows, gentlemen and ladies are bowing in complimentary conversation—sometimes formal, sometimes in a spirit of humor which breaks through the studied phrase of etiquette. As we sit surveying the moving groups, there arises the interesting question: What are the various motives which animate these restless people, and send them here? Unfortunately for psychological science, the visitors here are neither so communicative nor so docile as the amiable occupants of our public prisons, who never refuse to answer the questions of statistical temperance agents, and nine times out of ten give the very reply which is expected of them. This crowd affords comparatively but little interest, when we contemplate it merely as a crowd; but every drop of this great stream is a conscious personality. The most superficial eye recognizes this, and it yields a deep lesson—if we look around with discerning eyes—a lesson on the *diversities* of human life.

By one of the windows stands a young girl with a face of very arch, piquant expression; her little fair hands crossed one over the other, and her eye resting on the little foot before her; and, indeed, that foot is a very dainty looking thing in its tiny slipper, and we have no doubt her numberless admirers have charming visions of horseback rides every half minute that they may take that wicked brain-turner of a foot into their palms, while lifting its owner to the saddle. She has the most roguish eyes in the world, sparkling with fun beneath their curtained lids, where they are oft fain to

hide themselves, lest they betray the merry heart beneath. She inspires new life into the circles around her; and you may trace her presence by the livelier movements and more mirthful laugh that follows her like the bubbling wake of a ship. This charming little creature is Miss —, of Virginia, *chaperoned* by Mr. —, of Washington. The *distingue* looking man at her side is quite a *lion* here, though not a bit of a fop or a dandy. Brilliant belles claim his acquaintance with nods and becks and wreathed smiles. How far the fact of his possessing a colossal fortune may go in softening the ladies in his favor, we know not, but we understand that he possesses more than this mere extrinsic recommendation; for he exercises a benevolent and discriminating generosity in the disposition of his ample means. This gentleman is —, of Virginia.

The gentle, placid face on the sofa, is Miss —, of Washington; her great charm is her voice, which is like the cooing of a dove, piercing through the Babel of the other voices in the room, like a drop of clear water falling on a crystal floor. This modest, unpretending girl will one day step into a fortune which will realize the dreams of Aladdin.

The gentleman at her side bears in his person fair credentials from the partial hand of nature; even his Saracenic moustache cannot deprive him of that Vivian Greyish air of high refinement. This Romeo, who will, we fear, make the Ophelias twine chickweed in their hair, is a naval officer from Annapolis.

The gentleman just entering is Gen. —, of Raleigh, North Carolina. An unmistakable ardor and glow of temperament are in his eyes and expressive face; but it is ardor restrained and kept in subjection by a will and character stronger than itself. He presents, we think, a fine specimen of the true Southern gentleman. The lady by his side, with a sweetly thoughtful face, is Mrs. —, an invalid who has visited the White Sulphur for the benefit of its waters.

There is such suavity in all her looks and words, that it affords rest to contemplate her. This benignity, this sweetness, is a part of herself, which she imparts as the ripe fruit rewards with sweetness the rifling bee; diffusing it about her as sweet plants shed their perfume.

That slight girlish figure, with a pair of lovely brown eyes, that seem almost melting in their dewy tenderness, is Miss —, of Fredericksburg. Has the violet, nestled in the moss by the brook-side, stolen a pulse from the grass and a form from the guardians that bend over it in the night-time?

The fine countenance in the doorway is Judge E—, of North Carolina, a gentleman whose early elevation is sufficient proof of the high appreciation of his native State. He is, we understand, the most youthful man who has ever filled in this section the honorable position he now enjoys.

Miss —, of Alabama, takes a prominent place among the belles here. The long lashes droop over her blue eyes, and rest meekly on the dainty pillow below, looking as innocent as though they had peeped from their amber-fringed curtains quite by mistake. The gentleman near her could not look more triumphant had he come from winning the battle of Buena Vista. He is said to have hunted moose in a Maine winter, and even taken a run after buffaloes into the Indian country.

The lady in the door, with the bearing of a Princess, is Miss —, of Raleigh. Her liquid eyes, her hair so very dark-brown that the universal opinion calls it black, and her air of unconscious queenliness, are much admired here.

Glance on the portico, and see those two pretty figures in gray dresses. They are the Misses —, of Florida. The fair hands of one are clasped together, and she leans upon them her fair cheek, with its faint blush of color. Her eyes, *such eyes!* nobody can look full at them without winking. The face of the other is almost transparent with expression.

The gentleman describing (in many-sided adjectives and treble-bodied nouns, which seem to impart a sort of reverberation to his language) his late shooting expedition, is Mr. —. Birds are the only victims likely to signalize his sojourn at the "White Sulphur." To bring down one on the wing is his chief ambition. He evidently considers that the most interesting natives of America soar through the air. The business of his life in September is partridge shooting, in October, pheasant shooting, and in November fox hunting.

---

GREENBRIER, August, 1856.

OH! that we could find some Benedictine monastery, or brigand-haunted castle, to beget a few extra, extraordinary impressions in the style of Fanny Fern. But unless the ladies get up some novel amusement, we have little chance of hitching into our modest pages anything sufficiently earth-quakish and Texasian to create a sensation. Our fair friends here, like the Athenians of old, keep calling for something new, as if our poor brain was like the shop of a Parisian *modiste*.

Dear public: now that we see the dawn of a smile on your lips, we accept the omen, and usher you into the ball-room.

When people are dancing, it is a very good opportunity for a little gossip on their affairs, and not a bad time either to take casts of their faces.

And, first, we ask you to observe that whiskered, sun-burned individual, stepping forward to the sober precincts of middle age. He seems a somebody: not a somebody of conventional rank, but a somebody of personal individuality; certainly a man whose name you would expect to have heard of. This gentleman is Col. —, of Virginia, who has left his complexion at Sierra Gordo; passing bravely through the hottest of that conflict, like Shadrach and his brethren,

without singeing so much as a hair of his head. The lady with the long golden ringlets, like floating rays of sunshine, is Mrs. —.

Note that slight figure promenading with Miss —. His face possesses a sort of ideal grace, as if he might be a poet or an artist. While our gliding pen traces these words, there comes a grave between our eye and the point it would settle on. We recall Mr. Calhoun's magnanimous frankness; his disdain of everything which wore the faintest semblance of deceit; his refusal to comply with current abuses, and the courage with which, on all occasions, he asserted what he deemed truth, and combated what he thought error; meriting the idolatry with which the South regarded him, while living, and the grief with which she mourns him when dead.

To this youth, the priceless legacy of *such* a character should be more precious than rubies. May he emulate the spotless purity of that father's private life! May his memory be like an angel, coming in the holy night-time, and folding its wings beside him, forge silently those golden links which, as years wear away, will connect his spirit with its first freshness.

The gentleman waltzing with Miss —, is a Mr. —, from Annapolis, who lives on terms of daily familiarity with the ocean. He is a follower of that treacherous, nauseous element, connected in our mind with every image of terror and danger: with sharks, corsairs, shipwrecks, hurricanes, and the hideous spectre of the Flying Dutchman. In nautical costume, this gentleman looks like a Paris setting out to make a Helen his booty.

That gentleman whose attire announces the clergyman, is the Rev. Mr. —, of Richmond, passing through the room to take leave of some friends who are among the spectators. In the pulpit, he seems an earnest, good man, resembling Melancthon in mildness and benignity. The radiant



brunette at his side, with a face of the sweetest and noblest expression, is his daughter.

Notice the lady seated near the door, among the spectators. Her dress is of black brocade, embroidered in genuine gold leaves of the most elegant description. Contemplate her by the soft light from the chandelier above. She is worth looking at. From her countenance you may understand that her disposition inclines toward the brightnesses of life, and that there is nothing sour or ungenial in her nature. You can hardly see the chair she sits on, she over-spreads it so; but her corpulence has not yet obliterated her figure. She is a glorious woman, within and without; her heart as ample as her person. This lady is Mrs. General —, of Texas. She exercises a most benevolent and discriminating generosity in the disposition of her ample means. Indeed, she is a phenomenon compounded of Philanthropist Howard and Miss Dix, sweetened with a spoonful of Mrs. Fry. Her funeral (we hope the day may be distant), we doubt not, will be honored by processions of Ragged Schools, Orphan Asylums, and the poor who have been benefited by her charity. The never failing placidity of this lady, particularly exposes her to bores of every kind, as a jar of honey attracts wasps, or a sugar-bowl, on a sunny breakfast-table, gathers all the buzzing and droning things in the room about it.

That middle-aged gentleman, in whose countenance the intellectual predominates so much above the physical, is a member of the Canadian Parliament. His mind is stored with all that is beautiful in ancient or modern poetry. He has travelled in Europe, been to Scotland in the grouse season, made a pedestrian tour through the Alps, and even ranged the world as far as the banks of the Jordan, and the cataracts of the Nile. He speaks of Italy, its works of art, its glorious skies, until the ladies beg him to desist: for

putting such thoughts into their heads is like showing poor outcast Cain a far glimpse of Paradise.

Glance into the ball-room mirror, which sparkles with the figures that move upon it—the gay colors and universal animation. In its pictured breadth the principal object visible to us is a face as massive and strongly marked as those which sculptors assign to siren gods. It is the honestest set of features imaginable; a high, bold forehead and good humored but powerful eyes, over which a pair of enormous brows beetle with an endeavor—not successful, however—to give them a ferocious aspect. This is Mr. —, of Beaufort, South Carolina—a gentleman of literary attainments, who follows it as it is rarely followed in this country, as the amusement of a leisure hour.

The gentleman promenading with Miss — is Mr. —, of North Carolina. A physiognomist of no very great acuteness might divine, what is indeed the truth, that he is a gentleman of brilliant parts. His countenance lets us fully into the story of his mind—a mind stored with algebraic symbols, Greek verses, geometrical lines and English poetry. The soul has great influence over the body, and we never knew a genius yet who did not carry about with him a certain inexplicable grace of manner, the patent of nobility which Heaven has bestowed upon him.

Hark! at the ha, ha, of universal mirth which swells from the group outside yon open window. There is enchantment there, for the gentlemen leave the fascinating quadrille and make pilgrimages to that riotous group of outsiders. The *petite* figure in dark silk (Miss —, of New Orleans), is the centre of attraction there; her face is sheltered by a mass of disordered curls that have the appearance of having been blown about like the leaves in the Sibylline grotto. The disorder of those curls is not inelegant; they merely look careless and desultory, as if each ringlet was in a state of siege.

This versatile and brilliant lady is the privileged *wit* of the "White Sulphur," who is expected to do what nobody else can do, and say what nobody else has a right to say. This necessity to *be witty* she cannot overcome, cannot get weeded out from her life. Her eyes are full of a hundred laughing fancies, and a certain careless ease of expression denotes that she is not afraid of her own voice, never hesitates to laugh or retort when the impulse is upon her.

And yet, we understand that this gay girl, with her fund of invention and retort, her wit and mirth, and daring sallies, is a lady possessing most generous and noble qualities, and though her careless ease of manner may now and then jar unpleasantly on sensitive feelings, that she never means to wound any one, and would prefer doing a good turn to a bad one any day.

Observe the gentleman conversing with Mr. —, of Beaufort. He is quiet and refined; his person elegant; his manners calm and courtly. This is Major —, a native of South Carolina, but recently from Kansas, and one of the prominent advocates of Southern interests in that section. If there is a *souppor* of severity or combativeness in his physiognomy, it is the result of his position, which has its own difficulties, and requires a man with more than a man's spirit to meet and conquer them. To Mr. — he is a most striking contrast. The former is *Corinthian*, the latter *Doric*.

The very lovely girl conversing with so much animation, is a Scotch lady, who has been some eight years in this country. Nature has been prodigal to her of that loveliest of female ornaments, a profusion of dark brown hair.

That very expressive face and brilliant teeth belong to Miss —, of Georgia, niece of a former President of Texas. Her fine conversational powers seem to be appreciated by the gentlemen. She is expressing the most beautiful ideas in

the choicest language, like the princess that had pearls and roses dropping from her lips in the fairy tale.

Mrs. —, of Richmond, has a face that Raphael might have painted, the features are so exquisitely delicate and feminine.

That sweet, fresh looking girl is Miss —, of Richmond. Her rose-bud mouth seems never to express a ruder emotion than quiet pleasure, or placid pensiveness.

Gen. Taylor's daughter is among the guests.

---

GREENBRIER, August, 1856.

TO-DAY opened with most incongruous visitants in the form of stagnant mists, which advanced until the cabins were swallowed up, one by one; the trees melted away, and even the spring disappeared. The whole expanse without presented the appearance of a sea of vapor, which, however, speedily resolved itself into merciless rain. A stupid, uniform, unintellectual drizzle, every drop being exactly the size, weight, and clearness of its fellows. Not a tiny speck of blue sky to awaken hope, nothing but silver-white, deep piled rain clouds curtaining the heavens from pole to pole.

The cosey, home-like parlors are filled with groups of ladies and gentlemen standing, sitting, or walking; some are smiling encouragingly, and though inexpressibly weary of themselves and each other, persist in congratulating each other on the superior sociability of a watering-place party on a rainy day, endeavoring, by their labored vivacity, to disguise the growing depression of their spirits.

Close by the window, Mr. —, who looks upon every unmarried lady as a species of matrimonial *chevalier d'industrie*, has been guilty of three great yawns, seeming to think that, like *le trois saluts d'usage*, he must yawn to the

right, left, and centre, lest any one in the room should be overlooked in the expression of his *ennui*.

The lady standing in the hall, so surrounded by gentlemen, is Miss —, an heiress, who is reported to possess half a dozen plantations with a thousand slaves apiece, besides mines of every metal and semi-metal known. A fortune like hers, with an uncle's inheritance in perspective, creates as many suitors as the *Venus de Médicis*. The gentlemen fix the constellation of her charms in the highest place among the highest stars. One discovers in her face the blended features of the "undying one" and Mary Stuart in the best days of both. Another compares her countenance to the spell-binding picture of "Mercy's Dream;" and all agree that so perfect a model of female beauty never demanded perpetuation from sculpture. Such a paragon should go down to posterity in marble or canvas.

One of the gentlemen near her, with the locks curling upon either side the central parting of his hair, like the waves in a bad picture of the passage of the Red Sea, implores her to indicate to him a single point on which he may gratify a caprice of hers, and she shall find that, as was said to Louis XIV., *se c'est possible c'est fait; si impossible il se fera?* Another devotes his fealty to the object of his admiration by declaring that if she dislikes ball-rooms, they shall be converted into *fête champêtres*, and says he is even willing to manufacture artificial sunshine to render his project feasible. One is winning her heart through the flues of a conservatory—crowding her room with floral embellishments that she might any day be smothered in roses. Another commences his plan of attack at an infinite distance from the question nearest his heart, like a spider who, to entrap the fly flitting on the window pane, attaches her first filament to the ceiling.

A lady in the position of this charming heiress, is in her way a sovereign; and yet, with the world at her feet, she

---

will discover in time that, to have secured the permanent affection of a man of principle and intellect, is a blessing she will find difficult to attain.

In the few who are strolling lugubriously about we see some two or three who deserve more than a passing notice. We take up our pen delicately and reverently, dear reader, and beg you to note that modest, quiet looking individual with glasses. His person is slender, almost to emaciation, looking as if he had not long to live; and yet, probably, he will live to bury nine-tenths of those who make this remark. His face is inelegant, but keen and speaking, giving an idea of decision, promptness, and great mental refinement. He strikes one at first sight as a man of thoughtful and reflective habits. Amid this clamorous, thronging, undulating multitude, he seems altogether absorbed in his reflections. This gentleman is known throughout the country as the accomplished editor of ——. Mr. Vattermere, the distinguished French scholar, has said that, as a statistical writer, Mr. ——— has no superior in any country.

The gentleman who has just entered bespattered with soil, so that an agricultural chemist would infer the rural produce of the country from an observation of the state of his boots, is the remarkable Texan Ranger. This gentleman seems quite unconscious that he is at all amusing, and looks the picture of the profoundest melancholy, while every one within hearing are holding their sides. He has a dry, solemn way of reproducing the preposterous things he has heard or witnessed, which is absolutely irresistible. He embellishes very little, but he brings out the ridiculous points to admiration, and in the most artless way in the world, more as if he was talking to himself than trying to entertain others. How many smiles he has had wasted on him—enough to stir the very stones to feeling—and yet he contrives to dodge the whole artillery, and pass on. Is his heart so flinty that the arrows rebound?

The individual at the window—pointing to a clear rent in the clouds, through which the sun has just issued—is —, ex-member of Congress from North Carolina—the warmest of friends, the most attractive of companions. This gentleman exercises in his own State all the influence arising from eminent ability and high integrity. While in Congress he served the South best by making Southern talents useful, and Southern worth conspicuous in his own person. In conversation he dashes out his opinions like firebrands, little caring where they alight. And yet this turbulent temperament has no insensibility, for a kinder heart never beat.

The athletic, muscular figure, with an arm that might have wielded the genuine old Scottish claymore by the side of Robert Bruce, is Judge —, of Lexington, Virginia. This gentleman's good humor is inexhaustible; his mouth holds a merry thought in each corner, and his large person has an expression about it which adds not a little to the kindliness of his face. He shakes hands with a vigor that is sometimes distressing; but friendly, warm-hearted people readily pardon the momentary pain to their fingers, for the sake of the cordiality that accompanies the squeeze.

The very benevolent face upon the sofa is that of Hon. Mr. —, ex-member from Westmoreland district, in this State; who represents in his own character those qualities which should adorn the representatives of a great nation.

That very pleasing person, whose finished manners indicate habitual intercourse with the most cultivated circles, is Mr. —, of North Carolina, late minister to Spain. This gentleman, who received his appointment from Gen. Taylor, was indefatigable in his exertions for the release of the Cuban prisoners belonging to the ill-fated Crittenden expedition. His successful efforts in their behalf are familiar to the country, and highly honorable to himself. The very lovely child with masses of golden ringlets shading her face, and a

pair of violet eyes looking out wonderingly from their ambush, is Mr. ——'s little daughter—a native of Madrid.

The elderly gentleman at the piano, in whose face the hard lines are deepening, is ——, late Governor of Georgia, and at present Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of that State. The pale countenance, and ideal grace of the youth by his side, form as strong a contrast to the harsher style of Judge ——, as a Doric temple would to the grim bleakness of a Methodist Chapel. There is a tone of mental refinement in the conversation of this gentleman (Mr. ——, of Petersburg), which quite answers the expectation awakened by his manner and appearance.

---

#### TUESDAY MORNING.

Rain, rain—still rain—another rainy day, beyond all question. It certainly does rain excessively in these mountains when it sets about it. The drops come down doggedly and wickedly, in a forest of small water-spouts, as if the Atlantic were hung up in the air to give the visitors a *douche bath*.

The drawing-rooms are again thronged. There is not a chair, couch, sofa, anything that can be sat on or lounged on, that is unoccupied. Come, gentle reader, come take a seat in this quiet nook, and we will note the many charming faces around us.

The lady in the music-room, so surrounded by gentlemen, receiving with Christian resignation mountains of compliments, is Miss ——, of Richmond. Does she recollect how Benvenuto Cellini freed himself from the evil spirits that beset him in the Coliseum? We think it was by some kind of fumigation. May Miss —— not discover some magic herb?

That elegant-looking woman, with a Grecian Medea-like



face, is Mrs —, of Richmond. This lady is, we learn, omnipotent in the fashionable world; and has only to shake her head with an air of mistrust to secure the ostracism of any one.

The lady on the arm of the bluff, stormy Mr. —, looking something like a sprig of geranium hanging from a stalwart mountain ash, is Miss —, of Norfolk.

Mr. —, of Louisiana, would make an admirable study for an artist who wanted a handsome corsair for a wild sea-piece. His figure is a little too robust (inclining to the Milo more than the Antinous), but his manly features, combined with a complexion of vigorous health, make him altogether a handsome man.

That girlish figure, with soft hair, that serves to shade, without concealing, a pair of lovely dark blue eyes, that seem almost melting in their dewy tenderness, is Mrs. —, a bride from Washington, lady of the former Marshal of the District.

The laughing-eyed brunette in the door is Mrs. —, of Tennessee, one of the many charming young widows who attract general admiration here. This lady has had her curiosity—that quality which is so universally imputed to the daughters of Eve—most painfully tested. A bouquet was sent her a few days ago but there was no sign of the messenger, or who was the giver of the fairy gift. From whom could it have come? She had received bouquets before; but never one which so touched her fancy.

Who could be the giver of such a tasteful gift?

We may give you the "*denouement*," dear reader, in a future article.

Note that young girl with classic head and exquisitely moulded throat and bust, looking like a statue clad in muslin. That patrician exterior, that quiet dignity belongs to Miss —, of Richmond.

*A word in your ear, dear lady reader. Would you be-*

lieve it, the distinguished Attorney-General, referred to in a former sketch as one of Cupid's victims, has relapsed into his old bachelor habits. He smokes his Havana and wears his Panama (hard-hearted creature) with an air of conscious victory. A bevy of lovely young widows sit buzzing like bees around us, who declare they do not yet despair of softening his flinty heart; indeed they are at this moment maturing their plans for future conquest. *Unhappy man!* he little suspects the conspiracy against his peace of mind. If he knew the attacks which are preparing for him, we are sure he would give himself up for lost.

That blue-eyed, merry-hearted, laughing specimen of bright girlhood, whose sweet voice is our lullaby at night, chiming in with thoughts of home and dreams of slumber, is Miss —, of South Carolina. Her musical accomplishments are of a high order, and she is not less lovely in character.

That stately figure with dark brown eyes, and exquisitely chiselled mouth, is Mrs. —, of Canada. The charm of her face is a very beautiful smile. That venerable man near Mrs. —, whose striking resemblance to Mr. Clay has been noticed, is Gen. —, of Virginia. We need not add that, with the ladies, Gen. — is an universal favorite.

---

GREENSBRIER, Va., August, 1856.

NOBODY who has not seen it can conceive the strange aspect of things here at meal times. The confusion of tongues, like the sound of many waters; the enormous consumption of food; the mingled demands for more; the cloud of black waiters passing down the sides of the immense tables; the hungry, eager faces seated at them, form altogether a most amusing subject for contemplation, and should any philanthropic person, anxious for the advancement

of the noble science of physiognomy, wish to survey the motley countenances of these personages, he will find ample matter for his instruction in almost every other devouring countenance.

Breakfast is one of the most interesting aspects of "White Sulphur" life. There is nothing dyspeptic about it like dinner; nothing triflingly trivial like tea; nothing suggestive of night incubus like that reckless repast, supper. It may be the prelude to a day of delight or a day of vexation; but while it renders us more capable of appreciating the former, it will also enable us more successfully to struggle through the latter. The events of the preceding day, with conjectures on the probable occurrences of that to come, naturally form the topic of conversation. The flashes of wit may not be so sparkling, nor the mirth so exuberant, as at the post meridian entertainment, but a quieter tone of good humor generally prevails.

Every item, too, that tends to make up a watering-place breakfast smacks of the country and its freshening associations. There is the Indian bread recalling vivid remembrance of a corn-field, with its burnished spears of grain moving to and fro in the breezes, beneath the golden light of an autumnal sunset; and the butter recalling pleasant recollections with the milk of dappled cows lolling in green pastures by the side of crystal brooks. Not to mention the associations of coffee, which may set us thinking of the "Arabian Nights," and caliphs, and beautiful princesses, all living in a world of enchantment, which only requires the proper spell to unfold its treasures to us. And the tea, too, which resuscitates such quaint pictures of short Chinese, with impassible feet thrust into impracticable shoes, and hats like so many miniature models of St. Clement's Church, all wandering busily about in an ideal world, which jumbles the bronze horse and Aladdin strangely together in the background.

Dinner at the "White Sulphur" is a grand military movement of black waiters, and the ladies and gentlemen are merely by-figures upon which the African army exercise their skill. It is a quiet enjoyment to us to see the trained machinery of hands and arms outstretched and active—placing and replacing—the unheard footsteps and moveless countenances leading to the belief that you are waited upon by automatons only; that you have a certain conviction that such silent, living creatures must, of necessity, be very observant; and we are even led to speculate upon what they will say when freed from restraint, and at perfect liberty in those unexplored "regions" where they congregate.

Dinner is on the whole rather stupid; though we have no reason to complain; for we always find plenty to amuse and interest us. Opposite to us is seated Mr. — (excuse the name), whose jests and brilliant repartee are usually devoted to the ladies. Indeed, he is invaluable at a watering place. He quotes Tupper (with whom he says he has dined) over a "*tomato*," lisps a Latin phrase amid the soft confusion of changing plates, and lectures upon the impropriety of waltzing, while coquetting with the "*dessert*;" occasionally, too, teasing his neighbor (a very lovely girl) till an eddy from her heart sends up its rosy scarlet over her whole face. When we grow weary waiting for our plate—which a smiling African sometimes elopes with—we lean quietly back in our chair, and begin counting how many wear caps, and peer phrenologically at heads, and catch the stray sentences, and odds and ends of opinion which are flung kaleidoscope fashion across and around the table; then some one word sends us wandering far away from the well-bred scene.

The expertest reporter of a New York journal would probably fail to give a correct "sketch" of the varied faces seated at this long table. And yet we cannot help thinking that finer subjects for pen painting it would not be easy

to find between the tropics, than some few seated at these same tables.

That gentleman with a tinge of gray perceptible amid his hair, and who looks as if his frame was quite equal to the hardships of a Robinson Crusoe life, comes first on our list. This individual, who is as impenetrable to those he dislikes as he is affable to his favorite, is Gen. —, so widely and favorably known in connection with the Texas struggle for independence. He has an honest face, as strongly marked as though he had been conversant with the elements in all their vicissitudes and aspects. The good-natured, but slightly satirical smile on his lip, may have its origin partly in robust health, or partly in the tranquillity of mind produced by the possession of ample means.

It is a question often asked, what is it that makes the lives of some people so full of incident that they seem never to make so much as the tour of their chamber, without meeting with some entertaining or remarkable adventure, while those of others are so dull and monotonous that, place them in a fairy land itself, in the midst of giants, dragons, and enchanters, nothing would ever occur to them out of the ordinary routine of the vulgarest animal life?

The answer is, a radical difference of character; and the particular traits of character which, perhaps, more than any other, often make one man's career almost a novel, while the want of them renders that of his neighbor as unromantic as a treatise on logarithms. The life of Gen. — has been eminently an eventful one. Looking back on his career, one wonders at the heroism which supported him in the fearful battle of Miers; a battle which, in all its moral and political consequences, was, to Texas, a glorious triumph. His imprisonment in the dungeons of Perote, his wonderful escape from that gloomy stronghold of Mexican despotism, the surprising steadiness of purpose which supported him in that fearful journey through untrodden wilds, when lost, stagger-

ing, his less heroic companions gave up to die ; while, amid unheard-of suffering, he toiled on before his followers, maintaining the royalty of his manhood, and by the force of example, cheering them on through slippery perils. It is these trying tests of character that make this gentleman a living illustration of the indomitable energy with which God has so pre-eminently gifted him.

Note the lady seated at the opposite table. The face is a fine one, and the expression indicates a high degree of mental refinement. The conversation of this lady exercises a powerful fascination over all who have the faculty to appreciate it. It is various, discursive, fanciful, and suggestive, with a strain of seriousness, and most sparkling when it is most solid. She seems to be only happy herself when she sees those around her happy. What an inestimable quality it is—that of deriving pleasure from the mere prospect of it in others! how it multiplies the enjoyments of those who are fortunate enough to possess it! How it exceeds in intensity, as well as dignity, all satisfaction of a selfish nature! How good it is to be capable of being thus made happy! This lady (Mrs. —, of Mississippi) abounds with this beautiful attribute; it is this, and nothing else, that gives that lustre to her dark eye, that sunny expression to all her features, flinging its spell over all who approach her.

Her mind is highly cultivated and richly stored, not with common-place acquirements, but with the knowledge that is at once elegant and profitable. Possessing superior talents, she yet makes literature the mere coloring and adornment of life, not its whole aim and end.

The gentleman near the end of the table, who is dismembering the wing of a chicken as delicately and reverentially as some great scholar in the Vatican might handle the fragments of a lost decade of Livy, is Professor —, of the University of Virginia. There is a quiet joyousness about this gentleman, a love of pleasing, and a disposition to be

pleased, which, joined with his high literary reputation, cultivated taste, and a natural facility of expressing his thoughts in the most simple and unpretending manner, renders him one of the most popular and admired of the guests of the "White Sulphur."

That rash and rapid-looking person, at the upper table, is the Hon. —, from South Carolina. He is just the sort of rising young man of whom government always likes to keep a cupboard full, ready to pop into Congress when a question requires pushing by speechification. We feel at liberty to place his name on the list of Cupid's victims. The laughing rogue is ready to burst with merriment as he peeps into his empty quivers, and then looks upon the havoc he has made in this particular quarter.

When this distinguished gentleman arrived here he was heart-free and heart-whole—scarcely, indeed, knew he had a heart at all, except as a scientific fact learned from a cabinet cyclopedia. He had seen and read of hearts, and believed the "tender passion" was something that inspired sonnets and went to the composition of a romance. It is not for us to inquire how it happens that the revelation is now made to him—the old mystery that is revealed to every son of Adam individually. At what particular moment the golden arrow smote him, or whether it was in the ball-room, or the flirtation parlor, or the music-room, or on the pine-clad heights of the "Lovers' Walk"—a favorite resort—is known perhaps only to himself. It is idle for us to pretend acquaintance with facts of this nature, as many writers of domestic history are wont to do. It is enough to say of the sweet girl by his side (Miss —, of South Carolina), that it would be almost a reproach to the distinguished member were he proof against her charms, her companion as he is from morning till night in some amusing occupation or busy amusement.

Mrs. —, of Charleston, the elderly lady with a benignant

countenance, is loved enthusiastically by all who know her sufficiently. She is a woman of the Eleonora race, though she may have no Dryden to honor her memory in verse that will never die.

Our modest and retiring friend Miss —, is a sort of lily of the valley, whose perfume is not perceived and enjoyed by all the world—the essence of its incense is yielded only to the few who know her in domestic life. To the many here, she is *merely* a modest, sweet tempered girl, without any special attractions worthy of notice, but those who lift the veil that shrouds the temple of her heart will see glimpses of the *shekinah* within, whose rays burn only in the privacy of domestic life.

The gentleman passing out with a lady on his arm is Mr. —. It is pretty evident that, after months of conjugal enfranchisement, this gentleman find his widower's weeds sit uneasily upon him. As we adopt the policy of the great Talleyrand—that of prudent non-intervention—we must be permitted to leave untranscribed a reamful of sentiment from this widowed Romeo.

That bluff, sturdy-looking man, with the honestest set of features imaginable, is Ex-Governor —, of Mississippi. There is a directness about this gentleman that inspires you with confidence almost on the first acquaintance. You see that he is a man of worth and honor, of moral as well as physical courage—one whose word you may rely on with profound assurance, and one who will infallibly take the right-minded view of any practical question you propose to him.

We promised our fair friends the “denouement” of the bouquet mystery referred to in our last. The lovely recipient, (—, a charming young widow from Nashville), on receiving it, ran over the roll of her admirers. One by one they passed before her, shadowy and dim, like the procession in Richard's tent scene.



Her latest lover was not a man with a taste for these frivolities. He makes love like a merchant—he conquers by addition and multiplication—balance sheets are his "*billet doux*." She did not therefore for a moment suspect that the flowers were from *him*. And there was Mr. — (excuse the name), a zealous speculator—he was too matter of fact; therefore they could not be from *him*.

She took up the beautiful mystery very carefully, and turned it over in her hands, and thrust the tips of her fingers beneath the leaves to discover all they concealed, and wondered and guessed. In peering among the stems she found a slip of paper, with the words "*For Mrs. —*," written in a bold hand—very! Why did her cheek crimson with a burning blush? Were the flowers enchanted? Had they borne with them the spells of fairy land? Why did she looked fixedly upon the floor until a golden arc of fringe rested lovingly on its glowing neighbor? Because that handwriting was written upon her consciousness suddenly and dazzlingly, as the mystic words upon Nebuchadnezzar's wall. She said not a word after reading this scrap; but it could not be because she set too light a value on them; for never lingered life in flowers so long as in these.

Since that day there has been a general disappearance of her admirers; they have scattered in flocks as the migratory birds do on the first cold day.

---

GREENBRIER, VA., August, 1856.

FINDING our spirits weighed down by fashion and beauty, we this morning took an early stroll for refreshment. While many of the visitors were still under canopies of chintz or dimity, slumbering as deeply as a watchman of the old municipal regime, under the combined influence of mountain air and "sulphur water," we repaired to a favorite resort in the

vicinity of the Springs. As we advanced and left the grounds, the sweet, soft air of early morning came upon us like incense.

All upon which we looked was glowing with freshness and beauty. The grass was noisy with insects, fragrant with clover, and enamelled with blossoms. The brook-ripple danced with its silver feet joyously to the music of the fresh breeze that bore it company, and the wild flowers had all opened their cups, and the bees and butterflies were sipping their morning draughts from the jewelled chalice : while the birds were singing their matins in notes which seemed to invite all nature to join in their hallelujahs.

Having toiled up an ascent, difficult to the foot as a slope in the upper realms of *Ætna*, we reached a cluster of beeches, green as an emerald, save where here and there a slanting sunbeam, breaking through the branches, mellowed off the transparent verdure into gleaming topaz.

We took a seat where branch and leaf wove over head a roof which the sun's rays penetrated but in rare checkers. The view from where we sat was exquisite, for it not only commanded the picturesque cabins, but the additional prospect of a distant mountain range, one of whose numerous peaks was nearly of a sugar-loaf form, and domineered superbly, with its fine dark-blue cone, over the less ambitious parts of the chain.

While sitting rapt in the enjoyment of these calm, lovely objects, there was suddenly a great crackling and crashing among the underbrush. Not caring to be found there alone, we had just time to gain the shelter of a broad-leaved bass-wood, when a couple came towards the very spot we had occupied, and calmly seated themselves upon the golden-hued moss. The gentleman was handsome, in the southern style, manly and graceful, and there was a delicate beauty in the bend of his companion's white neck and pure forehead, upon which the light fell broadly. Here was a dilemma ! What

should we do? What could we do, but wait for accident to favor our escape?

There was an expressive pause of some five minutes. No words could have inspired a pleasanter content than seemed the wordless presence of the lady's companion.

At last the dreamy hum of the gentleman's voice came to our hiding place, with a drowsy, muffled sound. The melody of that voice, the graceful and pleading attitude, the very bend of his head revealed a heart history. As it broke the stillness, the soft gray eyes of his companion drooped down until the long lashes rested meekly on the dainty pillow below. We did not hear his words, dear reader, but

What could have made the lady employ her fingers in making baskets of the leaves of a laurel with such determined vigor? As the last sound died away, the lady's voice gave out a bar of music, reminding us of the south wind dallying with the silver-lined blades of grass. There must have been something pleasant in the revealings of his companion, for what a world was expressed in that downward look.

The breakfast bell—that matter of fact interpolation amid the flightiness of life—seemed to restore them to a sense of their situation, for the lady broke off in the middle of a word—*which word is waiting for its other half to this hour*—and, rising, they walked slowly away, leaving us to store up this little episode as careful housewives store seemingly worthless shreds and fragments for which their minds anticipate a possible use some day.

During breakfast, the eyes of a lovely girl met ours, and there was such a peculiar attraction in their light, that ours invariably met them. She had evidently seen our receding figure on the walk, an hour before. There was a little blushing on her side, and a resolution on our part never to stumble on lovers again.

\* \* \* \* \*

We do not think it possible to conceive a scene of more light and brilliant gayety, than that presented by the "dress ball" on Monday last. The very atmosphere seemed alive with merriment and joy. The scene was like the crystal drops of a girandole cut into a thousand brilliant facets ; but it is not given us to surmise over what weariness of spirit, what heart-aches, the veil of gauze we looked upon was thrown. As our eye glanced over this dazzling crowd, we could not but be impressed with the gayety and happiness which *seemed* to prevail ; and the inquiry suggested itself : Is this all genuine ? We are shallow judges of happiness or misery, dear reader, if we estimate it by outward marks ; and, we cannot tell, by what we notice here, who is, or who is not happy. Oh, how many a heart-ache is wrapped up in the refinements of fashionable life. The light laughter which bubbles on the lip, how often it mantles over depths of sadness. The distinguished "Belle" has her rivalries, and her competitions, and in her bosom there may be a fearful destitution, a dearth of happiness killed by envy and mistrust. We are, indeed, shallow judges of happiness or misery, if we estimate it by outward marks.

Among the crowd of ladies present on this occasion were several who attracted general attention. The lovely blonde with massy volumes of hair folded plainly round a head whose beauty would mock the chisel of Pygmalion, is Miss —, of Mobile. The slanting rays of light seem to surround her face as a halo, and soften the tint of her exquisitely fair complexion. This lady's greatest charm is an expression of spiritual loveliness which we rarely see. Extreme simplicity in dress accords best with this aerial expression.

The lady dressed in pure white, receiving gracefully and modestly the flattering attentions of a throng of gentlemen, is a young widow of Macon, Georgia. The slight and graceful figure, the expressive features, the clear, glowing

complexion, the expression of the large dark eyes, with their shadowing lashes, are beauties which a child might see and admire.

That singularly interesting face, with eyes like a wet violet, and hair gracefully folded behind, and a manner which is more than beauty, as the aroma is more than bloom—is Mrs. —, of Richmond.

It is impossible to avoid noticing the expressive face near the window, conjecturing what qualities it hides or indicates. In the pauses of this artificial crowd, it comes before us like a phantom. We see the germs of high thought and noble action; we see the mental faculties polished, ready for the loftiest uses. All this we see through an incrustation that has gathered round them, forming no part of the gentleman's real character, entirely distinct from his actual nature, and the result alone of the gradual deposits of the conventional world in which it has been his lot to live. It is only the incrustation that is hard and cold; there is warmth and heart beneath. This gentleman is —, of South Carolina.

That exceedingly narrative elderly gentleman, who will lend his ears to the longest story, to have the satisfaction of repeating it in his turn, is Major —, of Mississippi. With the ladies, this gentleman is a universal favorite. Women, whatever may be their station or advantages of education, are acute observers, and it requires no close observation to read, in the simplicity of Major —'s manners, the genuine kindness of his heart. The tone of his conversation with ladies, always conveys a compliment to their intellectual powers. In them he has good listeners, for his stories keep their curiosity in a chronic state of sub-excitement, and they are never tired of being disappointed.

That lovely face, visible from the window without, is Mrs. —, Washington City. The face of this lady has some-

thing more than the mere form of loveliness, an atmosphere of beauty beyond and around it.

That tall, rather grave looking person, seated quietly among the spectators, is no ordinary man. His hair, parted at the side, displays a forehead of the most intellectual form. The eye is mild, with something of dreaminess in its brilliancy. A physiognomist of no very great acuteness might divine that this gentleman possesses the harder qualities of perseverance and self-reliance. He would have been a saint in the Indian theology, which places human perfection in a state of the utmost activity. The drones of society are his aversion. If there is one thing more than another he abhors, it is idleness. In conversation, he inveighs against it as if he had the vice before him incarnate; he brands it with every crime; imputes every human misery to it; and scolds and pelts it with a copiousness and variety of epithet.

This gentleman, of New Orleans, is eminently domestic in character. A quiet fireside chat has infinitely more charms for him than the gayest ball-room, and the home virtues of a retiring woman please him more than the most brilliant belle that appears in the fashionable world.

That stylish looking girl, with a peculiar manner of carrying a very fine head, is Miss ——. Her fine taste in dress might be copied with advantage by some few here.

The face at the window, romantic as a Donna peeping from behind the jealousies of some balcony in Seville, is Miss —, of Alexandria, daughter of Hon. —, of Baltimore. The piquant countenance and exquisite teeth by her side, belong to Miss —, of the same place.

Note the gentleman in the door, gazing with much curiosity at the dancing. He seems active and athletic, full of animal spirits as if he was habitually an early riser, a man to catch the larks asleep in their nests, and make chanticleer crow if he neglected his duty. This is Mr. —, the merchant of the "White Sulphur," a most important personage

to the lady visitors. His store is a general repository for articles of all sorts, useful and useless, necessities and luxuries, hats, ribbons, flats, canes, umbrellas, books, and cigars.

At one end of this "mercantile depot" is a table, with books so multifarious as to afford no grounds for concluding, with any confidence, what branch of study is most in cultivation at the "White Sulphur." There are works on mathematics, history, metaphysics, poetry, Virginia Springs, novels, a work on geology, and a treatise of "Conic Sections." The uniform courtesy of Mr. —, and his accommodating spirit, render him a general favorite with the visitors.

---

SWEET SPRINGS, VA., Sept. 3, 1856.

WE are passing a week at the "Sweet Springs," seventeen miles distant from the "White Sulphur." What a bright sweet vision these words bring up before the memory of those who know the beauty of this lovely spot; such a breathless, cloudless beauty over earth and sky; such a softness in the breeze, and over all so calm and soothing a repose. The crowd that throng this populous watering place are gathered to repose; and every object is tranquil as an infant's dream. The breezes have folded their busy wings; even the leaves which have jostled against each other all the day long, have grown solemn with stillness. The faint tinkling of a sheep-bell on the distant hills; the soft flutter of a bird, as it nestles itself down to sleep in the leaves; the shrill cry of the tree-toad as it swells through the air—are all the sounds that stir in the hazy ear.

The principal building on these grounds is a noble colonnaded structure of brick, which is entered by a broad flight of steps, leading to its lofty portico, from which double doors give admission into a spacious dining-room, ball-

room and parlor. The portico furnishes a fine promenade in wet weather and adds much to the lightness and beauty of the edifice. From this admirable foreground, gently slooping hills spread away into the country, while in front a lawn, enamelled with a rich coating of verdure, is rolled out like a carpet. The main building, with the picturesque pavilions, bath-house, and other watering place appurtenances, presents the appearance of a little village. The spring baths attached to the grounds, are celebrated throughout the country for their tonic properties. To omit a notice of them in our description, would be tantamount to the tragedy of Hamlet being announced for representation, with the part of Hamlet to be left out. Were we inclined, we might weave a pretty fiction on the bathing scene; but we have no wish to add to the number of fables by suffering imagination to usurp the office of vision. On our first visit we found plenty of amusement looking about us. In the little closet rooms extending around the bath, were ladies in all the various stages of robing or disrobing, each intent upon her own arrangements, and utterly regardless of what was passing around her. When "Babel" was broken up, its topmost detachment must have moved "en masse" and founded a ladies' bath-house.

Following the example of others, we exchanged our double wrapper for a bathing-dress, and descended to the bath.

Oh! the exhilarating effect of the descent into that transparent, bubbling, limpid element. Could our temperance friends experience it, they might be almost induced to frame a new "Maine Law," placing "Sweet Spring Baths" on the same footing as intoxicating drinks.

The crystal water curved around us, upheaving light ripples of golden green, through which the sun shone as through a vault of the most delicate Bohemian glass.

\* \* \* \* \*



Before eight o'clock, last evening, the ball-room here—the illumination of which might have become the dome of St. Peter's—presented a showy mass, a field of light, transparent dresses. It would be a task worthy the "Pictorial News" to illustrate the dazzling scene, with its admixture of lights and colors, its glitter of diamonds and tissue.

Among the crowd of ladies, laden and overladen with all kinds of jewelry, was one whose only ornament was a cluster of star-shaped blossoms, her figure graceful, delicate and "*spirituelle*," as Shakspeare's Ariel, in the "*Tempest*." The face of this lady (Miss —, of Gloucester) is almost transparent with expression. Her mind is said to be highly cultivated and richly stored; not to the extent that displeases gentlemen, though it disqualifies her for the society of the frivolous of her own sex. Her face indicates great sensitiveness and susceptibility. If she loves and is loved, what an existence will be hers! What a living spring—what a warm, glad summer.

That living dew drop, with a cheek like a lily shaded by a rose-leaf, is Miss —, of Virginia. It would have required an Amazon to meet the stare of the gentlemen as she passed along. A bright cluster of buds encircle her comb and peep over a profuse mass of soft brown curls, that fell over said comb, doing no discredit to the dainty shoulders they rest on.

Among the most conspicuous of the belles was Miss —, of Georgetown. A complexion of dazzling fairness, large brown eyes, full of liquid light, and luxuriant brown hair, unite to form an exceedingly lovely face.

Miss —, of Mobile, has the most roguish face in the world, sparkling with fun—a most bewitching mouth—her smile a prize for which a knight of olden chivalry would have perilled his life. Such a mouth! it defies all criticism; for she keeps it in such constant play that it must be a keen eye indeed which can detect its outline. (Dear reader, we are

disturbed by a shout from the room above—which room is occupied by this merry-hearted specimen of bright humanity. Laughing is healthful, and we have no doubt the foundation for many a fine constitution has been laid this summer in the room of Miss ——.)

Mr. ——, of Charleston, is the centre of a circle of ladies, entertaining them with piquant jests and humorous anecdotes. This person is the cleverest, pleasantest married gentleman that ever the sweet South contributed to a watering place. With the ladies, he is a universal favorite, and yet his courtesy to the former does not interfere with his devotion to the sweet-faced wife by his side.

When at college, he belonged to the class who go about at night changing signs; leaving a barber's pole at the door of the merchant most renowned for shaving, and putting "*Fancy Goods*" on the young ladies' seminary. His *good humor* is inexhaustible.

That dark eyed, dark haired, amiable face, seated among the spectators, is ——, lady of Judge H., of Alabama. This lady seems to be loved enthusiastically by those who know the full value of that spring whose bright, fresh bubbling in her heart keeps it green. She does more than any one here to diffuse a spirit of harmony and sociability wherever her influence extends.

The snow white freshness of Miss ——, dressed cool and delicate as a newly blown white rose amidst its foliage, its unlustrous surface serves to enhance the bloom of her youthful complexion as much as the modesty of its drapery, the respect of her admirers.

That very lovely looking girl, with dimples and a smile of rare beauty, is Miss ——, of Richmond.

That very handsome, elderly gentleman is Mr ——, a name that is not lightly held wherever a high sense of honor and integrity are considered qualities worthy of esteem. This gentleman, a native of Scotland, emigrated, we learn,

very early in life, to Petersburg, Virginia. He is one of those sterling characters, who pass through the world unostentatiously, but impressing all who approach them with elevation of character.

That engaging girl, with hair the shade of the bird that sat over "Poe's" chamber door, is Miss —, of Arkansas. Miss —, seems to possess, along with a highly cultivated mind, the power to charm when, where, and whom she pleases.

That "petite" figure, who reminds us of Amy Robson, or Lucy of Lammermoor, is Miss —, of Savannah, Georgia. She looks as cool, in her fleecy dress, as if she were "*Undine*" draped in mist. This lady's musical abilities are of the highest order, her voice being thought to excel in sweetness and volume many of our public singers.

---

RED SWEET SPRINGS, VA., September 9, 1856.

OUR readers whose appetites for the circumstantialities of life have been fostered by the over zeal of such writers as Dickens and Thackeray, will doubtless require to be given a full description of the "Grand Fancy Ball" at the Red Sweet, which came off on Wednesday evening, Sept. 3.

The whole establishment had been in a ferment for several days; even those who felt no immediate interest in the festival caught a portion of the excitement, and became anxious for the important evening. The gentlemen exhausted themselves in elegant conceits for the occasion, while the ladies went flying about the rooms in such a state of excitement that they were like people demented. What a renovation of ball-dresses! Why, the invasion of Xerxes on the Greeks was not more munificently provided for.

The great day arrived at last, and on that day the most complete freedom reigned. Brilliant belles descended to dinner in breakfast-dresses. Anticipating "*avec délices*" the

toilet of the evening, they seemed to take pleasure in indulging, that day, a luxury of slovenliness, like aldermen fasting in preparation for a feast.

About six o'clock, the vulgar common-places of purifying and attiring commenced; each chamber became the scene of ablutions, arrangings, and bedizenings curiously elaborate. To us it was an enigma how they contrived to spend so much time in doing so little. The operations seemed close, intricate, prolonged; but it must be allowed the array was perfect.

Before dark, the dust began to arise, and on the road leading to the "Old Sweet," carriages and omnibuses might be seen at near intervals and in quick succession.

We should but show our own lack of power, dear reader, if we attempted to give you any adequate idea of this panorama of beauty. The multitude of lights, the beautiful decorations and the *fancy* dresses, made it one of the gayest scenes we ever entered. One might fancy one's self in some city of the East, so beautiful were the dresses and so picturesque the grouping. The whole scene seemed enchantment. Noble lords, Indian princesses, Italian peasants, Turkish sultans, Di Vernons, and stately dames of the olden times, passed before us in rapid succession, while a band of music poured forth a continual flood of the richest and most inspiring harmony; the music swelling in those long delicious chords which imparadise the moment, and make life all poetry.

It is a quiet enjoyment for us to survey the animated scene. Would you like to join us? We see the dawn of a smile on your lips at the suggestion, and accept the omen. Come, then, sweet friend, whatever name thou bearest, come take your stand in this quiet nook, where the light falls softly, and we may peep at the different actors in this strange scene.

We pause, for a radiant vision bursts upon our view. The flood of rosy light from the chandelier above illumines a shape

that we hold our breath to see. Attired in a transparent flowing slip, with drooping wings and hands clasped languidly before her—soft, aerial as a dream of Heaven, a graceful *Peri* appears. She seems an angel from the regions above, so fair and spotless does she look, the light falling on her white fleecy dress, and weaving her hair into a tissue with the mingling of its own bright rays.

Sweet Adele —, of Petersburg! She seemed indeed a *Peri* at the gates of Paradise, listening to an air from Heaven!

But who is this fierce, wild looking man, with a cutlass and pistols in his belt, and a pair of enormous brows, which beetle over his eyes with a most ferocious aspect? We have heard tales of Spanish privateers, and fearful anecdotes of Kidd and Paul Jones, and we involuntarily associate this individual with their idea. If he is not one of a gang of pirates, he certainly looked sufficiently like one to warrant the strongest doubts of his respectability and good intentions. He looks like one who has seen the inside of prisons and who is abroad more by night than by day.

Would you believe it, dear reader (I know you won't, for the fact seems too great an enormity), the lovely "*Peri*" seemed perfectly bewitched with this *Algerine Pirate*!

But what cares Cupid for such distinction? He whose glory it is to confound everything human, the high with the low, the rich with the poor, the pure with the unworthy, the lovely with the ill-favored, leveller that he is—the only thorough-paced apostle of *égalité*—it is little to him to get up a match between an *Angel* and a *Pirate*.

But what have we here?—A *Slave Market* in Constantinople! A Greek girl—a young creature, with a lovely face, faultless in its classical proportions. Her cheek is colorless as marble, and the expression of her full, soft mouth is ineffably mournful and touching. The rich, dark hair streams from beneath a crimson turban, while her upturned face and

divinely melancholy eyes are cast appealingly to her buyer, a fierce turbaned Turk, who surveys with admiring eyes the lovely being before him. But no answering gaze of pity meets the appealing look of those soft eyes, and they seem to grow dim with the misery of her approaching fate. She is dreaming of her own sunny land—its moonlight nights, its broad terraces; its graceful urns, its slender cypress spires—rise up before her like delicate shadows piercing the violet sky with their infinite combinations of natural and artificial beauty! But alas! blended with these scenes rises the memory of parents and friends.

Exquisitely did Miss —, of Arkansas, personate this character, and the Turk, Mr. —, of Richmond, was not less happy in his personation.

We must add that, before the evening closed, we saw this fierce Turk corresponding with his eyes to this lovely slave, with that sort of silent, but most intelligible language, which it is a mistake to think confined to the interviews of swains and shepherdesses. It can take place just as well under the light of a chandelier in a ball-room, as upon banks of violets, under canopies of roses and eglantines.

But here comes *Titania, Queen of the Fairies*, with golden wand and wings; waving her wand, erecting her head, and drawing up her *petite* figure with an air of majesty, she passes on. I wish you could have seen her toss her head in make-believe playfulness, but in reality feeling quite resentful that her attendant beaux should think of such things as flirting in *her* presence. Many are the glances of inquisitive respect turned upon her, which she bears with that careless condescension which the infantile *Grand Lama* is said to assume towards its worshippers.

*Titania's* (Miss —, of Richmond) smile, her tone of voice, her manner, are irresistible, and she is standing in the midst of subjects as loyal as any sovereign would care to reign over.

Who is this Adonis in sailor's dress? His attire—a loose blue jacket, a black ribbon, and loose trowsers—has the advantage of taking something from the delicacy of his exterior, and gives him a manlier air than he has attained to. His nautical costume becomes him well, and he wears it with the air and ease of a rugged tar; though the warbling, cooing voice of the *Peri* has evidently greater music to his ears than the frothing, gurgling sound of waves, curling round the keel of the neatest craft. He is full of quotations from Moore and Petrarch about sharks, corsairs, shipwrecks, hurricanes, and the hideous spectre of the *Flying Dutchman*, and even offers to fling ropes and cables to the winds, and live with her in a cottage, a grotto, or a tent.

The dress of this gentleman, Mr. —, of Richmond, was much admired.

But here comes "*Aurora*," robed in rosy mist like drapery, looking indeed like the bright Morning she represents. The inmost leaf of a blush rose has the soft, rich coloring that warms her delicate cheek; while her illusion veil, of the loveliest rose-hue, falls round her dimpled shoulders as if it were woven of the starlight. This lady (Mrs. —, of Richmond) looks the veriest morning beam that ever gladdened this weary world with beauty and with light. Her bright face accords admirably with the character selected.

But here comes a masked figure—Miss Lucy Stone. As a bloomer she has not entirely got rid of the feeling of novelty, and appears to have, every now and then, a spasm of exulting surprise as the idea occurs to her of her present position. There is something piquant in the alternate demureness and vivacity of her demeanor. One moment she is capering through the quadrille—her huge figure towering above the dancers like a dromedary in a flock of sheep, lost in mazy circles—now rushing up to a party with apparent hostility, and as swiftly scampering off again in exuberance of spirits.

She seems to have but one passion, and, like Aaron's rod, it has a most consuming tendency, and that is to *talk incessantly* to all whom fate brings within the limits of her colloquial powers. She abuses the sterner sex in the sharpest language, her voice issuing out from under her mask as if out of a cloud. She makes them feel that they deserve all she says of them, and leaves some of them with uncomfortable forebodings as to their fate, both here and hereafter, making more than one unnecessary allusion to the other world, and a certain province of it. In a strain of invective that would do honor to the columns of the Tribune, she declares that women have too much of the dove and too little of the serpent. She puts them up in a pillory and scolds and pelts at them with a copiousness and variety of epithets and reproaches as would better become Mr. Greely. She seems to have a positive antipathy to the softer qualities of the sex.

That impenetrable mask! Who can it be! Why, this "*strong minded woman*" is as great a curiosity as a fly in amber. (A word in your ear.) This character, which is sustained with admirable spirit, is assumed by Mr. —, of New Orleans, son of the ex Secretary of War.

Here comes the *Sappho* of the evening, Miss —, of Louisiana. Her snowy drapery, ample, yet exquisitely arranged, and her glossy hair parted in plain braids upon her forehead, and surmounted only with a wreath of laurel leaves, looks like a Greek statue that has come alive, and by mere contact classicized its modern dress.

Here comes Amy Robsart, with powdered hair and blush roses intermingled. We recall the details of Sir Walter Scott's splendid fiction; and mentally we stand in Kenilworth's deserted halls. It is the same face which kindled into passionate hope Leicester's hapless wife, when she welcomed her husband to her solitary prison: we hear the low moaning of the cheerless wind; we behold the gloomy awakening of



her days of solitude, disturbed only by the occasional foot-step of a menial; we watch the gradual wasting of the frail texture of her life as the dull, blank future lifts itself up before her with terrible distinctness.—We see the dew drops start from the transparent brow—the clammy palms clasped together in despair; we see the quivering features and the blistering tears. Then comes the catastrophe—midnight—a wandering step—a dying shriek—a mangled form upon the vaulted floor. Death, blessed Death!

That poor heart with its meek unrest,  
Its sad and bitter aching,  
Lies still within the mangled breast,  
And white cold hands are on it pressed,  
As when its chords were breaking.

The thrill at summer, earth, and sky,  
Love's sweet and restless fever,  
The gush of heartfelt melody,  
The ceaseless longing and the sigh,  
Have passed away forever.

Leicester stands by her side, his graceful person habited in the court dress of Queen Elizabeth's time, from lace ruffles to the slashed boots of that period. Of what does he dream as he looks down into the mild depths of those large brown eyes? Of her, who, much as she was injured, still confided in his truth? Who, wronged and deceived, still pointed to a future, a beautiful beyond? Yes! and for one moment he thought of a home rendered a holy paradise of love with her—the ancestral castle with its pleasant resting place—the attached dependents—the happy tenantry—the hours without care or anxiety. Another moment and Elizabeth's proud eye is on him, and ambition blossoms in his heart beneath it. Can he step from within the enchanted and shining ring which the finger of Royalty has traced out for its favored votaries? Can he surrender all the brilliant accompaniments of that wealth in whose glitter he has so long

luxuriated? To step beyond that fairy circle requires the superior fortitude of a well disciplined, nobly directed mind; and *this* Leicester possesses not.

Miss —, of Savannah, Georgia's personation of Amy, is exquisitely beautiful in countenance and costume.

But here comes, trim and decorous, robed in pure white, like some hierarch surplised for sacrificial rites, the world famed Parisian Cook, "Monsieur Lobo." This gentleman seems to have his head filled with projects of all kinds for the improvement of cooking, and can talk of nothing but the crotchet uppermost. To hear him you would conclude that he bore the weight of the whole culinary department on his shoulders, and that the rest of the world did nothing but give dinners. He was the bearer of a monster petition—an address to the crowned heads of Europe—the most important document ever drawn up—to prevent the introduction of steam into the "kitchen world." Monsieur L. evidently considered the encroachments of that power as the ruin of his business. Col. —, grand nephew of Gen. Washington, sustained this very fine character.

But here comes Miss —, of Baltimore, as *Spring*. She looks, indeed, like the royal bride of *Spring*, in her white dress and regal blossoms, while sweeter and fairer than those blossoms are the roses of youth and health made brighter by excitement that bloomed upon her cheek. You would hardly wonder, as she glides through the figures "with the step of a fawn and the glance of a star," to see fresh flowers spring up suddenly in the way.

Wherever on the happy earth,  
Those fairy footsteps fell.

But here comes a "Spanish Lady," with high comb and floating veil. We are in thought with the Spanish knight beneath the shadow of the Alhambra or floating with the Venetian Gondolier by the stately palaces of the City of the

Sea. She is just the sort of *Senorita* that we read of in Spanish novels. This admirably sustained character is by Miss —, of Richmond.

Here comes "Joan of Arc" as a peasant girl of Normandy. As we gaze, all the vicissitudes, catastrophes, glories and misfortunes of her life rise up before us. We see before us the young peasant girl of Normandy working in the little garden of her father. We catch a glimpse of her seated in the sunshine at the brink of the fountain, her ardent soul and impassioned fancy throwing her into that state of dreamy contemplation in which she fancies she beholds a messenger from the skies urging her to a life of heroism as the defender of her country; then, by a rapid flight of the imagination, she appears at the head of an army of devoted followers, amid the clang of arms and martial music. Another flight, and we see her in a gloomy dungeon, parting by degrees with every hopeful illusion. We follow her to the *Salle d'audience*, where, surrounded by *gendarmes*, she takes her place on the prisoner's bench. The uniforms, the sentinels, the naked sabres all indicate one of those political crises in which a trial is a battle and justice an executioner. We behold her in the fatal cart. We hear the harsh and lumbering roll of the wheels and the tramp of the horses which guard the procession of death. The fearful stake rises high in the light blue air, and the crowd grows thick and dense as throng after throng hurries past. We see her hands bound and fierce flames creep around her person. The calm consciousness with which she meets death gives to her dying words a thrilling interest, and the interest becomes so much the greater when it is remembered they are uttered at the very threshold of death.

The just appreciation of Joan of Arc is most difficult. There are characters of which men are no judges, and which mount without appeal direct to the tribunal of God. There are human actions so strange a mixture of weakness and

strength, error and truth, that we know not what to term them.

This peasant character was sustained by Miss ——.

Here comes a living dew-drop. Her mist like drapery of white illusion hangs about her "lily of the valley" figure like snow wreaths. It is Miss ——, of Gloucester, as the *Veiled Lady of Avenal*. Her long lashes drop over a pair of lovely blue eyes and rest meekly on the dainty pillow below, as with face and person draped in illusion she passed on.

Following close behind the *Veiled Lady* appears the crimson moccasins and fringed slip of "Minchaha," the Indian heroine of Longfellow's poem of Hiawatha.

It is the Arrow Maker's Daughter—the same dark eye and languid air that captivated Hiawatha—

"With her moods of shade and sunshine,  
Eyes that smile and frown alternate,  
Feet as rapid as the river,  
Tresses flowing like the water;  
And as musical a laughter."

This admirably sustained character was by Miss ——, the "La Christie" of the Enquirer.

The very lovely person so surrounded by gentlemen, who are vieing with each other in attention, is Miss ——, of South Carolina. A strange radiance is flung, by the most remarkable eyes in the world, over features that would be radiant of themselves. Her dress, though rich, is fastidiously simple, and a magnificent veil envelops a form in the chiselling of which nature seems to have realized the ideal.

Here comes a military man, looking as defiant as if he would fly at a lion. To hear him talk, you would think he had been the prime mover in every battle of importance which has taken place for a quarter of a century; he had documents in his pocket to prove it. Notwithstanding his

rifle and sabre have a comfortable coat of rust upon them, showing charity to the excess of human life—indeed, they are as rusty as you could wish the soldier's bayonet to be. This character was admirably sustained by Col. —, of Texas.

But here comes the queen of the night, Miss —, of —. Till this moment we have never set eyes upon living king or queen; it may consequently be conjectured that we strain our powers of vision to take in this specimen of English royalty. She is above the middle height, and in her *pose* and in her whole manner there is that air of calm and dignified self-possession which is justly considered one of the grand external distinctions of royalty. Her face owes its character chiefly to a pair of large soft hazel eyes.

Here comes an *Italian tambourine girl*, the short sleeves revealing a pair of rounded arms which might vie with those of the fabled *Euphrosyne*. Miss —'s petite form suited admirably her style of dress.

Here comes an active, bustling individual, who is keeping all around him in fits of laughter. His face is as full of sensible drollery as the part of one of Shakspeare's clowns. He looks comedy and speaks farce—the comedy Goldsmith's and the farce Powers'. His electioneering talents would be invaluable, for he has a strong court-house elocution; a Machiavelli in the committee room, a Wilkes on the stump. This character, *Sam Slick*, was sustained by Mr. —, of Mobile.

The three Misses —, of Louisiana form a fine trio, though different in their styles as sunshine and moonlight, statue and painting. The raven hair, dark eyes and brunette complexion of the one, suited her character of Spanish girl, while that of the other suits admirably her character of a *polished lady of rank*.

Here comes Miss —, an oriental looking Virginian, with a Siddons' lip and glance of fire, as a "Fortune Teller."

She assumes the most picturesque attitude, quietly adjusts her cards, and appears to read the future of the venerable ex-President Tyler, who, with his sister-in-law, are among the guests.

And now, dear reader, we obey a signal from the telescopic eye of the gentlemanly proprietor (Mr. Bias), and descend to the supper room; and *such* a supper. Apicus himself could not have desired more delicious fare.

In a blaze of light, almost equal to the illumination of St. Peter's dome, is spread a sumptuous repast, said to be the most elegant ever given in the mountains. Delicate game, salads and choice meats on one side, rare cake, bon-bons, jellies, and wines of the best brands and flavor, grace the other. To say that enjoyment reigns supreme is a useless repetition.

---

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, VA., Sept. 20, 1856.

"The end is come! the golden links are parting  
That in one chain of happy circumstance,  
And gentle, friendly, human fellowship,  
Bound many hearts for many a day together."

Dear Readers! We have returned to the "*Queen of the Mountains*;" and address you once more from our cosey cabin. Autumn is here—the time for the closing of the doors, the stirring of the fire, the lighting of the evening lamp, the sitting down to some pleasant book and still more pleasant chat. The swarm of summer flies have vanished, and the beautiful grounds have an aspect of pathetic abandonment and desolation. The trees no longer wear a bright and glowing hue, but they are tinged with autumn's prophetic gold, and here and there a fallen leaf breathes its moral to the heart. The grass, instead of yielding like soft

velvet, noiselessly to the pressure, crumples under the foot that breaks it as it touches the brittle blades.

The few visitors who still linger enjoyed yesterday an intellectual banquet in a very fine sermon by the distinguished Bishop of the diocese of Louisiana.

The very girlish figure in close mourning, with rich ripply ringlets falling behind her ears, is Mrs. —, sister of the lamented representative from this State. The great charm of this lady's face is its delicacy and refinement. The expression reminds us of those angels whom the German artists have painted hovering over the infant Saviour.

The gentleman by her side, with thick clusters of fair hair, and hazel eyes, with something of dreaminess in their brilliancy—is a member of the same family. An artist or a poet would long remember the shifting light of his eyes, and the rich, mellow color of the hair that almost shades his face. If his features have a fault, it is that their style is too delicate and feminine.

That stately looking girl, with a statue-like throat and bust, and a peculiar manner of carrying a very fine head, is Miss —, of Richmond. Whether royalty has anything to do with the carriage of the form, we cannot say, but this we do know, that not a coronetted brow in Europe could bear its honors more stately than Miss —, the wealth of her own silky hair. It is difficult to tell the color of her eyes. We do not know anything like them, unless it be the brown furrows which sometimes lie heaped up in a belt of far-off sky, just at twilight.

That thoughtful, musing face, whose finished manners indicate habitual intercourse with the most cultivated circles, is Mr. —, of Richmond. This individual possesses in a superior degree, "*Le talent de secanter*."

Nothing is more melancholy than to witness the dismantlement of a watering place which we have been accustomed to see alive and gay with life. The break-up of this establish-

ment is complete, and very soon the few who still linger will leave for distant homes.

*Home!* how it falls upon the hearts of the homeward-streaming crowd. Happy those who can turn from the festive gayeties of the "White Sulphur" and meet outstretched arms and loving hearts in whose affection there is no decay and no deceit—"at home!" When our vital lamp burns low and the golden bowl begins to shudder, and the silver cord to untwine, let our last look be upon faces that we best love! Oh let us die at HOME.

To visit the "White Sulphur" is to multiply by arrivals and departures—by meetings and farewells—those impressions which are only afforded at solitary intervals by the events of a sedentary life. Oh! those vine-clad cabins—many of them now as solitary as Robinson Crusoe's raft in the midst of the Pacific—with what friends their shaded galleries are associated, and what recollections are scattered about them—foot-prints left behind by objects which, perhaps, have fled quickly by, with feet whose soft, cool and dewy influence have left the whole place greener and more beautiful for their having lingered there.

How often will that solemn meek-browed angel, *Memory*, bring freshly and distinctly before us the "White Sulphur's" moonlight and sunset scenes!

—its blended shades

Of waste and wood, mountains and level glades;  
Its peaceful slopes, its winding vales,  
Its cloudless azure, and its balmy gales.

And to you, beloved readers, whom we presume to call our friends, we are full of gratitude for the patience that has been conceded to us. And, believe us, there is more in this tie than perhaps you think, especially where the intercourse has been carried on, and, as it were, fed from week to week. In such cases the relationship between one who



writes and one who reads, assumes something like acquaintanceship, heightened by a greater desire on one side to please, than is usually felt in the routine business of every day life. We know not what will be the fate of these "Sketches." One hope, at least, we have—the hope that some heart has extracted a perfume which will lie upon it when the writer and her humble labors are alike forgotten.

Messrs. Eagle and Fry, office and receiving clerks, and Messrs. Gillespies and Davis, dining-room managers—to each and all of these gentlemen are the lady visitors indebted for those ready courtesies which, however insignificant in themselves, are grateful to the recipient. And we must not omit the "kitchen cabinet." From the dignified *head waiter*, Walker Lewis, who, for seventeen years has filled this responsible office with a fidelity and integrity rarely equalled, to the faithful and smiling William Burnwell, of Virginia Row, who is always ready to wait upon the ladies—there is not one but have proved trusty and gifted with a sobriety and temperance that would put to blush even the famous temperance society of the "*Pickwick Papers*."

Gentle readers, the last sheet of our foolscap is filled. Our pencil (the identical one sold to us in Washington the day we left home) is like the aged beggar's life, dwindled to the shortest span, and in the humble hope that your patience, during the perusal of these "sketches," may not have been reduced by us to the same extremity, we close, and bid you kindly—farewell.

THE LADY OF THE ROCK.



# THE LADY OF THE ROCK.

---

## CHAPTER I.

"Splendor in heaven, and horror on the main,  
Sunshine and storm at once—a troubled day."

DRAMATIC POEM.

ALL readers of English history must be able to recall to mind with especial distinctness that period in its annals when the unfortunate Charles I. drew upon himself the odium and mistrust of Parliament, and London witnessed the unprecedented scene of the trial of a king for treason before a court chosen from amongst his subjects. It will be recollected that opposing religious interests operated with those of a merely political nature in leading many of the enemies of Charles to push their aversion to his measures to this extreme. His unwise prohibition of the Puritan emigration to the American colonies was not the least of these creating causes; and might be cited by such as are fond of tracing retributive justice in human affairs, as one of those instances in which men are permitted by their frowardness to pass upon themselves the sentence of their own destruction. Since, but for that prohibition, the most powerful opponent of Charles, and the mighty instrument of his ruin, would have embarked for New England, and this country would have become the theatre of Cromwell's actions and renown—supposing that the elements of that remarkable character must have won elsewhere something of the same name he has left

behind him—a name to live alike in the condemnation and commendation of mankind.

To the period alluded to the beginning of this tale reverts. The trial of the king had been in progress several days. Of more than a hundred and thirty judges appointed by the Commons, about seventy sat in constant attendance. Chief in rank and importance among these was General Lisle—a man whom we should not confound either with the mad enthusiasts of that day, or with those dissembling hypocrites who used their religion only as a stepping-stone to power, or the cloak to conceal a guilty and treasonable ambition, since his opposition to Charles was actuated solely by the purest principles of patriotism and religion. He was, at the time of the trial, in his sixtieth year; and his constant attendance and unwavering firmness of purpose—the evident results of preconceived principle—during the whole sitting of that strange tribunal, were not without great effect in nerving to continued resolution the otherwise faltering minds of many of the younger judges. For it cannot be doubted that compunctious feelings must have had moments of ascendancy in the hearts of a number of those with whom rested the event of this questionable trial. This was evinced in some by their occasional absence; in others, who nevertheless felt scrupulously bound to be present, by a nervous tremor at the appearance of the prisoner, and subsequent abstraction of attention from the scene, as testifying a desire to assume as small a share as possible of the deep responsibility belonging to the occasion.

Of the latter class was William Heath, the son of a Puritan divine in Sussex. At the opening of the war, he had repaired to the army, and risen by his gallantry and merits to the rank of general. Though still young, he had been afterward conspicuous in Parliament, and was one of those who took up accusations against the eleven members. Yet although he was friendly to the king's deposition, he had at

first positively refused to sit when appointed one of a Court called to make inquisition for his blood. And he had at length only consented to assume the place assigned him there, as it was notoriously believed, through the influence of Lisle, to whose daughter he was betrothed, and his nuptials with whom were to be completed on the night on which this narrative opens.

His handsome countenance, as he sat in the court through the whole day preceding—though it contrasted with the pallor which had marked it during those previous, in wearing upon it the anxious flush of the expectant bridegroom—yet bore the same harassed air which had been seen upon it since the commencement of the trial, and which even the blissful hopes he was about to realize could not suffice to dissipate. It was only when he turned his eyes upon Lisle, unflinching in his dignified composure, that he seemed momentarily able to yield himself up to the unalloyed anticipation of happiness. So true is it, that a conscience ill at ease with itself has the power to mar the bliss of heaven.

The Court had adjourned; the prisoner had been remanded to the care of Lisle, in whose house he had been kept in strict and harsh confinement ever since his landing in London, during those hours not occupied with his trial; and but one more day remained to decide the doom of the unhappy Charles Stuart.

It was eight o'clock in the evening. In an apartment, far remote from that chamber of Lisle's spacious but sombre-looking dwelling, which held the person of the royal prisoner, were assembled the wedding guests. As much festivity and ornament had been called to grace the occasion as was consistent with Lisle's Puritanic views; yet the whole seemed by far too little to celebrate the marriage of the lovely divinity for whom it was prepared. The apartment was in the Elizabethan style of architecture, but devoid of those ornaments of luxurious taste, which, in the reign of Charles I.,

graced the houses of the opulent and distinguished of the Church of England. A quaint stiffness reigned throughout the furniture and other arrangements. Rows of high-backed chairs, interrupted here and there with a book-case, table, or other heavy piece of mahogany, stood in prim regularity against the wall; tall candlesticks, containing taller candles, cast their blue light from the mantle-piece, and a large Bible, laid open upon the table, was calculated to infuse devotional or religious sentiments into those mirthful feelings belonging to the occasion. No branches of mistletoe or holly, hung around the room, remained as suggestives of the recent Christmas; no superb and glittering chandelier shed its soft flood of light upon the assembly; no damask drapery or luxurious sofas gave an air of elegance and comfort to the spacious dreariness of the apartment; no music was prepared for the enlivenment of the evening; nor were any profane amusements that night to invoke the judgments of Heaven upon the approaching ceremony.

The company consisted of more than two hundred guests, gentlemen and ladies, all stanch Puritans, and opposers of the king. The countenances of many of the male portion of these were recognizable as the same which had, for the last few days, appeared as the arraigners at the trial so speedily about to be terminated; and a certain peculiar expression, common to each, betokening a mind preoccupied by one deeply engrossing topic, might have enabled an uninformed observer readily to select them from the rest. Yet there were others present to whom the affair alluded to was not less momentous, and with whom rested fully as much of the responsibility of its now almost certainly dark result.

One of these latter, conspicuously seated near to Lisle, was the mighty mover of the political revolution of the day, and the chief instrument in procuring the king's unhappy position—the aspiring, though still religious Cromwell. The descriptions of history have made the personal appearance

of this remarkable man so familiar to posterity, that it is superfluous here to draw any picture of his coarse and strongly-made form, and severely harsh, but thoughtful features. The mention of his name will at once call up to the minds of such as have ever interested themselves in the account of those stirring times—which have left their impress upon subsequent events, and one of whose later results may be traced in our own national freedom—no vague or shadowy embodiment, but a well defined portrait, engraved on the tablet of memory.

On this evening his furtive glance around him from beneath his shaggy eyebrows, as he conversed with Lisle in a labyrinthine manner peculiar to him at times, evinced a wish to penetrate into the secrets of such hearts as rated his character at its true value. A close observer might have noted, too, that ever and anon as that glance, after wandering to distant parts of the room, returned and fixed upon Lisle, it gradually fell, as if stricken to earth by the steady gaze of the truly disinterested religionist, and the rebukes of its owner's accusing conscience.

"The Court, thou sayest," ran his speech, "have this day considered and agreed upon a judgment. It is well. But I tell thee that not Parliament, nor the army, nor this Court, could avail to pull down Charles Stuart from his high place, saving that the God of Heaven is at war with him. What though there be witnesses to prove that he set up his standard at Nottingham, led his armed troops at Newbury, Edgehill, and Naseby—issued proclamations and mandates for the prosecution of the war? They are but instruments in the hands of the same God who destroyed and dethroned Belshazzar of old, because he was weighed in the balance and found wanting. And is it not meet that we Christians should buckle on our armor in behalf of the Lord of Hosts? Yea, verily! else for mine own part, Charles Stuart should not fall from the throne of England. I am not a bloody man; nay, by reason of human frailty, my



heart had now well-nigh failed me in this very cause, but that he who putteth his hand to the plough in these troublous times, and looketh back, need be careful that he be not hanged upon the gallows which Haman prepared for Mordecai."

The whole of this last sentence was spoken in soliloquy, for Lisle had at that moment risen to receive some guests.

The persons entering were three in number—a gentleman of about forty years of age, attended by two lovely females, whose youthful years and striking resemblance to himself, would instantly have suggested, what was in reality the case, that they were his daughters.

From the looks of interest with which his arrival was regarded by all present, it was evident that he was a person of some distinction, though he had not, at that period, given to the world the monument of his genius on which he has since built his immortality. Yet John Milton was justly celebrated even then for his political writings, his strenuous assertion and defence of liberty, his austere Puritanic views, and his abstemious manner of life. His whole appearance was prepossessing in the extreme, but rather interesting than commanding. His hair, which was of light brown, was parted in the middle, after the fashion of the day, and surmounted a low yet expansive forehead, sufficiently indicative of the depth of genius which lay beneath. His complexion was fair, and delicately colored as a woman's; and the contour of his features might have been objected to as effeminate, were it not for the expression of manly dignity which animated the whole countenance. His full, gray eye, in its somewhat sleepy expression, evinced that quiet melancholy peculiar to poetic genius, while a certain searching and wandering look with which he occasionally stared fixedly around him, suggested the idea that his sight was not perfect.

The two daughters of Milton, by whom he was attended,

were highly interesting in appearance, with the dignity of countenance peculiar to their father, and having upon them the unmistakable stamp of an inheritance from him of nature's noblest gift of intellect.

Returning Lisle's salutation as he approached to meet them, these two young females retired to a seat amongst the ladies, and left Milton and his host standing near the entrance of the apartment.

"Thou lovest thy daughter to-night, honored friend," said the former. "I trust she may find a continuance of that happiness in wedlock that she has enjoyed in her father's house."

"True happiness belongs not to this earth," said Lisle. "It is in mercy withheld from us by the Almighty, that we may be the more ready to meet death when the summons calls us hence."

"Thou speakest well," replied Milton; "the very impossibility of finding happiness here is a merciful provision of the all-wise Creator. But talking of a willingness to encounter death, they tell me that the Court have decided upon the sentence of the tyrant and traitor king. Is the rumor correct?"

"So much so," said Lisle, "that to-morrow we sign the warrant for his execution."

"I shall marvel," said the other, "though I speak it with shame, if fifty out of your hundred have the Christian courage to stain their fingers with the touch of the bloody quill prepared for them."

"May all such, then," returned Lisle, while a flush as of indignation passed over his countenance for an instant, and then died rapidly away—"may all such as flinch from the performance of this noble act of duty to their country and to God, and omit to place their names, when called upon, to that righteous document of His preparing, not find at the last judgment that the angel of the Lord has likewise

omitted to place their names upon his book. But here is my daughter and her future husband; and the man of God has risen to perform the marriage ceremony. Excuse me, I must meet them at the door."

"I pray thee give me thy hand first, and conduct me to a seat. A strange mistiness which I have of late had to come frequently across my eyes, is upon them now, and every object before me seems indistinct and confused."

Lisle hastily did as his friend desired, scarcely hearing or heeding, in his hurry, the import of his words; and then advancing to meet his daughter and Heath, he conducted them toward the venerable minister of their faith, in waiting to unite the young couple in the bonds of holy wedlock.

As they took their station before him, his pious "Let us pray," was heard, and all present arose. After a long and fervent supplication, in the manner of the Puritan divines of that period, he delivered a sort of homily upon the duties and responsibilities of the marriage state, and then pronounced an extemporaneous and brief ceremony, ending with the words, "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." This was followed by another lengthy prayer, and William Heath and Alice Lisle were husband and wife.

The company now advanced to greet the bride and groom, who separately returned their salutations with a polished grace appropriate to their differing sex.

Unscreened by the customary bridal veil, as savoring too much of a form belonging to the Established Church, the lovely face of Alice was not covered, save that a few natural ringlets, purposely left unfastened, fell upon her cheeks, and partially screened from observation her exquisitely beautiful features. Her dress was of the simplest and purest white, and without ornament or addition to enhance her natural loveliness; and it is impossible to conceive of a being more charming than she appeared in the modest diffidence of her sex on the most important and conspicuous occasion of a woman's

life, and yet withal losing nothing of the dignity of manner belonging to one conscious of possessing that energy of mind, which, so far from being, as some erroneously suppose, a masculine or unwomanly trait, is, on the contrary, the distinguishing and crowning mark of a character essentially feminine. What but such strength of mind has ever yet triumphed over female vanity and love of display; and from the exacting divinity of man's homage, converted a woman into the self-sacrificing and judicious minister to his happiness; fitted her to be true to one with untiring devotion through evil report and good report; rejoicing with him not for her sake, but for his, in his prosperity; sharing with him uncomplainingly his adversity, and cheering, with words of comfort, while her own heart may have been well-nigh breaking, the path in which, but for her example to shame him, and her voice to comfort and encourage him, he would have sunk to rise no more.

Well was it for William Heath that Alice Lisle possessed these requisites for becoming such an unwavering and devoted companion in misfortune, as we have described; for the day, though immediately near, was still in store, when her willingness to encounter adversity, and her fitness to meet it with fortitude sufficient to sustain herself, her father, and the husband to whom she had that night given her hand, and had long since pledged the full affections of her heart, were amply to be tested.

The appearance of Heath was such as was well calculated to excite interest; and his mind, character, and winning manners, such as speedily to change this on the appearance of any preference on his part, into sentiments of a more tender character.

The salutations were soon ended, and the company now being somewhat relieved from the awkward embarrassment which they had experienced while waiting for the appearance of those whom the occasion was to honor—for, in those days,

society was much the same in that respect as at present—the company scattered, and gathered together in knots and groups, and discussed with great eagerness the engrossing topic of the trial.

It was not then the custom to deprive the groom and bride of each other's society during the whole evening after the ceremony, but was rather the fashion to throw them together as much as possible—which must, at least in the case of all love matches, have been more conformable with the inclinations, than that habit of scrupulously avoiding one another now in vogue. Agreeably with this ordinary arrangement, Alice and Heath withdrew toward the close of the evening, without attracting observation, into an ante-room adjoining the main apartment.

It had not escaped the notice of any, that notwithstanding the blissful occasion, the brow of Alice wore a cloud, if not actually of sorrow, at least of melancholy sadness. We may believe that this had attracted the especial notice of him who had that evening taken her happiness into his proper keeping; but his sympathetic heart rightly surmised its cause.

"Thou art sad, my own Alice," he said, "on this night, which I had fondly hoped would have made thee as supremely joyful as it does myself. You distress yourself on account of the king's situation: is it not so?"

"Not only on account of the king's unhappy situation, but likewise because of the hand my father and thyself have had in it. I fear that his blood, if he be sentenced, as the rumor is, to-morrow, will be avenged upon the heads of those whom I love best on earth."

"But Alice," argued the husband, "he has merited, by his tyranny and treason, this trial, and in condemning the Court, as he has done throughout in refusing to plead, he will likewise merit whatever sentence it may see fit, after examining the competent witnesses, to pass upon him. Besides, has not your father told you that this is the Lord's

cause, and that he calleth aloud from the throne of Heaven for the blood of Charles Stuart."

"Those are indeed my father's words," replied Alice, "*too severe* in his religious views, and forgetting that the Almighty is a God of mercy no less than of justice. But, William Heath, they are not the words dictated by the generous and kind heart that animates thy bosom, else Alice Lisle, though she be her father's daughter, had not this night become thy wife. Listen to the conscience which the penetrating eye of true affection seeth even now reproving thee, and have no further hand in this bloody work. Charles Stuart may be all that the Parliament and your Court have named him;—and if he be, God forbid that I should justify his baseness;—but as we are all prone to err, it is sweet to forgive, even as we hope to be forgiven. Go not to the Court to-morrow, William, nor stain this hand of thine by affixing thy signature to the death-warrant of the king. Promise me this; I ask it as my wedding boon."

"Would that you had spared me, beloved one, the pain of hearing you ask aught that I cannot and dare not grant. My word of honor to your father is pledged to perform the very act which you implore me to leave undone. It was the condition which sealed my happiness in calling you wife this night. When I would have shrunk from the responsibility of taking an active part in the trial, and resigned my place to an older and more experienced statesman than myself, Henry Lisle, in disgust at what he conceived the indecision and irreligion of my character, would have robbed me of that dear hope which has even now been realized. I was forced to promise your father, Alice, that I would not only accept my place as one of the judges, but that I would be present throughout the trial, and shrink from no act which my position as a member of the Court imposed on me—even to the signing of the warrant for Charles Stuart's death. Is there naught else, involving less than my honor, that you would

have me grant you? If there is, ask it, sweet one, and I will move heaven and earth to accomplish it."

"These are idle words of gallantry, William, unworthy the confidence which should exist between us. A wife need have no boon to ask of her husband unless in a case which involves his own best interests. As such I would have had thee remain away from the court to-morrow, and even have sought to use our united influence to detain my father also. But it seems he has set his heart upon the matter even more than I had deemed. I pray the Lord that his retributive justice for this parricidal act fall not heavily on the heads of all of us. If this cause, as ye both believe, be His, can ye not be persuaded that He will avenge Himself on the king without human agency. Is there no hope for Charles Stuart? He is in this house: can no means be contrived for his escape?"

"That were impossible, dearest, guarded as he is on all hands. But if he would abate his hauteur, and plead his cause in the eloquent manner he so well knows how to assume, there might yet, perhaps, exist a hope for him. In this lies his only chance of escape."

At that moment supper was announced, and Alice and Heath repaired with the rest of the company to the refreshment room.

## CHAPTER II.

"Hark! the warning tone  
Deepens—its word is *death*!"  
MRS. HEWANS.

THE large hall clock in Lisle's house had told the hour of eleven, after the marriage described in the last chapter, and some fifteen or twenty minutes had elapsed since the departure of the guests, when the reader is invited into a small upper chamber, in a remote wing of the mansion. It was rather comfortless than otherwise in its whole aspect, and its grated windows and long distance from any adjoining room—being surrounded entirely by galleries—suggested the idea of a place of confinement. It was one of those small rooms, common in large buildings at that period, and scarcely more suitable in its arrangements for an occupant than the waste halls and galleries which led to it. Some hasty preparations had been made for the prisoner's accommodation. Arras had been tacked up, and a fire lighted in the rusty grate, which had been long unused, and a rude pallet placed in one corner.

Seated before a table in this chamber, was a person of something less than fifty years of age. He was dressed in plain black velvet, and on his cloak, which was thrown back, glittered a star belonging to the Order of the Garter.

His face was oval and handsome, the features being regular, notwithstanding that his full brown eyes seemed rather dull as she sat in thought; and a peculiar expression of exceeding melancholy rested upon his countenance. This look of melancholy was not relieved by the marks of any strong



ruling passion or principle, nor much indication of individuality of character. Yet withal, it might not have escaped observation, that in the whole aspect there was not wanting a certain air of cold resolution, almost at variance with the mildness of the brow. This person was of the middle height, strongly made, and showing in his entire appearance a dignity denoting the highest birth.

Before him, on the table, lay the miniature of a lovely child, and a large Book of Common Prayer open beside it. He sat gazing upon the picture, until a tear ran slowly down his cheek. It was that of a blooming boy, the bright face shaded by clustered ringlets, and the whole countenance beaming with youthful hope and beauty.

"Sweet child," he said audibly, "may you ascend the throne of the Stuarts under better auspices than I have done! Heaven in its mercy grant that you may never suffer the fate of your wretched father! Or if, at least, such hour of trial ever come upon you, may you not know what it is to be thus alone in your affliction, and separated from all you love on earth—shut out from the sweet sympathies of wife, children, and home, while your rank and dignity as King of England are trampled upon, and you are imprisoned and tried by your own people!"

His softened mood seemed suddenly to give place to more angry feelings, as, rising up, and the dulness of his eyes brightening to a keen flash, he exclaimed:—

"Let this Court continue the mockery of its sitting; let it arraign me day by day, as a traitor, tyrant, and murderer. Am I not Charles Stuart, heir to a mighty line of sovereigns, and shall I stoop to acknowledge its authority, rather than resign myself to whatever fate its villainy may impose on me? Methinks already my doom could hardly be aggravated: yon matted floor—those wooden chairs—those grated windows—this narrow room—surely a prison were no worse.

Yet perchance—but it cannot—no, it CANNOT be, that the base Cromwell will dare incite them to shed my blood.”

At this moment the door opened, and Alice Heath entered the apartment.

“Who is it intrudes upon me at this unseasonable hour?” angrily exclaimed the king, turning round and facing his fair visitor, who approached him, and dropped upon her knee.

“Spare your displeasure, sire!” she said, in the most soothing voice: “I am General Lisle’s daughter, but I come to you as a subject and a friend.”

“Rise, maiden,” said the king, “and talk not of being subject to an imprisoned and belied monarch. Charles Stuart is hardly now a sovereign in name.”

“Nevertheless, I would perform my duty by acknowledging him as such,” replied Alice, taking his hand, and then rising. “But it is not merely to admit his title, that I come to him at this hour of the night. I come to beg him to sacrifice his pride as the owner of that same dignity, and stoop to plead his cause for the saving of his life. Know, my liege, that to-morrow, unless you consent to relax your pertinacious refusal to plead your cause, the Court sign the warrant for your execution. I am ignorant whether or not you be all that my father and your enemies believe; but if you be, you are then the less fit to meet death.”

“Death! And has it come to this?” exclaimed Charles, setting his teeth, and rapidly pacing the room for some moments, without replying to his gentle visitor, or even heeding her presence.

At length she ventured to approach him.

“I have told you in what alone lies your hope of averting this awful sentence, my lord. I pray you to reflect upon it this night. A little sacrifice of pride—the mere utterance of a few humble words—”

“Sacrifice of pride! utterance of humble words! thou

knowest not, girl, of what you speak. Charles Stuart cannot stoop so far, even though it be to save his life. Spirits of my royal ancestors," added he, "spare me from a weakness which would make you blush to own me as your descendant." And he covered his face with his hands.

"If it is permitted to a subject to own the feeling for her king, I compassionate your unhappy case most deeply," said Alice, taking his passive hand, whilst her tears were falling fast.

A few moments' silence prevailed, which Alice interrupted.

"Can I not induce you," said she at length, "to value the precious boon of your life above the foolish pride of which we were speaking? Think, my lord, how sweet is existence, and all its precious ties of pleasure and affection"—and she pointed to the miniature on the table. "How awful is a violent death, and how lonely, and dark, and mysterious the tomb! Cannot the consideration of all these things move your purpose?"

"I thank you, sweet maiden, for your noble intention, and may God reward you for your words and wishes of goodness," replied Charles, much touched by her tone of deep interest, "but my resolution is fixed."

"Can you suggest nothing then yourself, my liege, less displeasing to you? Have you no powerful friend whose influence I might this night move in your behalf?"

"Nay, it cannot be," replied the king, after pondering a moment upon her words. "Charles Stuart is deserted on all hands, and it is the Lord's will that he shall die. I begin to look upon it already with resignation. Yet the first intimation came upon me like the stroke of a thunderbolt. Private assassination I have long dreaded; but a public execution I had never dreamed of. Nevertheless, be it so. I shall meet death like a man and a king."

"Then, farewell, since my visit is futile, and the Almighty

be your support and comfort in your added affliction," said Alice, as again kissing his hand, and bathing it with tears, she withdrew.

Left alone, the king remained for some time in deep thought. All anger and weakness appeared to have passed from his mood, and the remarkable expression of melancholy which we have before described, deepened on his face to a degree scarce ever seen except upon canvas. Not less heightened, however, was that coldly resolute air likewise previously alluded to—so that if evidently sad, it might likewise have been seen that Charles Stuart was also determined unto death.

What were his reflections in view of the announcement he had just received from the lips of Alice Heath, and which he saw no means of averting, short of sacrificing the dignity with which his rank as sovereign of England invested him, we will not attempt to conjecture. None who have not been in his situation can form anything like an adequate conception of his state of mind; and it were sacrilege to attempt to invade the sanctuary of the human soul in such an hour of agony.

Whatever his cogitations were, they were of limited duration; for, after sitting thus for a considerable time, Charles pushed back his chair, and falling upon his knees before the table, he drew the Book of Prayer towards him, and, clasping his hands upon it, read aloud :—

"The day of thy servant's calamity is at hand, and he is accounted as one of them that go down to the pit. Blessed Lord, remember thy mercies; give him, we beseech thee, patience in this his time of adversity, and support under the terrors that encompass him; set before his eyes the things which he hath done in the body, which have justly provoked thee to anger; and forasmuch as his continuance appeareth to be short among us, quicken him so much the more by thy grace and Holy Spirit; that he, being converted and recon-

ciled unto thee before thy judgments have cut him off from the earth, may at the hour of his death depart in peace, and be received into thine everlasting kingdom, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen."

Rising, he slowly disrobed, and throwing himself upon the bed, soon sunk into a placid slumber. Strange! that sleep of the prisoner in the prospect of death. The excitement of suspense—the palpitation of hope not altogether dead—these banish rest; but when the feverish perturbation caused by expectation departs, and the mind has nothing to feed upon but one dark and fearful certainty, it turns to seek forgetfulness in sleep.

## CHAPTER III.

"With my own power my majesty they wound;  
 In the king's name, the king himself's unerowned:  
 So doth the dust destroy the diamond."  
 CHARLES STUART'S MAJESTY IN MISERY.

*Sardanapalus.*———"Answer, slave! how long  
 Have slaves decided on the doom of kings?  
*Herald.*—Since they were free."

BYRON'S SARDANAPALUS.

ALL London was astir. The excited populace filled every street and alley of the vast city. The report that sentence of death was that day to be passed upon Charles Stuart, rung on every tongue, and the popular feeling ran mainly in favor of his condemnation. All business was suspended; and from an early hour, crowds were wending their way to Westminster Hall, where the trial was about to be brought to a close.

That specimen of perfect architecture—which modern art is not ashamed to take as a model, but vainly seeks to imitate—had been fitted up with great regard to the smallest details, for this most remarkable occasion. This had been done in order to invest the ceremony of the trial with all the pomp and dignity becoming the delegates of a great nation, sitting in judgment upon their monarch, and trying him for a breach of the trust committed to his care—the weal and peace of the people. Benches, covered with blue velvet, were arranged at the upper end for the accommodation of the judges. A splendid chair, to correspond with the benches, was placed for the use of the firm and subtle Bradshaw, who had the honor or disgrace, according as it may be deemed, of presiding over the Court. He was

seated before a table covered with crimson drapery, his fine countenance betokening that decision for which he was remarkable, attired in costly dress, and supported on either hand by his assessors.

The galleries were filled to suffocation with spectators; and the main body of the building was thronged with a vast concourse of people, while a regiment of armed soldiery was in attendance, with pieces loaded and ready for use in case any tumult should arise. The Puritan party, now no longer timid or wavering, took no pains to conceal their sense of coming victory: and even Cromwell, usually so guarded in every outward observance, took his seat without the bar, with a look of conscious triumph. A profound stillness prevailed as the judges entered. Fifty-nine only, out of one hundred and thirty-three, had been able to summon sufficient resolution to be present. With sad and solemn, though severe and determined countenances, these severally seated themselves, apparently filled, almost to a sense of oppression, with the responsibility devolved on them, but seeming not the less resolved to act according to their determination, previously agreed upon. Among these were Lisle and Heath, the latter of whom was, perhaps, the only commissioner whose countenance wanted something of the resolute bearing we have described. They had scarcely taken their seats, when the rumbling noise of an approaching vehicle was distinctly heard. The previous silence, if possible, deepened, and for some moments the multitude, as if moved by one impulse, almost ceased to breathe. Not an air stirred, and scarce a pulse beat, as the regal prisoner entered. He cast a look of blended pride and sorrow upon the judges as he walked up to the bar, surrounded by a guard. But he made no token of acknowledgment or reverence, nor did he remove his velvet cap, as he took the seat prepared for him.

*The names of the judges were called over. Bradshaw*

then arose, and in a silvery and ringing tone, which made his declamation peculiarly impressive, while a shade of deepening pallor was perceptible on his countenance, addressed the prisoner in the following words :—

“ Charles Stuart, King of England, it is now the fourth time that you have been arraigned before this tribunal. On each occasion you have persisted in contemning its authority and denying its validity—breaking in upon its proceedings with frivolous and impertinent interruptions—frequently turning your back upon the judges—nay, sometimes even laughing outright at the awful charges which have been preferred against you. Since its last convention, witnesses have appeared to prove conclusively that you took up arms against the troops commissioned by the Parliament. Once again, therefore, you are called upon in the name of your country and your God, to plead guilty or not guilty of tyranny, treason, and murder.”

No change whatever took place in the king's countenance at hearing these words. When they had ceased, he slowly rose, his head still covered, and made answer :—

“ I acknowledge not the authority of this Court. Were I to do so, it were to betray the sacred and inviolable trust confided to me in the care of the liberties of the British people. Your delegation, to be legal, should have come alike from the individual voice of the meanest and most ignorant boor of this realm, as from the high and cultivated hypocrites who have empowered you. Should I ratify such an authority—in the eyes of the law not better founded than that of pirates and murderers—I would indeed be the traitor ye would brand me. Nay, let me rather die a martyr to the constitution. But before ye proceed to pronounce the judgment ye threaten, I demand, by all those rights of inheritance which invest me as a monarch, with a majesty and power second only to the Omnipotent, to be heard before a *convention of both houses of Parliament*; and, whether or



not ye refuse me, I adjure ye, the so-called judges of this Court, as ye each hope to be arraigned at no unlawful or incompetent bar at the final judgment, to pause and reflect before ye take upon ye the high-handed responsibility of passing sentence upon your king."

He resumed his seat, and after a few moments' intense quiet, William Heath arose, and suggested that the Court would do well to adjourn for a brief season for the purpose of taking into consideration the request of the prisoner.

The expediency of this suggestion was acceded to, and they withdrew and remained for some fifteen or twenty minutes in conference.

On their return, after a few moments' consultation with some of the older judges, Lisle among the rest, Bradshaw, taking a parchment from the table, turned to the king with these words :—

" Charles Stuart, you have, in your request to be heard before Parliament, as well as in other language addressed by you some moments since to this honorable Court, given a fresh denial of its jurisdiction, and an added proof of your contempt. It has already, by such contumacy on your part, been too long delayed, and must now proceed to pass judgment against you. You have been proven a traitor to England in waging war against her Parliament; and in refusing to plead in your own behalf, or endeavoring to invalidate such proof, justice has no alternative but to demand your death. The following warrant has therefore been agreed upon by your judges, who will presently affix their signatures thereunto. *' We, the Commissioners appointed by the Commons to sit in trial on Charles Stuart, King of England, arraigned as a traitor, tyrant, and murderer, having found these charges amply substantiated, do, for the glory of God and the liberties of the British people, hereby adjudge him to death.'*"

He ceased: the members of the Court had risen during

the reading of the warrant, to testify their concurrence, and the fatal document was now circulated among them to receive their various signatures. It was observed to be written in the chirography of Cromwell.

Throughout the remarks of Bradshaw, Charles had remained with his eyes fixed upon the ground ; but while the warrant was being read, he raised them and cast them upon Cromwell, who was standing without the bar. Brief as was this glance, it seemed to convey some momentous truth, for Cromwell became at first scarlet, and then pale as death. Instantly, however, he turned away, and began coolly to unfold the plaits of a white cambric handkerchief, and appeared only occupied with that object.

As soon as the warrant had been passed around to receive the signatures, and Bradshaw had resumed his seat, Charles arose, and with more of dignity than contempt in the act, he turned his back upon the judges—as though his pride would prevent their observing whatever effect their sentence had upon him.

The proceedings closed ; and under a strong escort, and amid the shouts of the populace, the noble prisoner was conducted out of the hall. As he proceeded, various outrages were put upon him. With a kingly majesty, superior to insult, he received these indignities, as though he deemed them unworthy to excite any emotion within him, save what his sorrowful eye indicated, that of pity for the offenders. Some few, in the midst of the general odium, endeavored to evince their continued allegiance. But their faint prayer of “ God save the king !” was drowned in the swelling cries of “ Down with the traitor !” “ Vengeance on the tyrant !” “ Away with the murderer !”

## CHAPTER IV.

"Will nothing move him?"

THE TWO FOSCARL.

At a late hour on the following night, two persons were winding their way to the palace of Whitehall. One was an individual of the male sex, in whom might have been seen, even through the gloom, a polished and dignified bearing, which, together with his dress—though of the Puritanic order—declared him a gentleman of more than ordinary rank. His companion was a delicate woman, evidently like himself of the most genteel class, but attired in the simplest and plainest walking costume of the times. She leaned on his arm with much appearance of womanly trust, although there was an air of self-confidence in her step, suggesting the idea of one capable of acting alone on occasion of emergency, and a striking yet perfectly feminine dignity presiding over her whole aspect.

"I have counselled your visiting him at this late hour," said the gentleman, "because, as the only hope lies in striking terror into his conscience, the purpose may be best answered in the solitude and silence of a season like this. Conscience is a coward in the daylight, but darkness and night generally give her courage to assert her power."

"True, William," replied Alice Heath (for she it was, and her companion as the reader is aware by this time, was her husband), "true—but alas! I fear for the success of my visit; the individual of whom we are speaking deceives himself no less than others, and therefore to him she is a coward

at all times. Hast thou not read what my poor dead grandfather's old acquaintance has written about a man's 'making such a sinner of his conscience as to believe his own lies?'"

"I have not forgotten the passage, my Alice, and, ever correct in your judgment, you have penetrated rightly into the singular character we are alluding to. I wot it were hard for himself to say how far he has been actuated by pure, and how far by ambitious motives, in the hand he has had in the sentence of the king. Nevertheless, you would believe his conscience to be not altogether dead, had you seen him tremble and grow pale yesterday in the Court, during the reading of the warrant (which, by the way, he had worded and written with his own hands), when Charles Stuart raised his eyes and looked upon him as if to imply that he knew him for the instigator, and no unselfish one either, of his doom. The emotion he then testified, it was, which led me to hope he may yet be operated upon to prevent the fatal judgment from taking effect. It is true, Charles is a traitor, and I cannot regret that, in being arraigned and tried, an example has been made of him. But having from the first anticipated this result, except for your father, Alice, I would have had no part in the matter, being entirely opposed to the shedding of his blood. All ends which his death can accomplish have already been answered; and I devoutly pray that the effort your gentle heart is now about to make for the saving of his life, may be blessed in procuring that merciful result."

At this moment they paused before the magnificent structure, known as the palace of Whitehall, and applied for admission. Vacated some time since by the king, it was now occupied by his rival in power, the aspiring Cromwell; and although the hour was so late, the vast pile was still illuminated. Having gained speedy access to the main building, the visitors were admitted by a servant in the gorgeous livery of the fallen monarch. Heath requested to be shown

to an ante-room, while Alice solicited to be conducted without previous announcement to the presence of his master. After a moment's hesitation on the part of the servant, which, however, was quickly overcome by her persuasive manner, he conducted her through various spacious halls, and up numerous flights of stairs, till pausing suddenly before the door of a chamber, he knocked gently. As they waited for an answer, the accents of prayer were distinctly audible. They were desired to enter; the servant threw open the door, simply announcing a lady. Alice entered, and found herself alone with Cromwell.

The apartment was an ante-room attached to the spacious bed-chamber formerly belonging to the king. It was luxuriously furnished with all the appliances of ease and elegance suitable to a royal withdrawing room. Tables and chairs of rosewood, richly inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, were arranged in order around the room; magnificent vases of porcelain decorated the mantle-piece; statues from the chisel of Michael Angelo stood in the niches; and pictures in gorgeous frames hung upon the walls.

There, near a table, on which burned a single-shaded lamp, standing upright, in the attitude of prayer, from which he had just been interrupted, stood the occupant. For an instant, as she lingered near the door, and looked upon his figure, which bore so strongly the impress of power, and felt that on his word hung the fate of him for whom she had come to plead, she already feared for the success of her mission, and would fain almost have retracted her visit. But remembering the accents of prayer she had heard while waiting without, she considered that her purposed appeal was to the conscience of one whom she had just surprised, as it were, in the presence of his Maker, and took courage to advance.

"May I pray thee to approach and be seated, madam, and unfold the object of this visit?" said Cromwell, in a thick,

rapid utterance, the result of his surprise, as he waved his visitor to a chair. "At that distance, and by this light, I can hardly distinguish the features of the lady who so inopportunately and unceremoniously honors me with her presence."

Immediately advancing, she threw back her hood, and offering him her hand, said, "It is Alice Heath, the daughter of your friend, General Lisle."

Cromwell's rugged countenance expressed the utmost surprise, as he awkwardly strove to assume a courtesy foreign to his manner, and exchange his first ungracious greeting for something of a more cordial welcome.

With exceeding tact, Alice hastened to relieve his embarrassment, by falling back into the chair he had offered, and at once declaring the purpose of her visit.

"General Cromwell," she began, in a voice sweetly distinct, "you stand high in the eyes of man, not only as a patriot, but a strict and conscientious servant of the Most High. As such, you have been the main instrument in procuring the doom now hanging in awful expectation over the head of him who once tenanted, in the same splendor that now surrounds yourself, the building in which I find you. Methinks his vacation of these princely premises, and your succession thereunto, render you scarcely capable of being a disinterested advocate for his death, since by it you become successor to all the pomp and power formerly his. Have you asked yourself the question whether no motives of self-aggrandizement have tainted this deed of patriotism, or sullied this act of religion?"


"Your language is unwarrantable and unbecoming, madam," said Cromwell, deadly pale and trembling violently; "it is written—"

"Excuse me," said Alice, interrupting him; "you think it uncourteous and even impertinent that I should intrude upon you with a question such as I but now addressed to

you. But, General Cromwell, a human life is at stake, and that the life of no ordinary being, but the descendant of a race of kings. Nay, hear me out, sir, I beg of you. Charles Stuart is about to die an awful and a violent death; your voice has condemned him—your voice can yet save him. If it be your country's weal that you desire, that object has been already sufficiently answered by the example of his trial; or, if it is to further the cause of the Lord of Hosts that you place yourself at the head of Britain in his place, be assured that he who would assert his power by surrounding himself with a pomp like this, is no delegate of One who commissioned Moses to lead his people through the wilderness, a sharer in the common lot, and a houseless wanderer like themselves. Bethink you, therefore, what must be the doom of him who, for the sake of ambition and pride, in order that he might, for the brief space of his life, enjoy luxury and power, under the borrowed name, too, of that God who views the act with horror and detestation, stains his hand with parricidal blood. Yes, General Cromwell, for thy own soul's, if not for mercy's sake, I entreat thee, in whom alone lies the power, to cause Charles Stuart's sentence to be remitted."

As she waxed warm in her enthusiasm, Alice Heath had risen and drawn close to Cromwell, who was still standing, as on her entrance; and in her entreaty, she had even laid her hand on his arm. His tremor and pallor had increased every moment while she spoke, and, though at first he would have interrupted her, he seemed very greatly at a loss, and little disposed to reply.

After a few moments' hesitation, during which Alice looked in his face with the deepest anxiety, and awaited his answer, he said, "Go to, young woman, who presumest to interfere between a judge raised up for the redemption of England, and a traitor king, whom the Lord hath permitted to be condemned to the axe. As my soul liveth, and as He



liveth, who will one day make me a ruler in Israel, thou hast more than the vanity of thy sex in hoping by thy foolish speech to move me to lift up my hand against the decree of the Almighty. Truly—”

“Nay, General Cromwell,” said Alice, interrupting him, as soon as she perceived he was about to enter into one of his lengthy and pointless harangues, “nay, you evade the matter both with me and with the conscience whose workings I have for the last few moments beheld in the disorder of your frame. Have its pleadings—for to them I look, and not to any eloquence of mine own—been of no avail? Will it please you to do aught for the king?”

“Young lady,” replied Cromwell, bursting into tears, which he was occasionally wont to do, “a man like me, who is called to perform great acts in Israel, had need to be immovable to feelings of human charities. Think you not it is painful to our mortal sympathies to be called upon to execute the righteous judgments of Heaven, while we are yet in the body. And think you that when we must remove some prime tyrant, that the instruments of his removal can at all times view their part in his punishment with unshaken nerves? Must they not even at times doubt the inspiration under which they have felt and acted? Must they not occasionally question the origin of that strong impulse which appears the inward answer to prayer for direction under heavenly difficulties, and, in their disturbed apprehensions, confuse even the responses of truth with the strong delusions of Satan? Would that the Lord would harden my heart even as he hardened that of—”

“Stop, sir,” said Alice, again interrupting him ere his softened mood should have passed away, “utter not such a sacrilegious wish. Why are the kindly sympathies which you describe implanted in your bosom, unless it be to prevent your ambition from stifling your humanity? The rather encourage them, and save Charles Stuart. Let your



mind dwell upon the many traits of nobleness in his character, which might be mentioned with enthusiasm, ay, with sorrow, too, that they should be thus sacrificed."

"The Most High, young woman, will have no fainters in spirit in his service—none who turn back from Mount Gilead for fear of the Amalekites. To be brief, it waxes late; to discuss this topic longer is but to distress us both. Charles Stuart must die—the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

As he spoke, he bowed with a determined but respectful reverence, and when he lifted up his head, the expression of his features told Alice that the doom of the king was irrevocably fixed.

"I see there is no hope," said she, with a deep sigh, as Cromwell spoke these words in a tone of decision which left her no further encouragement, and with a brevity so unusual to him. Nor was his hint to close the interview lost upon her. "No hope!" she repeated drawing back. "I leave you, then, inexorable man of iron, and may you not thus plead in vain for mercy at the bar of God."

So saying, she turned and rejoined her husband, who remained in waiting for her: they returned together to Lisle's house.

## CHAPTER V.

"The convent bells are ringing,  
 But mournfully and slow;  
 In the gray, square turret swinging,  
 With a deep sound to and fro,  
 Heavily to the heart they go!  
 Hark! the hymn is singing—  
 The song for the dead below,  
 Or the living who shortly shall be so!"

BYRON'S *PARISINA*.

"I speak to time and to eternity,  
 Of which I grow a portion, not to man.  
 Ye stones, in which my gore will not sink, but  
 Reek up to Heaven! ye skies, which will receive it!  
 Thou sun! which shinest on these things; and Thou!  
 Who kindest and who quenchest suns! Attest  
 I am not innocent—but are these guiltless?  
 I perish, but not unavenged!  
 . . . . . How his hair streams  
 On the wind like foam upon the wave;  
 Now—now—he kneels—and now they form a circle  
 Round him, and all is hidden—but I see  
 The lifted sword in air.—Ah! hark! it falls!"

TWO *FOSCARI*.

THE thirtieth of January, memorable in history, rose gloomy and dark, as though the heavens would express their sympathy with the tragedy about to be enacted.

Three days only had been allowed the condemned prisoner between his sentence and his execution. This interval, during the day, he had spent chiefly in reading and prayer. On each night he had slept long and soundly, although the noise of the workmen employed in framing his scaffold, and making other preparations for his execution, distinctly reached his ears.

On the morning of the fatal day, he appeared attired in his customary suit of black, arranged with more than wonted neatness. His collar, edged with deep lace, and set carefully around his neck, was spotless in color, and accurate in

every fold, while his pensive countenance exhibited no evidence of emotion or excitement.

Bishop Juxon assisted him at his devotions, and paid the last melancholy duties to the king. After this, he was permitted to see such of his family as were still in England. These consisted only of his two younger children, the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester.

Notwithstanding the tender years of the young Elizabeth, she seemed fully to appreciate her father's unhappy situation, and her young heart seemed well-nigh bursting.

"Weep not for thy father, child," said Charles, kissing her tenderly; "he but goeth where thou mayst one day meet him again."

She threw her arms around his neck and sobbed aloud. He pressed her to his bosom and soothed her gently, but seemed, for the first time since his interview with Alice Heath on the night previous to his sentence, half unmanned. "It is God, my love, who hath called thy poor parent hence, and we must submit to his will in all things. Bear my love to your mother, and tell her that my last thoughts were with her and our precious children."

Separating himself from her with a great effort, and then pressing the boy to his heart, he motioned to the attendants to remove them, lest the trial of this interview might, at the last, unnerve his well-sustained resolution and courage.

The muffled bells now announced with mournful distinctness that the fatal moment was approaching. Presently, the guard came to lead him out. He was conducted by a private gallery and staircase into the court below, and thence conveyed in a sedan chair to the scaffold, followed by the shouts and cries of the crowd.

About the time that these sounds were dying away from the neighborhood of Lisle's house, William Heath hastily entered the library, and taking pen and paper, wrote the following brief letter :—

"MY DEAR ALICE:

"I cannot but rejoice that after finding, as we believed, all hope for Charles Stuart at an end—your visit to Cromwell having been unsuccessful—I removed you to a distance until the tragical scene should, as we thought, be ended. The tumult and noise which fill the city, together with the consciousness of the cause creating it, would have been too much for your nerves, unstrung, as they have been of late, by the feeling you have expended for the unhappy king. There is yet, though, I delight to say, and you will delight to hear, a single hope remaining for him, even while the bells now ring for his execution. Lord Fairfax, who, though, like myself, friendly to his deposition, still shudders at the thoughts of shedding his blood, will, with his own regiment, make an attempt to rescue him from the scaffold. There is, in fact, scarce any reason to doubt the success of this measure; and this evening, Alice, we will rejoice together that the only cloud to dim the first blissful days of our union has been removed, as I shall rejoin you at as early an hour as the distance will permit.

"I write this hastily, and send it by a speedy messenger, in order to relieve by its agreeable tidings, the sorrowful state of mind in which I left you a few hours since. I am, my own Alice, your most affectionate husband,

"WILLIAM HEATH."

The street before Whitehall was the place prepared for the execution. This arrangement had been made, in order to render the triumph of popular justice over royal power more conspicuous, by beheading the king in sight of his own palace. All the surrounding windows and galleries were filled with spectators, and the vast crowd below were kept back by soldiery encircling the scaffold. Charles mounted it with a steady step, and the same dignified resolution of mien which he had all along so admirably maintained. Un-

covering his head, he looked composedly around him and said, in a clear, unfaltering voice, though only sufficiently loud to be heard by those near him, owing to the buzz of the crowd :—

“ People of England, your king dies innocent. He is sentenced for having taken up arms against Parliament. Parliament had first enlisted forces against him, and his sole object—as God is his judge, before whom he is momentarily to appear—was to preserve, as was his bounden duty, inviolate for himself and his successors, that authority transmitted to him by royal inheritance. Yet, although innocent toward you, and in that view undeserving of death, in the eyes of the Omniscient his other sins amply merit his coming doom ; in especial, having once suffered an unjust sentence of death to be executed against another, it is but meet that he should now die thus unjustly himself. May God lay not his death in like manner to your charge ; and grant that in allegiance to my son, England’s lawful sovereign at my decease, you may speedily be restored to the ways of peace.”

Lord Fairfax, with his regiment, prepared for the rescue of Charles, was proceeding toward the place of execution by a by-street, at the same time that the king was being conducted thither. On his way he was passed by Cromwell, who then, for the first time, became aware of his purpose.

Much disturbed in mind at the discovery of a project so likely to thwart his own ambitious views, just ripe for fulfilment, the latter walked on for some moments in deep reflection. Presently, quickening his pace, he turned a corner, and stepped, without knocking, into a house near by. His manner was that of a person perfectly at home in the premises ; which, indeed, was the case, for James Harrison, the tenant, was one of his subservients, chosen by him in consequence of his austere piety, and great influence with his sect, of whom it will be recollected that Fairfax was one. Crom-

well found him in prayer, notwithstanding all the tumult of the day.

"I have sought thee, Harrison," he said, "to beseech thee engage in prayer with Lord Fairfax, who is now on his way to rescue this Saul from the hand of the Philistines. He should first crave the Lord's will in regard to his errand. Wilt thou not seek him and mind him of this?"

"I will e'en do thy bidding, thou servant of the Most High," said Harrison, rising and accompanying him to the door. "Where shall I find Fairfax?"

"Thou wilt overtake him by turning speedily to the right," replied the other, parting from him.

"One of his lengthy supplications at the throne of grace," said Cromwell to himself, as he walked on, "will detain Fairfax until this son of Belial is destroyed."

Meanwhile, upon the scaffold, Charles, after delivering his address, was preparing himself for the block with perfect composure.

"There is but one stage more, sire," said Juxon, with the deepest sympathy of look and manner. "There is but one stage more. Though turbulent, it is a very short one; yet it will carry you a long distance—from earth to heaven."

"I go," replied the king, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no downfall can transpire."

So saying, he laid his head upon the block, and the headsman, standing near, in a visor, at one blow struck it from his body. Another man, in a corresponding disguise, catching it, and holding it up, exclaimed, "Behold the head of a traitor!"

At this moment, Lord Fairfax and his regiment came up. His humane purpose, so artfully defeated, becoming known, with the strange perversity of mankind, now that its benefits were too late to reach the king, an instant revulsion in the feelings of the populace took place; and the noise of quar-

rels—of reproaches and self-accusations rent the air, until the tumult grew terrific.

But the reverberation of no thunder-clap could have re-awaked the dissevered corpse of the dead monarch. Charles Stuart, the accomplished scholar and elegant poet—Charles Stuart, the husband, father, friend—Charles Stuart, the descendant of a long line of sovereigns, and legitimate king of the most potent nation upon earth—was no more; and a human life was blotted from existence! That life, what was it? Singular and mysterious essence—capable of exquisite pleasure, and intense pain—held by such a precarious tenure, yet valued beyond all price—the gift of God, and destroyed by man—a moment passed here, and now gone forever—tell us, metaphysician, what was it, for we cannot answer the question!

## CHAPTER VI.

"Patience and sorrow strove  
Which should express their goodliest."

SHAKESPEARE.

"No light save yon faint gleam, which shows me walls  
Which never echoed but to sorrow's sound;  
The sigh of long imprisonment, the step  
Of feet on which the iron clank'd, the groan  
Of death, the imprecation of despair!  
Here must I consume my heart, which never beat  
For Venice, but with such a yearning as  
The dove has for her distant nest, when wheeling  
High in the air on her return to greet  
Her callow brood. What letters are these which  
Are scrawled along the inexorable wall?  
Will the gleam let me trace them? Ah!  
The names of my sad predecessors in this  
Place. The notes of their despair, the brief  
Words of a grief too great for many.  
This stone page holds like an epitaph,  
Their history, and the poor captive's  
Tale is graven on his dungeon barrier,  
Like the lover's record upon the bark  
Of some tall tree, which bears  
His own and his beloved's name."

TWO FOSCARI.

FOS. "My true wife,  
And only friend! What happiness!  
MAR. We'll part  
No more.  
FOS. How! would'st thou share a dungeon?  
MAR. Ay.  
The rack, the grave, all—everything with thee;  
But the tomb last of all, for there we shall  
Be ignorant of each other, yet I will  
Share that—all things except separation;  
How dost thou? How are those worn limbs?  
Alas! Why do I ask? Thy paleness—  
FOS. 'Tis the joy  
Of seeing thee again so soon, and so  
Without expectancy, hath sent the blood  
Back to my heart, and left my cheeks like thine,  
For thou art pale, too, my Marina!  
MAR. 'Tis  
The gloom of this eternal cell, which never  
Knew sunbeam, and the sallow sudden glare  
Of the familiar's torch, which seems akin  
To darkness more than light, by lending to  
The dungeon vapors its bituminous smoke,  
Which cloud whate'er we gaze on."

TWO FOSCARI.

WE pass over that brief period in history during which  
the new form of government established by Cromwell flour-



ished, and the usurper and his successor, under the title of Protector of the Commonwealth, enjoyed a larger share of power than had previously been attached to the regal dignity. It will be remembered that the deficiency of the latter in those qualities requisite to his responsible position, soon led him formally to resign the Protectorship, and his abdication speedily paved the way for the restoration of Charles II. to the throne of his ancestors. Unfortunately for the chief characters of our tale, one of the first and most natural aims of the new king on his accession, was to seek the conviction and punishment of the Court who had so presumptuously, although, in many instances, so conscientiously, passed that sentence against his father, which we have seen reluctantly carried into execution.

Many of those had fled at the first rumor of the Restoration, in anticipation of the worst, so that, on the command of Charles, only twenty-seven persons—judges and accomplices inclusive—could be arrested. These had now been incarcerated three weeks awaiting their trial, which was deferred, from time to time, in the hope that more of the regicides might yet be brought to justice.

Among those thus imprisoned, were Henry Lisle and William Heath, whose fates are interwoven with this narrative.

Leaving this needful preface to what is to follow, let us again visit Lisle's mansion—the same which witnessed the marriage of his daughter. Several years have elapsed since that event; and after the mournful impression caused by the death of the ill-fated king had been obliterated from her mind—for Time has the power speedily to heal all wounds not absolutely inflicted upon the affections—till within the last few weeks, the life of Alice Heath had flowed in as smooth a current as any who had beheld her on her wedding night could, in their most extravagant wishes, have desired. In their untroubled union, her husband had heretofore fore-

stalled the wife's privilege to minister and prove devotion—a privilege which, however, when the needful moment demanded it, no woman better than Alice was formed for exerting. Trouble had not hitherto darkened the young brow of either; nor pain, nor sorrow, nor the first ungratified wish, come nigh their dwelling. Under the same roof with her pious and austere, but still affectionate father, the daughter had been torn from no former tie in linking herself to another by a still nearer and more indissoluble bond. There had been nothing to desire, and nothing to regret. The life of herself and husband had been as near a type as many be of the perfect happiness we picture in heaven—save that with them it was now exchanged for sorrow—more difficult to bear from the bitter contrast.

It is an afternoon in September. Alice, not materially changed since we last saw her—except that the interval has given, if anything, more of interest and character to her features—is in her own room, busily engaged in arranging articles in a travelling-trunk. Her countenance is sad—with a sadness of a more engrossing and heartfelt kind than that which touched it with a mournful shadow when she grieved for the fate of Charles Stuart—for there is an incalculable difference between the sorrow that is expended between a mere object of human sympathy, and that which is elicited by the distress and danger of those we love. And the sadness of Alice was now connected with those dearer to her than life itself. No tear, however, dimmed her eye, nor shade of despair sat upon her brow. Feeling that the emergency of the occasion called upon her to act, not only for herself but for others, the bravery of true womanly resolution in affliction—resolution which, had she alone been concerned, she might perhaps never have evinced, but which, for the sake of others, she had at once summoned to her aid—was distinguishable in her whole deportment, as well as in her every movement.

As she was engaged with great seeming interest in the task we have described—the articles alluded to consisting of the clothing suitable for a female child of tender age—the little creature for whose use it was designed was sitting at her feet, tired of play, and wondering, probably, why she was employèd in this unusual manner. Alice frequently paused in her occupation, to cast a look upon the child—not the mere hasty glance with which a mother is wont to satisfy herself that her darling is for the moment out of mischief or danger—but a long, devouring gaze, as though the refreshing sight were about to be removed forever from her eyes, and she would fain, ere the fatal moment arrived, stamp, its image indelibly on her memory. Who shall say what thoughts, what prayers, were then stirring in her bosom?

The little object of this solicitude had scarcely told her fifth year; and the soft ringlets which descended halfway down the shoulders, the delicate bloom, the large, deep blue eyes and flexile features, made such an ideal of childish beauty as artists love to paint, or sculptors model.

When Alice had finished her employment, she took the little girl in her arms, and strained her for some moments to her heart, with a feeling, as it would seem, almost of agony. The child, though at first alarmed at the unusual vehemence of her caresses, presently, as if prompted by nature, smiled in reply to them. But the artless prattler had no power to rouse her from some purpose on which her thoughts appeared deeply as well as painfully intent. Putting the little creature aside again, she drew near to her writing-desk, and seating herself before it, penned the following letter:—

“MY DEAR FRIEND—

“It is now some weeks since the imprisonment of my husband and father, who are still awaiting their trial. The

active part which the latter is known to have taken in the punishment of the late unhappy king, precludes all hope of their pardon. But I have matured a plan for their escape, which I am only waiting a fitting moment to put into execution. When this is effected, we will take refuge in your American Colonies. I have the promise of influential friends there, to assist in secreting us until it shall be safe to dwell among you publicly, for this country can never again be our home.

"In the mean time, as some friends are about embarking, after a struggle with myself, I have concluded to send my little daughter in advance of us, lest she might prove an incumbrance in the way of effecting the escape alluded to, inasmuch as she has already been a great hindrance, to detain me at home many hours from the dear prisoners—to both of whom my presence is so needful, especially to my husband, who is extremely ill in his confinement.

"I need not say that I feel all a mother's anxiety in parting with my child. But I have confidence that you, my friend, will faithfully supply my place for as long a time as may be necessary. It has occurred to me that it would be well to let the impression go abroad among you that my daughter is the young relative whom you were to receive by the same vessel, and of whose recent death you will be apprised. This may shield her in some measure from the misfortunes of her family; and I would be glad, therefore, if you would humor the innocent deception even with all of your household, until such time as we may reclaim her. With a firm reliance on my Heavenly Father, I commit my precious infant to his protection.

Alice Heath."

She had just concluded, when a servant appeared at the door.

"Some ladies and a gentleman, madam," said he, "have

called, and are waiting you in the drawing-room. They came in a travelling-carriage, and are equipped as if for a long journey."

"Remove this trunk into the hall," replied Alice, "and then say to the visitors that I will see them presently. They have already come to bear away my darling," added she to herself. "I scarce thought that the hour had yet arrived."

As she spoke, she set about attiring the child with great tenderness, seemingly prolonging the act unconsciously to herself.

"Now, the Lord in Heaven keep thee, precious one!" she exclaimed, as, at length, the motherly act terminated; and imprinting on her face a kiss of the most ardent affection, though without giving way to the weakness of a single tear, she bore her from the chamber.

We leave the reader to imagine the last parting moments between that mother and her child. She who had framed the separation as an act of duty, was not one to shrink at the last moment, or betray any faintness of spirit. With a noble, heroic heart, she yielded up the young and helpless treasure of her affections to the guardianship of others, and turned to expend her capacities of watchfulness and care upon another object. How well she performed this labor of love, notwithstanding the trial she had just experienced—how far she succeeded in dismissing the recollection of it from her mind sufficiently to enable her to sustain the weight of the responsibilities still devolving upon her—we shall now have opportunity to determine.

Within another half hour, Alice entered the cell of a prison. It was one of those constructed for malefactors of the deepest caste, being partially under the ground, and partaking of the nature of a dungeon. The mighty stones of the wall were green and damp; and, together with the cold, clay floor, were sufficient of themselves to suggest speedy illness, and perhaps death, to the occupant. Its

only furniture consisted of a single wooden stool, a pallet of straw, and a rude table.

On the pallet alluded to, lay a man in the prime of life, his eyes closed in sleep, and the wan hue of death upon his countenance. One pallid hand, delicate and small as a woman's, rested upon the coarse coverlet, while the other was placed beneath his head, from which streamed forth a profusion of waving hair, now matted and dull, instead of glossy and bright, as it had been in recent days.

When Alice first entered, the sleeper was breathing somewhat disturbedly; but as she approached and bent over him, and raising the hand which lay upon the quilt, pressed it to her lips, his rest suddenly seemed to grow calm, and a faint smile settled upon his mouth.

"Thank God!" whispered she to herself, as she replaced the hand as quietly as she had raised it, "my prayer is heard—the fever has left him, and he is fast recovering."

Seating herself on the wooden stool by his side, she remained watching him with looks of the most devoted interest and affection. In about half an hour he heaved a deep sigh, and, opening his eyes, looked around to the spot where she was sitting.

"You are a guardian angel, dear Alice," said he; "even in my dreams I am conscious of your presence."

"Saving the little time that I must steal from you to bestow upon my poor father, I shall now be ever present with you," answered Alice. "I have placed our little one in safe keeping, and henceforth, while you remain here, I shall have no other care but yourself."

"Methinks I have already been too much your sole care, even to the neglect of your own health. Yet, except that sad look of sympathy, you seem not the worse for the tending me, else I might, indeed, reproach myself for this illness."

Well might William Heath say she had nursed him with

unselfish care, for never had it fallen to the lot of sick man to be tended with such untiring devotion. For weeks she had watched his every movement and look—anticipated his every wish—smoothed his pillow—held the cup to his parched lips—soothed him with gentle and sympathizing words when in pain—cheered him when despondent—and seized only the intervals when he slept to perform her other duties as a mother and daughter. It is no wonder, therefore, that it appeared to him that she had never been absent from his side.

Gently repelling his insinuation that she had been too regardless of herself, she turned the conversation to a topic which she was conscious would interest and cheer him.

“Continue to make all speed with this recovery, which has thus far progressed so finely,” said she, “for the opportunity for your escape from this gloomy place is only waiting until your strength is sufficiently recruited to embrace it.”

“That prospect it is, alone,” replied the invalid, “held up before me so constantly as it has been during my illness, which has had the power to prevent my sinking joyfully into the grave from this miserable bed, rather than recover to die a more violent and unnatural death.”

“It waits alone for your recovery, dearest,” repeated his wife; “and once in the wild woods of America, you will be as unconfined and free as her own mountain air, till the very remembrance of this dungeon will have passed away.”

“Sweet comforter,” he said, taking her hand and pressing it gratefully, “thou wouldst beguile my thoughts thither, even before my footsteps are able to follow them.”

“Thank me for nothing,” said Alice; “I am but selfish in all. The rather return thanks to the Lord for all his mercies.”

“True, He is the great fountain of goodness, and his

greatest of all blessings to me, Alice, is bestowed in thyself."

"I fear thou art conversing too much," said Alice, after a moment's pause; "and I would not that a relapse should retard this projected escape a single day. Therefore I will give thee a cordial, and thou must endeavor to rest again."

So saying, she administered a soothing potion, and, seating herself by his side, she watched him until he fell into a peaceful slumber. Then, stealing so noiselessly away from his pallet that her footsteps were inaudible, she gently approached the door, and groped along a gallery—for it was now dark—until she reached another door. It communicated with a cell similar in all respects to that we have described.

Within this, before a table, sat the figure of a solitary man. He was elderly, but seemed more bent by some recent sorrow than by the actual weight of years; yet his brow was somewhat wrinkled, and his locks in many places much silvered with gray. But his countenance was remarkable, for it evinced a grandeur and dignity of soul, even through its trouble. Beside him, upon the table, burned a solitary candle, whose long wick shed a blue and flickering light upon the page of a Bible, open before him.

Unlatching the door, Alice paused, for the clear and deep voice of the inmate fell upon her ear: "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth: therefore, despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty: for he maketh sore, and bindeth up: he woundeth, and his hands make whole. He shall deliver thee in six troubles: yea, in seven, there shall no evil touch thee."

Advancing, Alice threw her arms affectionately round the neck of the person we have described, and interrupted the reading, which, even more than her occasional visits, was his chief stay and solace in his imprisonment.



"Thou wilt rejoice with me, my father, that William is recovering. All that is needful now is for him to gather strength sufficient to quit this place. I trust that ere six weeks have elapsed we shall be on our way to America."

"Forget not, my child, Him to whom thy thanks are due for thy husband's prospect of recovery. Remember the Lord in the midst of his mercies."

"I do, my father, and we will return praises together ere I leave you."

"Saidst thou, Alice," asked the old man, after a short silence, "that before six weeks have passed away, we may be freed from this prison-house?"

"Yes, even so; and I have this day sent my infant in advance of us."

"The Lord hath indeed been gracious to us, my daughter. Let us arise at once and give thanks to his holy name.

At these words they arose together, after the manner of their sect, and in an earnest, pathetic tone, the voice of the aged Puritan ascended to Heaven. No palace halls, or brilliant ball-rooms, or garden walks, or trellised bowers have ever shown so interesting a pair—no festive scenes, gorgeous revels, or glittering orgies, ever rose upon so beauteous an hour as did the captive's cell in that season of prayer!

## CHAPTER VII.

"A lovely child she was, of look serene,  
And motions which on things indifferent shed  
The grace and gentleness from whence they came."  
SHELLEY.

"The child shall live."

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

"Here are two pilgrims,  
And neither knows one footstep of the way."  
HEYWOOD'S DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK.

"With equal virtue formed, and equal grace,  
The same, distinguished by their sex alone,"  
THOMSON.

"The country is the traitress, which thrusts forth  
Her best and bravest from her. Tyranny  
Is far the worst of treasons. Dost thou deem  
None rebels except subjects? The prince who  
Neglects or violates his trust is more  
A brigand than the robber chief."

TWO FOSCARI.

A SHORT gap in this narrative places the present action of our story in America. It is needless here to narrate the first settlement of the New England Colonies. The landing of the Pilgrim Fathers has been immortalized both in prose and verse until it has become as familiar to each American as any household word. We will not, therefore, ask the reader's detention at the perusal of a thrice-told tale. It is likewise known that that landing was but the herald of a succession of emigrations, and the establishment of numerous colonies. Owing to the talent and liberal education, not less than the enterprise of the early settlers, this wilderness was not long, in spite of repeated obstacles, ere it grew up into flourishing villages and towns, and some of them fairer than had ever graced the stalworth ground of Old England.

We introduce the reader into one of those villages, situated some twenty miles distant from New Haven. It might somewhat surprise him when we say, were it not for the frequent instances of the rapid growth of cities in our western wilds, which we would remind him have sprung up within his own recollection, that the latter place was, even at the period to which we refer, a flourishing and important town. Yet, notwithstanding the superior size and consequence of New Haven, the village of L—— was the place in which the governor of the colony chose to reside.

Had the course of our narrative not led us thither, we could have selected no better sample than L——, of the truth of what we have asserted regarding the existence of neat and attractive villages in New England at that early day. It was situated on the high road, in a small valley, through which wound down certain rocky falls, a clear rivulet, that afforded excellent opportunities of fishing to such of the inhabitants as were fond of the occupation of the angle. These, however, were few; for then, as now, the people of Connecticut possessed much of the same busy spirit which is one of their distinguishing characteristics. The glassy brook alluded to, served yet another purpose during the season when the sportive inhabitants of the watery element had disappeared. In the winter time, when thickly frozen over, it formed, out of their school-houses, the grand resort of the children of the village for the purpose of skating and sliding. There, at those times, on a clear, bracing day, such as no country but New England ever shows in perfection, might always be seen a crowd of these happy beings of both sexes, and of various ages, all collected together, some to partake and others merely to observe the amusements mentioned.

Upon a certain day, the neighborhood of the brook was thronged even to a greater extent than usual, owing to the exceeding brightness of the weather, which had led some of the tenderest mothers to withhold their customary mandate,

enjoining immediate return from school, lest the beloved object of the command might suffer from playing in the cold. Among those who had thus had their ordinary restrictions remitted, was a little girl, whose extreme loveliness must have arrested the attention of any observer. Her features were not merely beautiful, but there was a charm in her countenance more attractive still—that purity and mildness which our fancy attributes to angels. There was a bewitching grace, moreover, in her attitude that might have furnished delighted employment to the painter and sculptor, had there been any time or inclination among the colonists to bestow upon the cultivation of the arts.

This child was seemingly about five years old. She was standing, with a number of other little ones of her own age, looking on with great apparent delight, now at the larger boys, who were skating dexterously, and describing many a circle and angle, unknown in mathematics, upon the smooth surface of the brook; and then at a number of girls, merrily chasing each other upon a slide at one side.

As one of the large boys spoken of passed her, he said: “Come, Jessy, I will give you a ride upon the ice;” and taking her in his arms he was soon again gliding rapidly along.

“Take care!” shouted a noble-looking youth, whose glowing complexion and sparkling eye shone with the excitement of the exercise. “Take care, the ice is slightly cracked there, and it will scarcely bear the double weight.”

It was too late. Ere the words were well spoken, the ice gave way, and the boy, who bore the fair burden, sunk beneath the congealed element.

One loud shriek from the mingled voices of the young spectators announced the frightful accident.

With the speed of lightning, the youth who had uttered the words of warning darted forward, and plunging under the ice, disappeared from view.

Great consternation prevailed for some moments. Many of the children gave way to loud cries; others quietly wept; while a few of the older and more considerate ran toward their homes in order to summon assistance.

In less time than it has taken to represent the state of feeling which prevailed during his absence, Frank Stanley rose to the surface, bearing in his arms the unconscious form of the young creature he had saved. Recovering his position on the ice, he speedily regained the shore, and, overcome with the exertion, laid her gently on the ground.

The heart in his bosom was frozen with cold, but a quickening thrill passed through it, boy as he was, as he gazed upon those sweetly composed features. Her hair was dripping; and her long, wet lashes lay upon her cheek as quietly as upon that of a dead child.

As his companions came up bearing the other sufferer, Frank Stanley hastily snatched off his own saturated coat, and spread it over her senseless body, ere he again, with recovered strength, raised her in his arms.

The alarmed villagers by this time came flocking to the spot, among whom was the Governor of the settlement, whose venerable and striking countenance manifested peculiar anxiety.

"Your niece is safe, Governor H——," said Frank Stanley, pressing forward and exposing his fair burden. "She is merely insensible from fright."

"Thank God that she is saved!" exclaimed the Governor, receiving her in his arms. "But whose rash act was it," continued he, looking sternly around among the boys, "that exposed my Jessie to such peril?"

Something like a flush of indignation passed over the countenance of young Stanley as he replied, "It was an accident, sir, which might have happened in the hands of more experienced persons than ourselves."

"Thou hast been in danger thyself, Frank, hast thou

not?" asked the Governor, his stern mood giving way immediately at the sight of the youth's dripping clothes. "And is there no one else more dangerously injured?" inquired he, casting an anxious, scrutinizing glance among the collected group.

"Frederick, here, is wet too; but not otherwise the worse for the accident."

"Let him and Frank, then, immediately return to their homes, and don dry garments; and I must look to my little girl here, that she do not suffer for this."

So saying, the Governor turned and departed, pressing the little lifeless one more closely in his arms.

His disappearance was the signal for the dispersion of the group, the young members of which turned toward their homes, much sobered in spirits from the accident here related.

Following Governor H. to his home, we will leave him for a moment, and pause to describe that rustic dwelling. It was situated at some little distance from the main village, and was of larger size than most of the cottages there. On each side of a graceful portico stretched piazzas, covered in summer with roses and woodbine, while the neat enclosure in front, surrounded by its white paling, bloomed richly with American plants and shrubbery. At this season, however, the roses were dead, and the shrubbery lifeless, and the frozen ground of the well-kept walk rung under the tread of the stout governor, as he flung open the gate and rapidly approached the house.

At the door, awaiting Governor H.'s arrival, with great anxiety depicted on their faces, stood two female figures; the one a genteel matron, somewhat advanced in years, and the other a young lady of less than twenty summers.

"Relieve yourselves of your apprehensions," said the Governor, in a loud voice, as soon as he came within speak-

ing distance. "She had merely fainted from fright, and seems to be even now gradually recovering."

"The Lord be praised!" exclaimed the ladies, advancing to the steps of the portico to meet him.

They entered the house together. In a moment the fainting child was laid upon a couch, and being quickly attired in dry clothing, restoratives were actively applied. The elder female chafed her small, chilled palms in her own, while the younger administered a warm drink to her frozen lips.

After a short time she unclosed her eyes, smiled faintly, and throwing her dimpled arms around the neck of the young lady who bent over her, burst into tears. "My dear sister," she said, faintly, "I dreamed that I had gone to heaven, where I heard sweet music, and saw little children like myself, with golden crowns upon their heads, and beautiful lyres in their hands."

"God has not called thee there yet. He has kindly spared thee to us a little longer," said the young person to whom she spoke, stooping down and kissing her tenderly, while she, in like manner, relieved herself by a flood of tears.

"The Almighty is very merciful," said the matron, wiping her eyes, while something like a moisture hung upon the lashes of the Governor's piercing orbs, and dimmed their usual keenness.

"I am not ill, uncle, aunt, Lucy, and we need none of us cry," said the child, with the fickleness of an April day and the elasticity of her years, instantly changing her tears for smiles. "See, I am able to get up," she added, disentangling herself from the embrace of her whom she had called her sister, and sitting upon the side of the couch.

At that moment a shadow without attracted their attention. "There is Mr. Elmore, Lucy!" she exclaimed, with childish glee.

The young lady had barely time to wipe away the traces of

her recent emotion, when a tall figure crossed the portico, and entered the room without ceremony. The new comer was a young man in the bloom of youth. As he entered he lifted his hat, and a quantity of fair brown hair fell partially over a commanding forehead.

The Governor and his wife advanced and greeted him cordially, while the blush that mantled on the cheek of Lucy Ellet, as she half rose and extended her hand to him, told that a sentiment warmer than mere friendship existed between them.

"Where is the young heroine of this accident, which I hear had well-nigh proved fatal?" asked the stranger, after he had exchanged congratulations with the rest.

The little Jessy, who had at first shrunk away with the bashfulness of childhood, here timidly advanced. The stranger smiled, stroked her soft ringlets, kissed her fair brow, and she nestled herself in his breast.

The whole party drawing near the fire, an interesting specimen was now exhibited of those social and endearing habits of the early settlers, peculiar to their intercourse.

The simple room and furniture were eloquent of the poetry of home. Not decorated by any appendages of mere show, whatever could contribute to sterling comfort was exhibited in every nook and corner of the good-sized apartment. The broad, inviting couch on which the rescued child had lain, was placed opposite the chimney. Two great arm-chairs, covered with chintz and garnished with rockers—the seats belonging to the heads of the family—filled a space on either side of the hearth, within which burned a huge turf fire, that threw its kindly warmth to the remotest walls. Coiled on a thick rug before the fire lay a large Angola cat. A mastiff dog had so far overcome his natural antipathy to her race, as to keep her company on the other side; while the loud breathings of both evinced the depth of their slumbers.



While the party were agreeably engaged in conversation, they were suddenly interrupted by a loud knock at the door.

"Who can that be?" said the Governor. "Will you ask who knocks, Mr. Elmore?"

The latter rose and unlatched the door, when two figures crossed the threshold.

"Pray pardon us," said one of the new comers, in a courteous voice, "but having business of importance with the Governor, we have ventured to intrude," and he lifted his hat with something of foreign urbanity.

The speaker was not handsome, but there was a certain elegance in his air, and intelligence in his countenance, that were agreeable. He was clad in a velvet travelling-dress, and possessed an address greatly superior to any of the villagers; at the same time that his height was calculated to induce that admiration which the appearance of great strength in his sex always inspires.

His companion was totally different in all outward respects.

"Walk in, gentlemen, and approach the fire," said Governor H., rising, and eyeing the strangers with a keen and rather dissatisfied glance.

In drawing near, the younger gallant cast an unsuppressed look of admiration upon Lucy Ellet, that caused her to bend down her sparkling eyes, which had previously been fixed on himself and his companion, with an arch expression of penetrating curiosity.

It was not surprising that the attention of the stranger had been attracted by the appearance of this young lady, for, like the little Jessy, she was endowed with a more than ordinary share of personal attractions. Yet it must be admitted that the styles of their beauty were of an exactly opposite cast. One of those singular freaks of Nature, which sometimes creates children of the same parents in the most dissimilar mould, seemed to have operated, in their case, to

produce two sisters as unlike in every particular relating to outward appearance as possible.

While the young countenance of Jessy was of the tenderest and softest Madonna cast, her sister's face was precisely the opposite. Lucy's complexion, indeed, was of the darkest hue ever seen in maidens of English birth, yet mantled withal by so rich a shade of color, that for many it might have possessed a greater charm than the fairness of a blonde. Her countenance was of a lively and expressive character, in which spirit and wit seemed to predominate; and the quick black eye, with its beautifully pencilled brow, seemed to presage the arch remark to which the rosy and half-smiling lip appeared ready to give utterance.

"We have ridden far," said the younger stranger, breaking the silence which ensued when they had taken seats, and turning his eye again on Lucy, as though he hoped to elicit a reply to his remark.

He was not disappointed. "May I ask," said she, "what distance you have come?"

"We left Massachusetts a couple of days ago," he replied "and have been at hard riding ever since."

"You spoke of business, gentlemen," remarked the Governor, rather impatiently; "will you be so good as to proceed with the object of your visit?"

"I address Governor H., sir, I presume?" said the ill-looking stranger, speaking for the first time.

He signified assent.

"Our business is official and private," continued the speaker, in a voice harsh and unpleasant, looking around uneasily at the spectators.

"All affairs with me are conducted in the presence of my family," said the Governor, drily.

"It is imperative, sir, that we see you alone," urged the other, in a dictatorial tone.

"Will you look whether there is a good fire in your little

sanctum," said her uncle to Lucy, giving her at the same time a significant glance, and having referred in his remark to a small room adjoining, where Lucy not unfrequently repaired, surrounded by numbers of the village children—with whom she was a general favorite—to dress their dolls, cover their balls, and perform other similar acts. Here, too, she retired for the purpose of reading, writing, and other occasions of privacy. More than all, it was the spot sacred to an hour's conversation with Mr. Elmore, apart from the rest of the family, during his visits.

The little Jessy anticipated Lucy, just as she was rising, and opened the door leading to the room spoken of.

"The fire burns brightly uncle," said the child.

"Will you walk in here with me, gentlemen?" said the Governor.

The two strangers rose, and Governor H. held the door until they had preceded him into the room. Going in last, he threw another expressive glance at Lucy, and, followed them, leaving the door a-jar.

Lucy, with the quickness of her character, read in her uncle's look that he wished her to overhear the conversation about to take place between himself and his visitors. Moving her chair, therefore, near the half-open door, while her lover was engaged in speaking with her aunt, and playing at the same time with the soft curls of the fair Jessy, who was leaning on his knee, she applied herself to listen.

"Your names first, gentlemen; you have not yet introduced yourselves," said her uncle's voice.

"Mr. Dale," replied the pleasing tones of the young stranger who had spoken on their first entrance, "and Mr. Brooks."

"Be seated, then, Messrs. Dale and Brooks," observed the Governor, "and have the kindness to proceed in unfolding the nature of your errand."

"I am the bearer of these documents for you," said the harsh voice of him who had been introduced as Mr. Brooks.

Lucy here heard the rattling of paper, as though the Governor were unfolding a letter. He proceeded to read aloud :

"The bearers, James Brooks and Thomas Dale, having been empowered by his Majesty, in the enclosed warrant, to seize the persons of the escaped regicides, Lisle and Heath, you are hereby desired, not only to permit said Brooks and Dale to make thorough search throughout your colony, but likewise to furnish them with every facility for that purpose ; it being currently believed that the said regicides are secreted in New Haven.

"ENDICOTT,  
Governor of Massachusetts Colony."

There was now again a rattling, as if occasioned by the unfolding of paper. The Governor continued :—

"Whereas, Henry Lisle and William Heath, of the city of London, having been confined under charge of treason and rebellion, have made their escape—and whereas it is believed they have fled to our possessions in America, we do hereby authorize and appoint our true and loyal subjects, James Brooks and Thomas Dale, to make diligent search throughout all the New England colonies for the said traitors and rebels. Moreover, we do hereby command our subjects, the governors and deputy-governors of said colonies, to aid and abet, by all possible means, their capture and imprisonment : And we do hereby denounce as rebels, any who may secrete or harbor said Lisle and Heath, in the accomplishing of this our royal mandate."

Lucy heard her uncle clear his throat after he had ceased reading, and there was a moment's pause.

"It will be impossible," said he, at length, "Messrs.

Brooks and Dale, for me to act officially in this matter until I have convened the magistrates of the colony."

"I see no necessity for anything of the kind," said Mr. Brooks, in an irritated tone.

"Nevertheless, there exists a very great necessity," answered the Governor, decidedly; "so much so that, as I have said, it will be utterly out of the question for me to proceed independently in relation to the affair."

"How soon, then, can this convocation be summoned?"

"Not certainly before twenty-four hours from this time," replied the Governor, "or perhaps a day later. You are aware that the meeting will have to take place in New Haven, which is twenty miles distant."

"We might easily proceed there at once, and reach the place in time to call a convention, and settle the affair to-night," urged Mr. Brooks, dictatorially.

"I am a slow man, and cannot bring myself to be in a hurry. One night can make no possible difference, and to-morrow I will call a meeting of the magistrates."

Lucy here arose, and approached a door leading to the outer piazza. Her lover's eye followed her graceful figure with a feeling of pride as she crossed the room. She turned at the door, and seeking his eye ere she closed it, gave him a signal to follow her.

In some surprise, he instantly obeyed.

"Henry," she said earnestly and in a low voice, as if fearing that some one might chance to be near; "Henry, I have overheard what has passed between my uncle and his visitors. The latter are persons commissioned by King Charles to apprehend the escaped prisoners who have taken refuge in New Haven. They wish to obtain authority for their arrest and re-imprisonment, as well as for making a strict search throughout the colony, and will probably obtain this to-morrow. What do you think can be done in this emergency?"

"I scarce know what to say, dear Lucy," said he, as he took her hand involuntarily, and seemed to be reflecting deeply on her words.

"Could not you," resumed Lucy, "return at once to New Haven, and apprise the exiles of their danger?"

"Excellent! I will set out at once."

"I have thought of a plan of security for them likewise," continued Lucy, and she drew nearer and whispered a word in his ear.

"Admirable girl!" exclaimed her lover, delightedly. "Why, Lucy, I believe you are inspired by the Almighty for the exigencies of this moment. But I must depart without delay."

"Yes," said Lucy, "there is not an instant's time to be lost; and I will contrive to detain the officers until you are too far on your way for them to overtake you, in case they should design proceeding to New Haven to-night."

He pressed her hand affectionately to his lips, and was gone.

Lucy returned into the room she had left, just at the moment that her uncle and the strangers re-entered.

"Your visitors, uncle, will probably remain and take some refreshment," said she, as she perceived they were about to depart, and giving him at the same time an arch look to second her invitation. "Tea will be in, in a short time, gentlemen," she added, fixing her eyes on the younger stranger with such a coquettish urgency as to make her appeal irresistible.

"Take seats, gentlemen," said the Governor, in a more cordial tone than he had yet assumed.

"I thank you," said Mr. Brooks, "but we will—"

"We will remain," interrupted Mr. Dale, giving a wink to his companion, and turning toward the fire.

Mr. Brooks had no alternative but to follow his example; and the Governor and his wife held him in conversation,

while Lucy exerted all her powers of entertainment for the benefit of Mr. Dale. The little Jessy, more wearied than usual in consequence of her late adventure, fell asleep upon the couch, and did not awake until tea was over, and the visitors had departed.

True to his promise, early on the following morning Governor H. set out for New Haven, and convened the magistrates of the colony. After a short consultation, the determination was arrived at, that the exiled regicides not having violated any of the laws by which the community was governed, were not subject to arrest under their order. But to that part of the mandate authorizing a search to be made, and prohibiting a secretion of the offenders, they paid loyal respect, and the sanctity of every house was resigned and exposed to the inquisition of the officers. Their search, however, was unsuccessful, and they set out the next morning on their return to Massachusetts.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"Which sloping hills around enclose,  
Where many a beech and brown oak grows,  
Beneath whose dark and branching bowers  
Its tide a far-famed river pours,  
By Nature's beauties taught to please,  
Sweet Tusculan of rural ease."

WARTON.

"Have I beheld a vision?"

OLD PLAT.

THE gentle breath of spring-time was now stirring in L. The trees had begun to blossom, the flowers to bud, and the tender grass to spring up beneath the tread. Birds were returning from exile, and fishes were re-peopling the village rivulet. Nature, in short, was assuming her most attractive and becoming dress—that attire which many a worshipper has celebrated in songs such as not the gaudiest birth-night garb of any other queen has ever elicited. After these, it is not we who dare venture to become her laureate on the occasion referred to, when she outshone herself in that gentle season, in the balminess of her breath and the brightness of her sky, as well as in all those other particulars which are dependent upon these. Those who have lived the longest may recall every return of spring within their recollection, and select the fairest of the hoard, but it will still refuse comparison with the spring of which we speak.

The pretty English custom of children celebrating the first of May, by an excursion into the country, had been preserved among the colonists. On that day, from every village and town a flock of these happy beings, dressed with uncommon attention, and provided with baskets, might be seen merrily




departing on one of those pic-nic rambles. Every excursion of this kind was not merely an event in the future, but an epoch in the past. The recollection of each successive May-day, treasured up throughout the following year, never became so swallowed up in that which came after it, that it did not preserve in its own associations and incidents a separate place in the memory.

But an occurrence transpired on the May-day of which we are about to speak, for the little villagers of L., calculated to fix it indelibly on their remembrance. The morning rose as serene and clear as if no pleasure excursion had been intended. A large party of children set out from their homes on the day alluded to. This was composed, with very few exceptions and additions, of the same group which had been collected the previous winter about the frozen brook on the day of the accident to the young niece of the governor.

The utmost harmony and good conduct prevailed among the youthful corps, which was generated by the sage and skilful Lucy Ellet, who, in order to preserve order on all festive occasions, lent the young people her decorous example, and the experience of her superior years. The young procession made a beautiful appearance as it wound along the verdant banks of the village rivulet, and was lost among the neighboring hills.

The spot selected as the place of rendezvous was an umbrageous wood in a green valley, surrounded by various rocky hills of considerable height, rising in some places one above another with great regularity, the highest apparently touching the horizon, and the progressive ascent seeming like a ladder of approach to the sky. The cavities and crevices of these hills were numerous, serving as excellent retreats for the children in their game of hide-and-seek, as well as for the retirement of separate groups apart from each other. This vicinity had, therefore, for years been the stated



resort on May-day occasions; yet not alone for the advantages mentioned, since the shady grove attached to it, well cleared beneath the tread, might of itself have been sufficient cause for its selection. Even in winter it was a sheltered and sequestered spot; but when arrayed in the verdure of spring, the earth bringing forth all her wild flowers, the shrubs spreading their wealth of blossoms around it, and the thick branches interweaving their leaves to intercept the sun, it was a peculiarly appropriate place for the purpose in question. The situation had been first discovered, and its aptitude for the purpose which it served pointed out by Lucy Ellet, ever interested, since she had emerged from her own childhood, in considering the happiness and pleasure of the little community.

On the day in question it was therefore remarked as somewhat strange that that young lady strove to exert her influence in prevailing on the party to turn another way, expending much eloquence in extolling the superior advantages of a spot of ground situated in an opposite direction. The former prejudice in favor of the other prevailed, and the assemblage repaired thither as usual.

The morning was occupied in crowning and doing honor to the lovely little Jessy Ellet, who had been unanimously chosen, according to a custom prevalent, the Queen of the day. At noon, dinner was served upon the grass from the contents of the various baskets, and the afternoon passed in the customary sports.

It had been noticed by such of the children as were old enough to be in any wise observant, that Lucy Ellet, so far from busying herself as usual to devise rambles among the hills, and promote diversity of amusement, would have used her persuasions to detain the young people the whole day in the grove. Her amiable disposition, however, prevented her from employing positive authority in restraining their

footsteps, and she had been obliged, however regretfully, to behold them wander abroad at their pleasure.

When the members of the scattered assemblage were re-collecting around her, late in the afternoon, previous to their return home, she anxiously scanned their several countenances as they appeared, as if to detect whether any individual had made an unusual or curious discovery. She seemed satisfied, at length, that this was not the case; and evinced extreme satisfaction, when, a little before sunset, the party set out on their return to L.

They had not proceeded far, however, ere it was discovered that the young May-queen was missing from the party. In great alarm, they retraced their steps, expecting to find her fallen asleep under the trees where they had dined. But on arriving at the spot, she was nowhere to be seen. Her name was next loudly called, but there was no reply. Apprehension now seized every member of the young party, who dispersed in various directions in search of the lost child.

Frank Stanley, the youth who, it will be remembered, had once been her preserver from a watery grave, evinced especial uneasiness at her singular absence, and was, perhaps, her sister excepted, whose anxiety amounted almost to frenzy, the most active in his endeavors to discover her. Separating himself entirely from the rest, he climbed among the rocky hills, and searched in every nook and cavity, at the same time shouting her name until his voice was drowned in the resounding echoes.

At length he had given up his search in despair, and was in the act of descending, when he heard a soft call from behind him. He turned, and on a higher hill than any of the young villagers had ever been known to climb, stretched out upon its side in calmness sleeping, lay the fair object of his search! On the rock above her, round which the dew of evening had gathered the thickest, he beheld standing, apparently to keep watch upon the child's slumbers, a full-

grown female figure. He had scarcely time to note this, ere she vanished from his view, so suddenly and mysteriously, that he could hardly distinguish whether he had been subjected to a mere illusion of the senses, or whether he had actually seen the figure we have described. Yet he could no otherwise account for the voice he had heard, except by ascribing it to the same form, for the child was evidently in too deep a sleep to have uttered any sound. Doubtful what to believe in regard to this phantom-image, and in that perplexed state natural to one not willing to believe that his sight had deceived him, ere he yielded himself up to the joy of recovering Jessy Ellet, whom he loved with the depth and sentiment of more mature age, he hastily climbed to the spot where it had appeared. There was no trace, however, of the vision to be seen. It had melted again into that air from which it had seemed embodied. Immediately descending again, he lifted the slumbering child, whom he had found at last, and imprinting a kiss upon her face, proceeded to bear her down the hill.

On reaching the valley, he found the rest of the party collected in the grove, after an unsuccessful search, in great anxiety awaiting his return.

## CHAPTER IX.

"Night wanes—the vapors round the mountain curled  
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world.  
Man has another day to swell the past,  
And lead him near to little but his last."

BYRON'S LARA.

"The double night of ages, and of her,  
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wraps  
All round us ; we but feel our way to err !"

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

THE adventure of young Stanley, recorded in the last chapter, made a strong impression on his mind. The more he reflected on what he had beheld, the more he became convinced that it was no mere conjuration of his fancy. Nothing in his feelings at the moment, absorbed as they were with thoughts of the little truant he had been seeking, could have suggested to his imagination the image which arose before him. That it was an embodiment of some kind he became, therefore, convinced, though he could not believe either that it was human, when he remembered the sudden and mysterious manner of its disappearance.

Frank Stanley was by nature neither timorous nor credulous ; but he would have been an actual prodigy if, living in New England in the end of the seventeenth century, he had possessed a philosophy which did not exist there until much later. Those, therefore, who will recall to mind the superstitious feelings at that time prevalent among the early settlers, will not be surprised that our youthful hero should have closed his reflections with the conviction that he had beheld a supernatural visitant.

This idea became agony to the sensitive mind of the boy,

whose heart had outstripped, in a great measure, his years, and was fixed with sentiments of strong attachment upon the little girl.

Thoughts of the kind described had disturbed Stanley's mind during the whole night succeeding his adventure, and caused him the first sleepless pillow he had ever known. He rose earlier than usual the next day. Feeling languid from want of his customary rest, he walked out to recover his freshness in the morning air. Even to those who, like Stanley, had spent a sleepless and anxious night, the breeze of the dawn brings strength and quickening both of mind and body. He bent his steps involuntarily toward the place of the previous day's innocent revel.

When Stanley had reached the borders of the grove in which the party had dined, he cast his eyes upward on the hills where he had climbed in search of Jessy Ellet. Curiosity suggested to him to ascend again to the spot where he had beheld the strange apparition. He proceeded, therefore, to remount the hills, in hopes that he might again behold the shadowy spirit. When he arrived beneath the well-remembered rock, he raised his eyes, more, however, in the expectation of being disappointed in the object of his quest, than with any actual idea of meeting a return of his former vision.

It was consequently with the astonishment of one utterly unprepared that he beheld, standing upon the rocky elevation, the same figure which had filled his waking dreams throughout the night. The sudden sight took from him, for the instant, both speech and motion. Internal and indefinable feelings restrained the youth from accosting her, as he had thought to have done. These are easily explained on the supposition that his mortal frame shrunk at the last moment from an encounter with a being of a different nature.

As the boy gazed, spell-bound, he observed that this

being was not alone. Ere long, however, he became aware that near her, in the middle of the rock, where the footing was more secure, stood another form. Fixing his bewildered gaze steadily upon this second object, in order to scan it as carefully as he had done the other, he became convinced that it was a familiar figure. For a moment his memory failed him, and he could not place that round and coquettish form, with its garb of rich pink, nor that face, with its sparkling eyes of jet, and its raven braids. His doubt, however, lasted but for an instant. It was Lucy Ellet whom he beheld. She perceived his proximity before her companion; for, turning to the phantom form, she pointed to him just as he himself was about to speak. Ere his words were uttered, the misty figure had vanished from her side, and she remained upon the rock alone.

Awe-struck, the youth turned to depart. "Both the sisters, then, thought he, are in league with this spirit-messenger of darkness. Alas! each so fair in their different styles, so idolized in the village, one of whom, too, I have treasured up her childish image in my heart, and mixed it with all my young dreams of the future!" He perceived, moreover, that such an association as he had witnessed with the emissaries of evil, might not only be a soil upon the virtue of Lucy and Jessy Ellet, but a lasting disgrace to their names, should the knowledge of it come to the ears of the pious community. Congratulating himself that he alone was privy to the unhappy circumstance, he was wending his way down the declivity, when his meditations were interrupted by the gay voice of Lucy Ellet behind him.

"Out on your vaunted politeness, Master Frank, to trudge down hill in front of a lady, and never turn to offer her your arm."

"Excuse me, Miss Lucy," replied Stanley, stopping and much embarrassed, "methought you would not desire to be troubled with my company."

"I honor your delicacy, Frank," resumed Lucy, taking his arm as they walked on. "You saw me but now in circumstances which you rightly judge I intended to be secret, and would not mortify me by forcing me to meet you just at the moment of my detection."

After an instant's pause, she continued: "I will let you into the secret, Frank, for there may one day be need to employ your services; and I am sure I may rely on your judgment and discretion not to divulge what I shall unfold. Your occasional assistance is the only return I demand for my confidence. Yon stranger lady is—"

"Hold, Miss Ellet, I cannot consent to obtain any knowledge of your secret under the condition that I am to become a party in the sinful affair. I will not unite in league with any daughter of the clouds or spirit of darkness."

"Then you deem her whom you saw beside me on the rock one of those visionary beings you mention?" asked Lucy, looking at him steadily, to learn if he were in earnest, and an arch smile curling on her mouth, and sparkling in her eyes when she perceived that he had spoken seriously.

"What else can I think of one who bath scarce the weight of a feather, is transparent as a cloud, and dissolveth in a moment into air?"

Lucy Ellet here laughed outright. But instantly checking herself and looking grave, she replied, in a mysterious tone, "I have, indeed, a strange associate in yonder lady of the mist. And you positively decline an introduction to her?"

"I did not think thou wouldst thus seek to destroy others as well as thyself, Miss Ellet. Is it through thine influence that thy sister has been made acquainted with the evil spirit?"

"Oh, thou fearest for her, dost thou?" said Lucy, mischievously seizing the opportunity of turning the conversation. "Thou wouldst have her kept stainless from sin in



order that she may be thine when thou art a man, eh, Frank? Nay, you need not blush, though you see I read your heart."

Stanley's thoughts were now completely diverted from the first topic of conversation, and, talking on indifferent subjects, Lucy Ellet and himself entered the village.

## CHAPTER X.

"The sun was slowly sinking to the west,  
Pavilioned with a thousand glorious dyes;  
The turtle-doves were winging to the nest,  
Along the mountain's soft declivities."

CHOLY.

YOUNG Stanley's congratulations that he alone knew of the communication held by Lucy Ellet and her sister with the mysterious creature whom he had seen, were not destined to be of long duration. The Lady of the Rock became an object of universal dread. The rumor, moreover, speedily grew rife that the object of her visitations was to hold unholy intercourse with the young nieces of the Governor of the colony. These, therefore, from having been the idols of all classes in the place, became subjects of curiosity and vague apprehension.

Recollecting that the wiles of this same adversary practised upon the mother of our race, had become the means of expelling her from the bowers of Paradise, and bringing "death into the world and all our woe," it is not surprising that Lucy and Jessy Ellet were now regarded with suspicion on all hands. The society of the sisters became as much avoided as it had been previously sought after. Closer observation, however, caused the chief blame to rest upon Lucy, who was seen daily, at sunrise and sunset, wending her way to the haunted spot.

It was some weeks after Stanley's first sight of the phantom lady that twilight overtook him on an evening ramble. He had carefully, since the time we have described, avoided bending his steps toward that vicinity, in any of his walks.

Accordingly, on this evening, he had turned off at the outskirts of the village, at a place where another road met that leading to the fearful spot. Having been occupied with reflections of a deeper cast than are common to youths, he had remained until the slow departing sunset reminded him to retrace his steps. On approaching the place where the two roads met, he was startled by the sight of a light figure emerging into the main path. The thought of the strange lady of the mist instantly suggested itself to the mind of the youth. A new moon had just risen behind the dim embodiment, and shed her soft rays upon the spot where it stood. The last beams of the setting sun were almost lost beyond the distant hills, and nothing but the soft light of that evening-queen lit the scene.

Stanley advanced to meet the spectral shape—it turned—a pair of dark eyes flashed from beneath a silken hood, and the clear voice of Lucy Ellet sounded in his ears.

“Well met, Master Frank Stanley,” it said; “you have avoided me of late, as have all our villagers.”

“After what I have been witness to, Miss Lucy,” began Stanley—

“Believe me, Frank, the interview you beheld between myself and the Lady of the Rock was pure as the intercourse above.”

“I beseech you, Lucy Ellet,” exclaimed the youth, earnestly, and not heeding her words, “for your own soul’s sake, for your young sister’s sake, cease these suspicious visits to yonder mysterious spot!”

“Oblige me, then, in relieving me of my duty toward that unhappy lady, by assuming the task hitherto performed by myself, and I will go thither no more.”

“I would do aught but perjure my own soul, to have thee and thy sister reinstated in the opinion of our little community, to say nothing of saving ye both from future destruction. Yet,” continued he, “if I also must hold frequent converse with that visionary form, I dare not—”

"Out on thee, Frank," interrupted the young lady, "I had thought thee a brave youth, afraid of nothing but sin."

"And is it not sin to hold constant speech with a spirit-messenger of Satan?" inquired the boy.

"I will request thee to have no speech of her; I would merely depute you to bear, morning and evening, a little basket, resembling this (and she drew one from beneath her shawl), place it on the rock—wait until the unknown lady appears to remove it, and replace it with another—then return to the village. Do this to oblige me, Frank, and save me the necessity I shall otherwise be under of continuing the visits so execrated. More confidence I cannot put in you at present; but will you not have faith that I would not instigate you to the performance of an act that was otherwise than noble?"

"Lucy Ellet," said Stanley, looking on her steadily, "there is that in your manner and your words which shows me that you are actuated by some generous principle in this singular affair. What this mystery may be, time must prove. I will do your errand."

"The Lord reward you," replied Miss Ellet. "The basket, then, shall be placed under the large willow-tree at the end of your father's orchard, that we may not seem to have any connection in regard to it. You must always replace on the same spot the one you will receive at the rock; and I will cause it to be removed and replenished in time to have it there again, ready for your next visit. But here we are, within the village," added Lucy, "and had better not be seen together, lest it might excite suspicion. You will find a circuitous path to the rock in yonder direction," she continued, pointing to the left, "and had better use it in your excursions, that you may be more likely to escape notice." So saying, and without giving the youth time to reply, Lucy parted from Stanley, and soon after turned into her uncle's house.

The boy continued on his way with an undefinable sentiment of approval in his bosom. Some instinct had prompted him, notwithstanding all his preconceived notions of horror at the abandonment of the young Ellets to the power of the Lady of the Rock, to accede to Lucy's proposal that he would supply her place in her daily visits to that mysterious being ; and so far from feeling any reproaches of conscience in remembering that he had given her his promise to that effect, he rather enjoyed all the elation of spirit experienced by one who generously sacrifices himself to suspicion for a noble cause. Something in Lucy Ellet's manner convinced him that feelings of the same kind had actuated her conduct in this strange affair, and he thought of her now more with admiration than with reproach. "Yet what," said he to himself, startled at the change a half an hour had wrought in his views, "if this approbation of myself and Miss Ellet be only a suggestion of the arch-tempter to place me in his power?" But no ; the idea was dismissed in a moment, as incompatible with his feelings of satisfaction in what he had pledged himself to undertake.

Stanley rose at sunrise on the following morning, for the purpose of commencing the fulfilment of his promise. Seeking the willow-tree in the garden, he found the little basket prepared for him, and, assuming the charge of it, set out upon his walk. He speedily turned into the winding path indicated by Lucy Ellet, and pursued his way. The morning beams were just breaking, and their light glanced upon the dewy grass beneath his feet, and caused it to sparkle as though his tread were upon myriads of diamonds. The waking birds were chanting their matin lays, and the insects humming in every brake and dingle.

But the balmy morning and the day it presaged were alike lost on our hero, whose mind was filled with reflections concerning his singular mission. He walked on wrapt in thought, till he approached the foot of the hills. He there *paused*, despite his conclusions of the previous evening,

overpowered with a doubtful feeling regarding his errand. He was about to minister to the shadowy spirit whom he had twice beheld upon that insecure summit. What fearful spells might she not weave around him by thus doing her will? He ascended a short distance, and turned to look behind him. A scene of more complete solitude, having all its peculiarities heightened by the serenity of the weather, the quiet composure of the atmosphere, and the perfect stillness of the elements, could hardly be imagined. He could descry nothing of the scenes he had left, save the valley beneath him, and the spire of the village church in the distance. Should he return home or proceed? He remembered his promise to Miss Ellet, and again applied himself to continue his ascent. He drew near the ominous spot—climbed a few steps higher—touched the rock, and placed the basket upon its base.

Slowly and gradually appeared the form of the Lady of the Rock. It was not without something like alarm that Stanley beheld this mysterious being standing close beside him. She had been about to speak, but seeing the boy, cast her beautiful azure eyes on him with a look of surprise, exchanged the basket for another, and, with a pensive smile, disappeared from his view.

Had all the spells he had dreaded in his approach to the spot been concentrated in that look and smile, the change in the feelings of young Stanley could not have been more instantaneous. Surprise succeeded to his former superstitious sentiments of awe, for he had discovered that the Lady of the Rock was no vague embodiment as he had deemed, but a gentle shape of human flesh and blood. Where or how she had vanished, however, was still a mystery; but he was so overpowered with a sense of his discovery, that he turned to descend without attempting to make any investigation, and reached the village to encounter a day of great agitation.

## CHAPTER XI.

"Through solid curls of smoke, the bursting fires  
Climb in tall pyramids above the spires,  
Concentring all the winds; whose forces, driven  
With equal rage from every point of heaven,  
Whirl into conflict, round the scantling pour  
The twisting flames, and through the rafters roar "  
BARLOW.

"Yea, thou must die—there is but one resource,  
The last—the worst—if torture were not worse."  
BYRON.

SEVERAL topics of excitement began at this time to prevail in the village of L., in addition to that connected with the haunted rock. One was the projected marriage of Lucy Ellet very shortly to Mr. Elmore, to whom she had been for some time betrothed; another, the reappearance of Messrs. Brooks and Dale in the village, where they took up their abode for a short period; and a third, the threatened incursion of some of the neighboring Indian tribes.

To guard against this last evil, the inhabitants were obliged to appear at all times armed, and prepared for repelling hostilities. A fast was likewise appointed by the governor of the colony, and public worship held daily, to offer up prayer in view of the impending danger. At such times a guard of men, with muskets ready for immediate use, was stationed without the building to repulse any attack of the savages, and give the word of warning to those engaged within. In this way, as the situation of the village was in itself strong, owing to the hills that surrounded it, the inhabitants trusted that they were fully prepared to resist any sudden attack.

Things were in this state when, on a certain day, the morn-



ing beams had shone on the unpretending spire of L. for five or six hours, and the people had assembled in the building beneath as usual. The lengthy prayer with which the Puritans were wont to commence their exercises had concluded, and just as every voice was attuned to the melody of a pious psalm, a loud and unusual noise was heard.

The worshippers of that humble meeting-house paused to listen, with faces filled with boding expectation. It was the terrific yell of the approaching Indians. This was speedily followed by the appointed signal from the soldiery stationed without; and at the instant that the report of the musketry rang in the air, the congregation started from their seats in terror. Each man rushed for his arms, and crowding to the doors and windows, found the building completely surrounded by savages. The females, remaining in the interior, shrieked in the extremity of their alarm.

The scene that followed is not easily described. A fearful struggle ensued. Heaven, too, at that moment added its terrors to the scene. A furious thunder-storm arose, and amidst the most vivid flashes of lightning, and awful reverberations, the rain began to descend in torrents. The villagers now yielded themselves completely to terror, and, abandoning the conflict, prostrated themselves on their knees, and resorted to prayer. The Indians took fresh courage from this circumstance, and commenced firing the meeting-house. For a little time the rain prevented their efforts from taking effect, but the fire was finally triumphant, and spouted in jets of flame out at each window of the consuming building, while huge flakes of burning materials went driving on the wind, and rolling a dark canopy of smoke over the neighborhood. The rain, however, prevented the progress of devastation further. But the shouts of the Indians resounded far and wide, as they turned to continue their work of destruction, by setting fire to the other dwellings in the village.



At this crisis, the villagers, as if animated by a sudden and simultaneous impulse, arose from their knees, and betook themselves again to the defensive. Previously, in their resistance, wild confusion, despair, and frenzied efforts had been blended in such a manner as completely to destroy anything like unity of action. But now, in concert, and disposed according to the best military arrangements, they advanced a second time upon these invaders.

The Indians, in confidence of their approaching triumph, had uttered the whoop of success, which called their warriors from the adjoining vicinity to behold the approaching scene. In surprise, therefore, notwithstanding this addition to their forces, they found themselves resisted with a power and a skill such as they had never before witnessed. But their previous success had given new spirit to an enemy already sufficiently audacious; and, continuing their war-cries with redoubled ferocity, they pursued the attack. The combat raged for about half an hour, when the Indians were utterly defeated, and betook themselves to flight.

At that moment the clouds of heaven suddenly opened, shedding the blessed light of the returning sun upon the village; and it might have been seen that the recent victory had been obtained through the means of a stranger who had appeared and aroused the people from their panic of fear, assumed the command, arranged and ordered them in the best military manner, and thus enabled them to repel and rout the Indians, and save the village. This person was a man of dignified and majestic bearing, and with an interesting beauty and pallor of countenance.

The parting clouds had scarcely permitted the gleams of renewed sunshine to fall upon the rescued spot, and the inhabitants began to realize their safety, and looked around to return thanks to the skilful and unknown commander to whom the rescue was due, ere it was discovered that he had mysteriously vanished. Awe and amazement filled the minds

of the spectators, for they were utterly unable to account for the singular arrival and sudden disappearance of this remarkable person. After many unsatisfactory conjectures, the only conclusion they could arrive at was, that the Lord had sent an angel to their deliverance.

It was on the evening of the day on which this attack took place, that Frank Stanley was proceeding on his second errand to the rock. As he walked on, he pondered deeply upon the discovery he had that morning made. The recent scene of excitement in the village had banished the thoughts of it throughout the day from his mind. But now his curiosity recurred to the subject with all the strength with which that feeling fixes upon a mystery but partially solved. The stranger who had so singularly appeared during the conflict with the Indians, and put them to flight, seemed somehow associated in the boy's mind with the Lady of the Rock; and he could no more join with the villagers in believing the one an angel of the Lord, than he could now in supposing the other an evil spirit.

The more perplexed the more he reflected, Stanley one moment resolved at all hazards to penetrate the singular mystery, to overcome on his present errand the internal and undefinable feelings which would restrain him from accosting the lady, and offering her any further assistance in his power, and discovering the place of her retreat. Yet to press himself on her confidence might be impertinence, and as she had in the morning disappeared without noticing his presence, it was evident that she did not mean voluntarily to make him her confidant, and probably she was involved in no difficulties where he might be useful. The next instant, therefore, he resolved to suppress all desire to penetrate the secret, dismiss his disquieting and fruitless conjectures, and, without attempting to invade the manner and place of the sudden disappearance of the fair but living

vision, await the period when time should throw light upon the subject.

He was thus divided in his own determinations when he reached the woods at the foot of the hill where his purposed visit lay. At that moment he became startled from his reflections by the rustling of leaves. Remembering the assault from the Indians in the morning, the youth paused, and leaned forward to listen. Silence, however, seemed restored to the disturbed foliage, and the boy pursued his course, supposing the noise he had heard simply to have been occasioned by a sudden gust of wind. But he had not proceeded many steps when the sound was distinctly perceptible of approaching voices, speaking in the deep tones of the savages. He turned, and ere many minutes elapsed, the forms of three Indians were visible; perceiving at once his danger, and determined to make one bold effort for his life, he bounded off with the swiftness of a deer. There was but one breathless moment; the Indians raised the cry of alarm, and pursued after him.

Stanley knew too well the nature of the struggle in which he was engaged to lose one of the precious moments. Accordingly he kept his way up the acclivity, which, though neither very high nor very steep, was yet sufficiently toilsome to one contending for life to render it painfully oppressive. And ere he had gained the summit of the second hill, he fell prostrate upon the ground. He rose, proceeded again for a few moments at his former swift pace. By degrees this slackened—the Indians were within a few yards of him. He had a loaded pistol in his pocket—but he knew it could only destroy one of his enemies, and there would still remain two to contend with. Generously, therefore, he refrained from using it, and prepared to resign himself into their hands, and yielded himself up a prisoner with a dignity that was remarkable for his years.

Dragging him to a glen which intervened between the

two hills, they bound him tightly, and then turned, apparently to make some consultations respecting the manner of his fate. The prospect of death is terrible at every period of life. But to sit, like young Stanley, in horrid uncertainty in regard to the mode in which life was to be extinguished, was a situation to break the boldest spirit; and the unhappy captive could not restrain the tears which flowed from his eyes. This agony of mind continued until the feelings of the youth arose almost to a state of frenzy. He started up, and struggled so violently to become freed from his bonds, that it almost seemed that they should have burst by the force of his strength, as did the withes of Samson. But the cords were of too firm a texture, and, after an unavailing struggle, the boy fell back exhausted.

The Indians were evidently now preparing some torture which would put the sufferer to severe bodily anguish. As Stanley lay and looked on, overcome with his late violent exertions, the scene swam before him. At this instant, he became aware of an interruption to the preparations of the savages, and had just time to recognize the mysterious stranger of the morning, to whom the preservation of his native village was due, and behold him fall upon the enemy, when he became insensible.

## CHAPTER XII.

"Had I gone forth  
From my own land, like the old patriarchs, seeking  
Another region with their flocks and herds;  
Had I been cast out like the Jews from Zion,  
Or, like our fathers, driven by Attila  
From fertile Italy to barren islets,  
I would have given some tears to my late country,  
And many thoughts;

Ah! I saw  
Her beautiful towers in the receding distance,  
While every furrow of the vessel's track  
Seem'd ploughing deep into my heart; you  
Never saw the day go down upon your native spires  
So calmly with its gold and crimson glory,  
And, after dreaming a disturbed vision  
Of them and theirs, awoke and found them not.

You call this weakness!  
It is strength, I say—the parent of all honest feeling.  
He who loves not his country, can love nothing."

TWO FOSCARI.

"Can no rest find me, no private place secure me,  
But still my miseries like bloodhounds haunt me?  
Unfortunate young man, which way now guides thee,  
Guide thee from death? the country's laid around for thee."

WOMEN PLEASED.

"Did I but purpose to embark with thee  
On a smooth surface of a summer sea,  
And would forsake the skiff and make the shore  
When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar!"

PRIOR.

"A hopeless darkness settles o'er my fate—  
I've seen the last look of her heavenly eyes;  
I've heard the last sound of her blessed voice—  
I've seen the fair form my sight depart—  
My doom is closed."

COUNT BASIL.

"I would not change  
My exiled, persecuted husband,  
Oppressed, but not disgraced, overwhelmed,  
Alive or dead, for prince or paladin  
In story or in fable, with a world  
To back his suit."

TWO FOSCARI.

WHEN young Stanley first returned to consciousness, he found himself in a place whose shaded artificial light seemed very grateful to his eyes, aching as they were in sympathy

with his throbbing brain. Without arousing himself sufficiently to consider the nature of his situation further than to know that his limbs were free, and that he was lying upon a comfortable bed, he fell into a heavy and unnatural slumber. During this lethargy, which lasted many hours, sudden starts, the perspiration which stood upon his brow, the distortions of his countenance, and the manner in which he flung about his limbs, showed that, in his dreams, he was again encountering the terrors from which he had escaped. This lasted for several hours; but, at length, fatigue prevailed over nervous excitement, and he relapsed into a soft, untroubled repose.

After some time, he stirred and awoke. On looking round, he found himself in a place surrounded by walls of stone, with an opening on one side, blockaded by a piece of rock, and leaving a single crevice through which a faint ray of daylight fell. The floor and ceiling of earth showed that it was under ground; yet it contained various articles of rude furniture, and the moss bed on which he lay was soft and pliable under his weight. The brands of a falling fire had been carefully raked together in one corner, and were burning with a feeble and wavering flame, which cast faint, flickering shadows upon the dark walls.

Continuing his inspection more closely, the boy saw the figure of an aged man seated upon a stone, bending over the pages of a large Bible, which lay open upon his knee. His brow had a careworn and anxious expression, yet withal an air of calm resignation inexpressibly sublime. His locks were almost completely white, though his dark and intelligent eye still retained much of the fire of early youth, while the hale cheek and undaunted presence indicated patience and content in the greatest suffering that can befall humanity.

Stanley neither spoke nor moved; but remained with his eyes riveted on the attractive countenance before him with

a species of holy awe. As he gazed, the old man arose, kneeled, and poured out the aspirations of a pure spirit in fervent petitions to that Power whose support he evidently needed.

While he was yet praying, a manly form entered at the opening of the cavern. The stranger wore a military cloak. He stood in the shadow until the aged man had ceased and risen, then dropped his cloak and approached the latter, and Stanley knew him for the mysterious deliverer of the village, and the person whom he had seen when he lay bound by the Indians to fall upon them and effect, he felt certain, the preservation he had experienced.

Overcome with surprise, the boy still remained immovable, and the old man addressed the stranger. "Has she not yet arrived? the sun is high—it must be noonday."

"It is reason enough for her detention," replied the other, in a half impatient voice, the tones of which were deep and clear, "that I have gone forth to meet her. All objects that I seek elude my pursuit; there is a curse upon my every pathway."

"Give not way to repinings, my son; turn thine eyes upon the blessings that remain to thee, which far exceed the deserts of the best of men."

"Talk not to me of blessings, my father," replied the other. "If there crawls upon the earth a living being deserving of pity, I am that man."

"He who is immured in a living grave like this," he continued, after an instant's pause, "may well wish for one yet more calm and sequestered. Let us go forth, and challenge the death that awaits us. Hunted by bloodhounds, our fate is doomed. Rather, then, let it come at once than hold us longer in this state of misery."

"William," said the old man, "wouldst thou rashly cast away the boon of life that God has given thee? Canst thou be fated to death simply because the word of a vindictive

king has gone forth against thee? And," he added, while a tear dimmed his eye, "would you leave Alice and your child?"

"William," pursued the aged man, "you forbade me but now to tell you of blessings. But, surely, thou art strangely unthankful for thine—even for the incalculable blessing that thou hast in that noble-minded woman. Hath she not accompanied us hither, and cheered and sustained us with her angel presence?"

"My father, drive me not to frenzy," exclaimed the other. "You have struck the chord which another touch would break. It is the sight of her, dearer to me than life itself—immured in this ghostly hiding-place, and day by day, growing thin and waxing pale, and smiling in the midst of misery, that is more than I can bear. And it is I who have brought this evil upon her. Never were the bright prospects of opening life more cruelly dashed. And can she, frail as she is, much longer sustain the effort by which she has met this stroke of fortune? Will not the reaction, when it comes, be too terrible to be borne? Oh, God, the thought of her is agony!" and he covered his face with his hands.

A female form entered. She advanced into the cave, and throwing off a cloak and hood, Stanley recognized the mysterious Lady of the Rock. For a second she regarded the younger of the two without speaking. "My dearest William," said she, at length, as drawing close to him, she laid her hand in a sympathetic manner on his arm, "why do you yield thus to grief?"

As if her touch and voice were magic, the unhappy exile raised his head to meet her glance. "I grieve for you, my Alice," he replied, after gazing on her anxiously for some moments, and throwing his arm round her passionately, "to see you bereft of all the appliances of comfort, and to behold your noble spirit display its courage in mild submission



and generous efforts to support the hearts of others. How cruel doth the decree of Fate seem that you, so pure, so gentle, so lovely, should be visited thus heavily." Unable to endure his own thoughts, he broke abruptly away from her, and paced heavily up and down the cave.

"My dear husband," she said, approaching him, and looking in his face; "do not think of my lot. Believe me, it would have been but too happy if it could have alleviated the bitterness of yours, or soothed one sorrow of my father's heart. Come hither, my parent, I have news of encouragement for you both. There is reason to trust that our troubles will be but short-lived. Our friends have great confidence in the effect of a personal appeal from me to Charles II. Nay, look not thus distressed, my father; it is for your sakes that I leave those who are dearer to me than life itself. I will present myself at the throne of the king, and petition him for your pardon: and heaven grant that if we meet again on earth, it may be in circumstances of peace and safety."

"Alice, thou shalt not leave us!" exclaimed Heath. "Death were far preferable to life in this gloomy cavern, uncheered by your presence. I will go forth and yield myself up to my pursuers, if thou talkest again of thine absence."

"Nay, William, I shall not leave you in this place. The marriage of Lucy Ellet will occur to-night, and Mr. Elmore has kindly offered you both an asylum in his house until my return, or for the remainder of your lives, should it be necessary. The remote and secluded nature of the spot will withdraw you from the intrusion of impertinent curiosity."

At that instant the voices of men were heard without the cavern, and a fearful suspicion dawned suddenly on the minds of all present.

"Oh, God!" exclaimed young Stanley, starting from his

couch, "your pursuers are seeking you: keep a profound silence, or your voices will betray you."

"Let them find us," said Heath aloud. "I am weary of eluding them, and am glad my hour is arrived."

"William, dear William, be silent," whispered the lady, bending toward him with a look of unspeakable terror, as a deep flush mantled the cheek that a moment back was so pale.

"Alice, I tell you it is useless—"

"Hush, love, for my sake, for your child's sake," urged the lady in his ear, as her countenance became agonized.

The voices without now grew so audible that words could be distinguished. The old man clasped his hands in resignation, and his half-parted lips murmured, "The Lord's will be done!" Alice threw one arm around the neck of her husband, with a gesture of unutterable love, as though she would shield him, and placed the other hand on his mouth, while she trembled in every limb.

"The entrance of their asylum is well hidden," said one of the voices. "It will be a day's work to discover it."

"Let us spend the day at it then," replied the other speaker, in a gruffer and harsher tone. "We will not give up the search until we find it."

And they seemed approaching the mouth of the cavern. A moment of intense and breathless anxiety to the inmates elapsed. Their discovery seemed inevitable. In a few minutes, however, those outside passed on, and after a short time their voices grew fainter and fainter until they were lost in the distance.

"Seize the opportunity of escape ere their return," said Alice, breaking the death-like stillness that had been preserved. "Quick, father! William! the moments fly. Make your way toward the house of Mr. Elmore. I will linger here to baffle the inquiries of your pursuers."

"Come, my son," said the old man, rising with a sudden energy. "The Lord has opened another door of salvation for us. Dost thou hear?"

"Nay, I will not again fly for my wretched life," said Heath. "I will passively await my fate."

"William! William!" exclaimed his wife, in an agony of heartfelt urgency and sweetness, "I pray you, by whatever is dear in our past association together—by all the claims, I will not say of the continued love you but this day professed for me, but by those of an affection on my part which would endure all things for your sake—to use the proper means for your preservation. Depart without delay;" and an expression of unanswerable entreaty beamed in the eye of the suppliant.

"I will do aught that you ask, beloved one, even to the prolonging of my life of wretchedness," rejoined her husband, as he imprinted a kiss on her brow, and drew her with him toward the door of the cave.

"Let me be your guide," said Stanley advancing, and addressing Heath. "It will be some small return for the service you have rendered me."

"I have almost forgotten, in my affliction, to see to you, kind youth. But you have slept long, and appear to be recovered."

"Thanks to you, sir, I am living and well," answered the boy. "But time grows apace. Will you accept my services?"

"Nay, I am acquainted with the whole neighborhood. You will do me a greater favor to remain with this deserted lady, and see her safe in the hands of friends."

With a countenance of perfect calmness, the heroic wife and daughter endeavored to hasten the moment of separation.

"Farewell!" she said, casting her arms around the old man, while a smile was on her lips. "Farewell! we may be parted for years, perhaps forever"—and she made a vio-

lent effort to repress her distress. "Bless me and forgive me, my parent, ere you depart."

"Thou hast, thou hast my blessing, my suffering dove; and for my pardon, how canst thou ask it, who hast never done me an offence since God made me parent to so noble a child? May the Lord be to thee a rock of shelter and a path of deliverance from affliction."

The old man here turned away, and began to descend the hill.

"You must not linger longer, William," said the lady, turning to her husband, who stood with his eyes fixed upon her face. "Farewell! our fortunes look dark, it is true, but mayhap the same bright morning will yet dawn for us. And if not, we are not still denied the glorious hope that, in the darkest moments of separation, clings to humanity—the anticipation of reunion in the future."

"Farewell!" said Heath, folding her in a long embrace to his heart, while his cheek trembled, and a tear dimmed his manly eye. "My beloved wife, farewell!" And drawing his cap over his brow, and tightening the folds of the cloak he had resumed, he broke away, and followed his aged companion.

The lady watched the fugitives until they were out of sight, and Stanley remained by her side silent, judging it best not to disturb her feelings at the moment with any ill-timed remark.

While they stood, he had time to examine the entrance to the cavern, which had eluded his discovery so completely on his former visits to the rock. Nothing could be more concealed than its entrance. The opening, extremely small, lay directly behind a large gray rock, which served at once to conceal it from strangers, and as a mark to point out its situation to those who employed it as a place of retreat. The boy did not marvel when he perceived its secret position, that it had previously been unnoticed by him; for it might

have eluded the attention of those who had stood at its very opening. As he was still engaged in admiring its security, the lady turned and said to him, "Let us return within, till I make the necessary preparation for my departure."

"I leave this spot," said she, as they entered, "endeared by many sad associations, never to return to it again."

"You are likely to leave it in a way you do not imagine," said a man, springing in at the opening. He was speedily followed by another, and both stood within the cave.

Alice turned, at first much startled; but when a moment was past, she prepared herself to receive the intruders with the perfect confidence which a woman never fails to feel in the mildness and reason of a man, however rude. Moreover, having nothing to fear for her husband and father, she found little difficulty in retaining her self-possession, supported by her inherent dignity.

One of them, who was distinguished from his companion by much superiority of mien, lifting his hat respectfully, addressed her: "It is unpleasant to question one of your appearance; but, madam, where are your companions?"

"I am unable to inform you," said Alice, modestly; "yet I must say that in my present situation I could have wished to be spared the pain of confessing my ignorance."

The harsh features of the elder contracted into their sternest look, and it was evident how much he was disturbed by the cool manner of her reply. Alice gazed at his lowering features for a moment in perfect composure, as if she had naught to fear from his intentions.

"Perhaps you can give us the information we desire?" said he, turning to Stanley.

"Like this lady, I must confess my ignorance of their whereabouts, if you allude to Messrs. Lisle and Heath."

"Pardon us, fair lady," replied the young cavalier, "but we will be obliged to search its inmost recesses."

"True, perhaps they are here, and this coolness may be

assumed," said the other: "let us proceed to make a thorough investigation."

"I will vacate the premises for you, gentlemen," said Alice, drawing her arm through Stanley's, and leaving the cave. After which, at a slow pace, they proceeded together toward the village.

## CHAPTER XIII.

"Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear!  
They were born to blush in her shining hair:  
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,  
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth:  
Her place is now by another's side;  
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride!"

MRS. HEMANS.

A CALM and cloudless evening followed the exciting morning which had been experienced in L. The fairest moon of May shone above the ruined meeting-house, which lay in blackened rubbish upon the ground. Her soft light lit up the white dwellings and shrubbery of the village with a holy beauty, until they stood out in bold relief against the surrounding hills, which, in like manner, stood out in similar relief against a sky sparkling with myriads of stars. The herbage sent up its sweetest fragrance, and the air was balmy and delicious.

The laws regulating wedlock in the colonies were suited to the state of society, and it was not usual to celebrate their nuptials in places of public worship.

This was peculiarly fortunate in the case of Lucy Ellet, whose marriage having been fixed for this evening, would have had to be deferred, had it been the expectation to celebrate it in the village meeting-house. The arrangements, however, had been made for the performance of the ceremony in the house of her uncle, and the unpleasant affair of the morning was not permitted to retard a matter of such vitality. Lucy's nerves, too, being of that firm kind which no shock could shatter or disturb beyond the passing moment, there was no necessity for deferring the period.

The hospitalities of her uncle's house were thrown open to the villagers. The best parlor was graced with vases of the freshest spring flowers, and tasteful green branches interwoven with white roses—the whole answering to the idea of a fitting place for a marriage scene.

The gate leading to Governor H.'s house was besieged by vehicles of almost every shape and description. The company had assembled about eight o'clock, and were awaiting the entrance of the bridal train, when their attention was diverted by the appearance of Jessy Ellet, the young sister of the bride, holding by the hand of a lady, who, from the fact that she was a stranger, as well as from something striking in her aspect, elicited an unusual degree of notice. Care, more than time, had made inroads upon a face still exquisitely lovely; and the extreme simplicity of her attire served to adorn the melancholy and touching beauty of her countenance. There was something elevated in the sadness of her expression, as though her hopes lay scarce any longer upon earth, but were removed into a scene where disappointment and sorrow could never come. But withal there was occasionally a lustre in her eye, and a beaming smile upon her lip, that proved her capable of the deepest and strongest earthly attachments.

This was evinced in her manner toward the child, upon whom she frequently bestowed these momentary marks of affection. Retiring to a distant part of the room, it was evident that she sought to escape observation. As she seated herself, and the little Jessy clung to her, and looked up into her face, to make some childish sally, a strange resemblance became perceptible between the two. Upon the brow of each there was the same mild and placid expression; the same azure eyes, and the identical peculiar smile, changing the expression of the whole countenance.

The bustle attending the arrival of the guests had subsided, and the minister stood waiting the entrance of those



upon whom he was to pronounce the nuptial benediction. The door opened, and a group moved slowly forward. Lucy appeared attired in a manner suitable to the simplicity as well as the importance of the ceremony. A dress of simple white concealed by its folds the graceful proportions of her slender form. A few orange blossoms were carelessly entwined in the raven braids of her hair, showing more spotlessly by the contrast.

In a moment, the low solemn tones of the minister were heard. After performing the ceremony, when he came to the closing words, "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder," he lifted his voice as though he were addressing the guests; and when the blessing was pronounced, for a few moments not a sound was heard in the room. The minister advanced first, and congratulated the pair, followed by the guests, who also approached and made their compliments.

The enjoyments of the Puritans were of a very quiet nature, religion being the chief topic of their thoughts, also the principal subject of their conversation.

A tone of cheerfulness, however, prevailed over all, except when an eye occasionally rested on the stranger lady, of whose melancholy look the faintest token of liveliness seemed a mockery. This lady was not introduced to any of the company, but remained throughout the evening in the recess she had first chosen. She kept the hand of the fair child, who seemed fascinated by her presence, and continued riveted to her side. Every kindness and attention was paid her by her hosts. Frequently Governor H. and his wife approached her and conversed; and the bride at one time during the evening remained seated with her more than hour. Several persons made attempts to satisfy the curiosity her presence and appearance excited, by questioning those whom they had seen speaking with her. But they obtained little or no satisfaction. For several days succeeding she continued to

form a subject of much gossip and surmise. Not afterward, however, being seen in L., her existence was soon forgotten.

A table, groaning with every variety of excellent cheer, and in the greatest abundance, was provided. This repast was partaken of at an early hour, and the company returned to their homes.

## CHAPTER XIV.

"I, that please some, try all ; both joy and terror  
Of good and bad ;—that make and unfold error—  
Now take upon me in the name of Time  
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime  
To me or my swift passage that I slide  
O'er sixteen years, and leave the ground untried  
Of that wide gap."

WINTER'S TALE.

THE course of our narrative obliges us to pass over sixteen years ere we again introduce its characters to our readers. To those of them who may happen to have lived nearly twice that period, the interval will not appear long.

Lucy Ellet had removed on the day following her marriage to the house of Henry Elmore, situated about five miles distant from New Haven. It was a cheerful country residence, fitted up with much neatness. Around it lay a perfect wilderness of flower-gardens, amid which a refined taste had caused to be erected little summer-houses, which afforded points of view over the distant bay of New Haven. Attached to these grounds was a large farm, over which Lucy soon learned to preside with much matronly grace and dignity. The house itself had been originally small ; but shortly after the marriage of the owner, it had been enlarged by the addition of a wing at the back part. This was not exactly adjoining the main building, but connected with it by a corridor. With regard to the purpose for which it had been added, nothing was known in the neighborhood with any certainty. Many stories had been circulated concerning its object, and a belief had at length become current that it was haunted by spirits. There were those, indeed, who stated that they

had beheld through the opening of a curtain at the window, a strangely emaciated face, with sunken eyes of an unnatural lustre, and a look that was not of earth.

The mystery that was attached to this portion of the building, and the tales that were circulated in relation to it—together with the former reports that had attached to Lucy Ellet and her young sister—rendered its inmates avoided and unpopular throughout the neighborhood. No distress or mortification, however, seemed to be felt at this circumstance by Henry Elmore and his wife, who showed no disposition for the society of their neighbors, and who no more exchanged visits with any other persons than Governor H. and his wife (who still resided in L.), visits which were mutually given and rendered as often as the distance that intervened between their homes allowed.

Jessy Ellet, now grown to womanhood, resided with her sister. She had retained the exceeding beauty of her childhood, but exhibited what appeared a wildness of character to those who were incapable of understanding the superiority of her nature. There was a life and animation in her gayety, a fascination in her manners and expression, whether of language or countenance, a touchiness also in her purity of thought, which, in conversation with the very few persons with whom she associated intimately, gave her society a charm.

The parlor of Lucy Elmore's house was a neat and comfortable apartment. All its arrangements bespoke the skill of a refined female genius—which genius was, in fact, her tasteful and fastidious sister. It was Jessy who had, on this dark autumn day, caused the sofa to be wheeled out opposite the fire; she it was who had, a few weeks previous, directed the graceful looping of the dimity and silk curtains in the windows. The inventive mind of the same guardian divinity had likewise anticipated the more modern fashion of the centre or sofa-table, and induced her to keep a piece of

furniture of that description constantly replenished with various new specimens of literature and art. The geraniums and other house-plants in the windows owed their flourishing condition to her training hand ; and many other little accessories to the *tout ensemble* of the room, giving it an air of exceeding home elegance and comfort—felt rather than perceived—were the results of her care.

It was the evening. Henry Elmore was in his little study, and his wife had taken a book in her hand, and retired to the mysterious wing of the house where her sister knew she always spent an hour every morning and evening, though for what purpose she had never inquired, perceiving that Lucy desired the object of these visits to be secret.

Jessy was seated alone in the parlor we have described. She had drawn near the table, and, bending over a volume of poetry which lay open before her, one fair hand was engaged in playing with the ringlets of her hair, and the other lay upon the classic page. The fire had given a slight flush to her cheeks, usually, perhaps, a shade too pale, and, as she sat thus, it would have been difficult to imagine a more beautiful object.

A slight knock at the door interrupted her reading, and a young man of polished manners and handsome exterior presented himself. The new-comer was about five-and-twenty, in a military undress, and bearing in his manner and looks a good deal of the martial profession. Notwithstanding the great change which the lapse from youth to manhood makes in his sex, it would not have been difficult for any who had known him in the former period, to trace in the countenance of the visitor the lineaments of his boyhood. There was the same brow, surmounted by its chestnut curls—the latter, it may be, a shade darker and a fold thicker ; there was the same hazel eye, with its peculiarly thoughtful expression, and a lip which had preserved the native frankness of its smile. In short, the person entering was—but,

reader, we will not anticipate Jessy Ellet in calling him by name.

She seemed slightly startled on recognizing him, but rose with a blush and extended her hand.

He advanced and took her offered hand, with more of tenderness than courtesy in his manner, for he held it a moment ere he resigned it.

Some little time had elapsed, in a few commonplace remarks, when the gentleman drew his chair close to Jessy's side. "Miss Ellet," said he, "I have come this evening emboldened to pour into your ear the story of a long and devoted attachment."

"Mr. Stanley," interrupted the lady, blushing deeply, while the small hand which lay upon the edge of the table might have been seen slightly to tremble, "I cannot allow you to place yourself at the disadvantage of uttering anything you might regret, when you become better acquainted with what I must have to reply in regard to any declaration of this kind."

"Do not, I beseech you, Miss Ellet, say aught to dash my dearest earthly hopes. I had flattered myself—"

"I know what you would say," rejoined the young lady, again interrupting him. "You mean that you had hoped—" and she hesitated an instant, "that you were not altogether indifferent to me. But what avails it, whether or no this be the case, when I have that to reveal to you which may make you instantly withdraw your proffered affection!"

"No revelation that you could make would have the power to effect a change in the feelings of one who has known you so well."

"Nay, wait until you hear what I have to tell. Know, then, I am not what I appear."

"Your language is enigmatical," said her lover, looking at her bewildered; "but if it were possible for any human

being to surpass in internal graces the loveliest outside, in that way I can believe that there is truth in your words."

"I thank you for the compliment," said Jessy, smiling in acknowledgment. "But it is not in regard to my personal graces, either external or internal—for I have too much vanity, I assure you, to suppose that there is aught that can be said in disparagement of either—but in regard to my outward position I speak. I pass for the niece of Governor H., and the sister of Lucy Elmore. Now I am confident that I am neither."

"What is it you say?" said her lover, looking at her in astonishment.

"Mr. Stanley," continued she, "do you recollect the melancholy-looking lady who was present at Lucy's wedding?"

"I do," said he, "and can tell you more than you have probably ever known. She was the mysterious Lady of the Rock, and the noble wife of the exiled regicide. I shall never forget her touching beauty, nor the heroic fortitude with which she hastened the flight of her husband and father on the day when their hiding-place in the cave was discovered. But what were you going to say of her?"

"I felt drawn to her by yearnings of a peculiar kind, and a strange sympathy such as I have never known before or since for any human being. Mr. Stanley," she continued, looking at him steadily, "do you see no singular resemblance to me in that strange lady? Methinks I can behold a marvellous likeness."

As she spoke, a curious similarity in the beloved being before him to that unhappy lady, whose image was impressed upon his memory, struck him in the most forcible manner, thrilling him in addition to Jessy's words with the suspicion they suggested.

"She was my mother," continued Miss Ellet. "I know it by an instinct that cannot err. Look, too, how little

coincidence of looks, no less than taste, exists between myself and my uncle's family. Lucy, too, although affectionate and kind, resembles me in nothing. I am a mysterious and lonely being."

"There may be truth in what you surmise," replied Stanley, who had been pondering deeply during her last remarks; "but call not yourself lonely, unless you positively decline the companionship of one who desires no higher pleasure in life than to share it with you."

"You do not shrink from me, then, because I am thus shrouded in mystery."

"Nay," said he, venturing to take her hand, "nothing that could be either surmised or proven in regard to your parentage, could change the feelings or wishes of my heart toward you. Jessy, I sail in a few days for England, to be absent for six months, and would know my fate from you ere I depart."

There was a pause of a few moments of that expressive kind which such an occasion only witnesses, and Stanley gathered from its stillness that he might deem his suit not rejected.

Some time longer passed, in which the lovers remained alone conversing. Their language was of that kind which none but those who have been in the same situation can properly repeat, and which, therefore, the inexperience of the historian prevents being here repeated.

At length Lucy made her appearance, not like one who had been dealing with spirits, but full of cheerful interest in those earthly beings whom she encountered. Time had passed lightly over her, and she looked as young and blooming as on the night of her marriage. The remainder of the evening passed pleasantly. Stanley mentioned his intended visit to England, and the conversation turned, for a while, upon the mother country. The hour for family prayers arrived. Henry Elmore read a chapter of the Old



Testament in a deep, solemn voice, and, all standing up, he prayed fervently.

The house being some miles distant from the town of New Haven, the guest was shown to a room above the parlor.

A cheerful fire burned on the hearth; the bed was curtained and quilted with white, and everything invited comfort and repose. The occupant, however, was too full of his late happy interview to feel inclined to sleep, and he threw himself into a large easy-chair that stood near the fire. He sat there long in a deep reverie. After other reflections more intimately connected with his blissful emotions, his thoughts reverted to the revelation Jessy had made to him of her suspicions in regard to the Lady of the Rock. His own mind had readily received these suspicions until, in reconsidering them, they amounted almost to a certainty. What, then, had become of the lady, and what was the fate of her companions? She had announced in his hearing, in the cavern, her intention of going to England for the purpose of endeavoring to obtain their pardon. But she had never returned, nor had he heard her mentioned since the excitement caused by her appearance at Governor H.'s had subsided. There had been no rumor of the apprehension of the regicides, and it was therefore possible that they still remained hidden. Young Stanley now recalled what he had likewise overheard in the cave, about the exiles having been offered a home with Mr. Elmore. He had been absent prosecuting his studies when the mysterious wing was attached to the dwelling, and, in that way, had missed hearing the reports to which it gave rise, or, it is possible, he might have surmised differently in regard to it from the ordinary conclusion. At his return, the gossip had pretty much subsided into a steady avoidance of the family, so that none of the rumors had ever reached him. It was hardly possible, then, he thought, as he had seen or

heard nothing of the outcasts, that they could be residing with Mr. Elmore. Jessy, too, had never named any such inmates to him; nor this evening, when he had mentioned them in connection with the lady for whom she had expressed such interest, had she evinced a knowledge of their being. They had not, therefore, he concluded, repaired to Mr. Elmore's; whither had they gone?

Casting aside his reflections, after a considerable length of time, Stanley arose from his seat and began to prepare for bed. Walking to a window, he beheld a light in what seemed a house or room opposite. It seemed strange to him that there should be any dwelling situated in this manner in regard to the house he was in—since it was in the country. He was about to persuade himself that it was merely the reflection of his own room, when he saw standing facing him the aged man of the cave. Convinced now that his own imagination was at work, and had conjured up the likeness of one of those who had just occupied his thoughts to so great an extent, he turned away, and hastened to court repose.

## CHAPTER XV.

———"Wrought gems,  
Medallions, rare mosaics, and antiques  
From Italy, the niches filled."

"Thine is the power to give,  
Thine to deny,  
Joy for the hour I live,  
Calmness to die."

WILLIE.

"I am a woman ;  
To me my husband and my children were  
Country and home."

As the object of young Stanley's visit to England has no bearing upon the *dénouement* of this tale, we will not follow his footsteps thither. It is probable, however, that we may meet with him on his return, for we, too, although not in company with him, are about to cross the Atlantic, and bear our reader along with us.

It is known that when Alice Heath sailed for England she had strong hopes, from obtaining an interview with Charles II., that she might succeed, by her persuasions, in procuring the pardon of her husband and father. These hopes, however, were by no means so strong as she had given the outcasts reason to believe ; for it had been clearly represented to her how difficult she might find it, owing to his bitterness against the murderers of his father. Yet there were those who advised her to the step, on the ground that her chance of success, although, indeed, thus slender, was by no means entirely void. And, on this bare possibility, the heroic wife and daughter had torn herself from the exiles, braved the perils of the ocean alone, and again set foot on her native land.

So far, at first, from her obtaining the desired interview with Charles, his minions had seized upon Alice as a hostage for the escaped prisoners, and thrown her into strict confinement. Here she lingered during the sixteen years of which our narrative takes no account. We have said that that length of time may pass, figuratively speaking, to many, as rapidly as the short turning of a leaf in our volume. But to her who was thus imprisoned, how wearily must it have waned! Separated from those to whom she deemed her presence so necessary—with no means of communicating to them the fatal termination of her projected journey of hope, how interminable must it have appeared. Then it was, for the first time in her distresses, that the noble spirit of Alice Heath sunk. Prevented from acting for those whom she loved, successive days presented to her no object in life, and scarce the faint hope of escape from her imprisonment at any future period.

At length, however, at the time we again recur to her, she had succeeded in gaining the ear of one who stood high in the favor of the king. Through his influence she had been released, and was this day to have an audience with Charles in behalf of her proscribed relatives.

As Alice rode through London, the lofty houses, the stately streets, the walks crowded with busy citizens of every description, passing and repassing with faces of careful importance or eager bustle, combined to form a picture of wealth, bustle, and splendor to which she had long been a stranger. Whitehall at last received her, and she passed under one of the beautiful gates of tessellated brickwork.

Noonday was long past when Alice entered the palace, and the usual hour of the King's levee—if anything could be termed usual where there was much irregularity—was over. The hall and staircases were filled with lackeys and footmen in the most expensive liveries, and the interior apartments

with gentlemen and pages of the household of Charles, elegantly arrayed.

Alice, beckoning a page to her, handed him a passport from the Duke of Buckingham. On glancing his eye over it, he requested her to follow him. He led her some distance, through various passages, elegantly carpeted, and paused before a small withdrawing-room. Throwing open the door, he desired her to enter. The apartment was hung with the finest tapestry, representing classic scenes, and carpeted so thick that the heaviest tread could scarcely be heard. Stools and cushions were disposed here and there about the floor, and elegant sofas and couches were placed against the walls. Statues of bronze, intended to light the apartment by evening, were placed in various niches. A large glass door opened into a paved court heated by artificial means. In this court a number of spaniels were playing, and numerous birds, of different species, seemed to be domesticated there.

Upon this day, the King held his court in Queen Catharine's apartments. These were thrown open at a given hour to invited persons of something less than the highest rank, though the nobility had likewise the privilege of being present.

This circumstance it was that had chiefly gained him the popularity which he possessed, and that, in fact, enabled him to retain the throne. All who could advance the slightest claims to approach his circle, were readily admitted; and every formality was banished from a society in which mingled some of the most humorous and witty courtiers that ever dangled around a monarch. The dignity of the King's bearing, withal, secured him against impertinent intrusion, and his own admirable wit formed a sure protection against the sallies of others.

On the present day, Charles seemed peculiarly alive to sensations of enjoyment from the scene before him. Ar-

rangements for prosecuting all the frivolous amusements of the day were prepared by the gay monarch. A band of musicians was provided, selected by his own taste, which, in every species of art, was of the nicest and most critical kind. Tables were set for the accommodation of gamesters. From one to the other of these, the King glided, exchanging a jest, or a bet, or a smile, as the occasion suggested it.

While he was thus occupied, the page who had conducted Alice into the withdrawing-room, suddenly entered. He spoke a few words to an attendant upon the court, who immediately approached and informed his majesty that a lady, refusing to announce her name, desired to be admitted into the presence.

"By what right, then, does she claim to enter?" demanded the Queen, hastily.

"She used the name of the Duke of Buckingham," replied the usher.

"Who can she be?" said a nobleman present.

"In the name of adventure, let us admit her," said the King.

"Does your majesty desire the lady to be admitted?" inquired the attendant.

"Certainly; but no, I will see her in the ante-room." So saying, he left the apartment.

Alice had sat some moments on one of the sofas we have mentioned, when a person entered, whose appearance caused her heart to beat rapidly, as if conscious that he was the individual with whom she sought an interview. He whom she beheld was apparently past thirty years of age. His features were strongly marked, but an air of dignified good humor presided over his countenance.

Alice, conscious of the deep die which hung upon the issue of this meeting, grew paler than even imprisonment and sorrow had left her, and her heart palpitated with such energy that it seemed as if it must burst its prison-house.

She rose as the King approached, and fell upon her knees. As we have said, there was not the faintest shade of vital color to enliven her countenance, and the deep black garb in which she was clad, as accordant with her feelings and suitable to her distressed condition, increased the effect of this unearthly pallor. She was still beautiful, despite of care and time, and the angel-like expression of purity had deepened upon her features.

Charles, ever alive to the charms of her sex, paused, much struck at the interesting picture she presented. Advancing, after he had gazed on her for an instant, he bade her rise and be seated.

Her glance was one rather of uncertainty and hesitation, than of bashfulness or timidity, as she still knelt and said, "I behold His Majesty, the King of England, I presume?"

"It is Charles Stuart, madam, who requests you again to seat yourself," said the King.

"The posture I employ is the most fitting for one who comes to ask a boon such as I have to solicit. I am the daughter and wife of certain of thy unhappy father's enemies."

"The King's countenance instantly changed. "Ah!" said he, "her whose release I have recently granted?"

"The same," replied Alice, "and I come now on behalf of my husband and father to beg you to extend your clemency to them."

"Madam," said Charles, "you have at length obtained your own pardon, and methinks that is already a sufficient act of generosity, when I might have held you still as a hostage for the escaped prisoners."

"If you entertained any hope from that circumstance," rejoined Alice, "that those whom you pursue would ever deliver themselves up for my redemption, believe me, they were idle; for I had taken care to prevent the knowledge of my situation ever coming to their ears. And except for

some such a hope, I can hardly think you would desire longer to confine an innocent female."

"Your own release is freely granted," said Charles; "and I grieve, now that I behold you, that it should have been thus long delayed."

"My release is something, it is true," said Alice, "since it will permit my return to those unhappy beings for whom I plead. But will you not add to this act of generosity one still more noble, and let me bear to them the news of their pardon."

"It grieves me to refuse you," answered Charles. "But your father was one of the most implacable judges in that parricidal court that condemned Charles I. to death."

At these words Alice leaned back against the wall of the apartment for support, her countenance becoming not paler than before, for that was impossible, but convulsed with the effort to repress her emotion.

"Hear me," said she at length, after a violent struggle. "I have one plea to urge in behalf of my request, and if it fails of success, I will depart in despair."

"Say on, madam," answered the King; "your plea must, indeed, be powerful, since you are about to advance it with so much fervor and confidence."

"It is in the confidence of small desert, my lord. But I will proceed at once to offer it. This is not," she continued, "the first time that I have come to beg the boon of a human life within these walls—a life not endeared to me by personal ties as are those for whom I now implore your forgiveness. Unprompted by any motives of self-interest, but urged merely by feelings of compassion, such as I would fain excite this moment in your bosom, I came hither to beg the life of your father, my liege, the late unhappy king."

Charles looked much astonished.

"I came hither, my lord," pursued Alice, "on the night preceding that unfortunate day which I will not pain you



by naming, to solicit the influence of the only man in England who could have interposed to save the life of the late Charles Stuart. My efforts, alas! I need not say, were but too unavailing. But, by those efforts, all fruitless though they were, I urge your pardon of the offenders for whose dear sakes I am here a suppliant. Let the loyalty of the wife and daughter atone in this instance for the disloyalty of the husband and father; and let this act of noble forgiveness distinguish your reign."

The King's eye had moistened while she spoke, and an exceeding softness came over his mood. It is known that he was peculiarly alive to gentle and generous impressions. "Your appeal," said he, "is——"

"Not fruitless, I trust," interrupted Alice, who had beheld with joy the effect of her words upon his countenance.

"Far otherwise," replied Charles; "but ask not your demand as a boon at my hands; urge it as a debt of gratitude due from a son to one who would have saved the life of his parent."

"Call it what you will, my lord, but grant my request."

"Rise, madam," said Charles; "my debt to you shall be cancelled—your husband and father are pardoned."

Alice pressed the hand with grateful warmth, and raised it to her lips. "May the Lord reward you for the blest and healing words you have uttered," said she. "No thanks my tongue can speak may suitably express my acknowledgments for what you have done. You have yourself, my liege, known what it is to be hunted down by those who would have deprived you of life. And when you first learned that you might again hold your existence without fear, the thrill of happiness you must have experienced may be named as a fair parallel with that you now confer on those two outcasts whose lives and liberty hung upon your word. But there is no criterion by which one of your sex may judge of the blessing bestowed upon a wife in restoring the life and

freedom of her husband. May God repay you for the joy you have conferred upon my heart."

"I am already repaid in your gratitude," said the King. "Besides, let me not forget that I am only returning an obligation."

"I little dreamed," rejoined Alice, "when I made an effort on account of the late King, that the time would ever arrive when I should urge it to your majesty as an obligation on your part. It was a simple act of compassion, and some instinctive feelings of loyalty toward my unhappy sovereign. But I find I did not misjudge his son when I thought to found on it some claims to his mercy and generosity."

"The circumstance affords an illustration of the truth, that deeds of kindness sooner or later meet their reward even in this life."

"May you live then to reap your recompense for that you have but now performed," said Alice, terminating the interview, and turning to depart.

The king accompanied her in person to the outer door of the palace, and a page conducted her to the gate, where a carriage was in waiting.

## CHAPTER XVI.

"Adieu, oh fatherland ! I see  
Your white cliffs on the horizon's rim,  
And though to freer skies I flee,  
My heart swells, and my eyes are dim !"

WILLIS.

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,  
Our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free,  
Far as the breeze can bear the billows foam,  
Survey our empire and behold our home.  
These are our realms, no limits to their sway,  
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey."

BYRON.

A NEAT, tight-built brig was preparing to sail from London. On her deck might have been seen all the confusion usually attendant upon the departure of a vessel from port. Men hurrying to and fro with baggage—sailors hauling the ropes, and climbing the ladders, and fastening the boats to the side—passengers getting on board, and friends accompanying them for the sake of remaining with them till the last moment—and the voices of all resounding in the air.

Among the passengers, two persons might have been particularly noticed. One was an exceedingly delicate and lovely-looking woman, apparently about the meridian of life. She was clad in black, and as she threw aside her veil to ascend the plank leading to the vessel, she discovered a face of such exquisite beauty, and an expression of such elevated purity, that all who caught a passing glimpse of her lineaments, turned to examine them more closely. She was alone, and borrowed the arm of a sailor to walk the plank, ascending it with a firm and dignified tread. As soon as she touched the vessel's deck, she put a small piece of money

into the hand of her companion, drew her veil again tightly over her face, and immediately sought the cabin.

The other was a young man of handsome exterior, who boarded the brig just after the lady we have described had disappeared below. Walking toward the stern of the vessel he leaned over the side. He remained thus for some time, apparently absorbed in a pleasing revery, and heedless of the bustle and confusion by which he was surrounded. At length he drew from his pocket a letter, evidently written in a delicate female hand, and read it with much interest—seemingly pondering upon every line of it with that lengthened perusal which a man bestows only upon the epistolary communications of the woman of his love.

Finally the preparations were ended. A bell rang, and those persons who intended to remain in England left the vessel. Slowly she got under way, and the breeze soon bore her out of sight of the harbor.

A voyage at sea is monotonous in the extreme; the only incident that can occur to give it positive variety being either a wreck or a capture—that variety is a thing to be dreaded, not desired.

Six weeks passed away. The brig being bound for New Haven, had arrived within a hundred knots of Block Island on a certain afternoon, when the attention of the captain was attracted by the sight of a sail.

Immediately men were sent aloft to spy the approaching stranger.

"It is plainly visible," said the captain, after a long and anxious search with the glass, to the young passenger we have described, who was standing by his side.

The person addressed raised his own glass and swept the water in the direction named. After one or two unsuccessful trials, his eye caught the object.

"What do you make of it?" he asked.

"Unless I am greatly deceived, sir, there is a full-rigged vessel under sail approaching us."

The young man was silent for a few moments. He cast a cautious glance over the crew, who were anxiously regarding the approaching vessel, that was gradually becoming more and more distinct, and at length could be seen with the naked eye.

"A fine vessel," said the passenger, addressing the captain. "I should take her to be Spanish built."

"It is quite an unusual thing to see a Spanish vessel in these parts," replied the captain, lifting his glass again. "She shows no colors," added he, as he looked through it; "I cannot make out what country she is."

At that instant, without hoisting colors or hailing, two shots were discharged from the sloop, one of which glanced across the bows of the brig, and ran dipping into the water, while the other went through her sail.

The captain replied by hailing the sloop through a speaking trumpet, and demanding what she was, and wherefore she was guilty of this unprovoked hostility.

The only answer he received was the command, in a stern voice, "Down with your sails, and we will presently show you who we are."

It was evident now that the brig was assailed by pirates, and the captain knowing that the command to lay-to would be immediately followed by a broadside if he refused, and, being totally unarmed, perceived that there remained no choice to him between flight and instant surrender. The one, he knew, would be impossible, from the rapid advances which the sloop had already made upon them, though the other was still less consonant with his inclinations.

The order was therefore given to clear the deck for the reception of the pirates. Whatever might have been the private feelings of the captain, when the character and force of his enemy were clearly established, he betrayed no signs

of indecision from the time when his resolution appeared to be taken. He issued the further requisite commands from the spot where he first stood, in perfect calmness, and with that distinctness and readiness so important to one in his position.

A boat was at once lowered by the sloop and filled with armed hands, which rowed to take possession of their prize.

"Perhaps you might pacify them by fair words," said the young man, as he still stood by the captain's side. c

"There is no hope of that."

"Is there not a lady below?"

"There is," answered the captain. "I had forgotten her until this moment."

"I will see to her," replied the other, and turning away, he quickly disappeared below. He had known that there was a female on board; but, as she had throughout the passage kept the cabin and taken all her meals in private, he had not yet seen her.

When he entered, she was seated at a table in the centre of the cabin. An elbow rested on it, and one fair hand supported a brow that was thoughtful even beyond the usual character of its expression.

He felt the blood rush to his heart, for he fancied the beautiful and pensive countenance before him was familiar. He stood uncertain, when the hand was removed from her face, and, raising her head, she perceived that she was no longer alone. Their eyes met, and each started with a mutual glance of recognition. In her he beheld the wife and daughter of the regicides; and she, in turn, had little difficulty in tracing in his features, now matured to manhood, those of the youth who had borne the basket of provisions to and fro, and who had spent a night in the cave. In a word, Alice Heath and Frank Stanley had met.

If Stanley had before felt for the lady's situation on board of a captured vessel, merely from the compassionate feelings

due to her sex, with how much more sympathy did he regard her now. After his interview with Jessie Ellet, on the night before his departure for England, with suspicions aroused in his mind that she whom he beheld might be the mother of that object of his affections, how painful, too, to him must have been the thought that the worst fears her mind might have suggested would probably be realized.

"I fear I can do little to quiet your apprehensions, madam. I have before had occasion to witness your strength of mind and courage, and, all things considered, I deem it best to prepare you for the worst. The ship is attacked by pirates, and being unprepared for defence, has been obliged to surrender. I will remain with you, and protect you as far as I am able."

Alice received the awful information with calmness.

Meanwhile, Stanley had scarcely left the deck ere the boat drew alongside, and a number of men jumped on board. One of them, who was evidently the commander, approached the captain, and claimed the brig.

"You intend to capture us," said the captain. "Be it so, then : but use civility toward the lady passenger in the cabin."

"Civility to the lady passenger !" echoed the pirate commander ; "when are we otherwise than civil to the women ? Where is this Dulcinea ? We would see her, for she may be the flower of our prize."

So saying, he turned on his heel and descended to the cabin. The captain of the captured brig followed, hoping that his presence might in some measure serve to protect the lady.

"A beautiful woman !" exclaimed the pirate, as he entered. "And with a look of sorrow, too, enough to soften the heart of a stone. Come," added he, "most fair and lovely queen of affliction, let me sympathize with you."

The lady drew her veil closely over her face, and with

much offended dignity endeavored to extricate herself from his grasp.

"Let go of her, sir!" exclaimed Stanley, in a tone of anger.

"Why should I let her go; and by what right do you interfere in her behalf?" replied the pirate, turning roughly upon the speaker.

"Because I command you, sir, and because I will protect her with my life."

"*You* command me, indeed!" sneered the pirate. "Come," he continued, addressing the lady, "cast aside this muffing: you have a face, from the glimpse I caught just now, that can bear to be uncovered with the best."

Suiting the action to the word, the ruffian had torn off Alice's veil, when Stanley interposed, and struck him a blow which sent him reeling to the farthest end of the cabin. He fell heavily against the brass railing of the stairway, and lay completely stunned. It was evident that his head had come in contact with the metal in his fall, for the blood streamed from it copiously. The noise brought the other pirates into the cabin. Seeing their commander in the plight we have described, they raised him and placed him on a berth.

Demanding next an explanation from Stanley and the captain of the brig, they seized upon them both and bore them on deck, where they were placed under a guard, and threatened, if they were guilty of another aggression, with instant death.

Whilst the incidents above related were occurring, the brig had been got under way again, by her captors, and was moving on in the wake of the sloop, which had changed its course, and was putting towards land in a north-easterly direction.



## CHAPTER XVII.

"Fear was within the tossing bark  
When stormy winds grew loud,  
And waves came rolling high and dark,  
And the tall mast was bowed.

"The breaking waves dashed high  
On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods, against a stormy sky,  
Their giant branches tost."

MRS. HEMANS.

ABOUT twenty-four hours after the capture of the brig, related in the last chapter, every evidence of a violent storm was abroad. These indications were speedily followed by heavy rain.

Two weeks previous to this storm, an aged colonist from Hew Haven, had arrived with his son at the island on which Newport now stands. The advantages of that situation for sea-bathing, at this day so thoroughly known and tested, had even at that early period been discovered, and the season being spring, their object was to make arrangements for putting up a rude bathing-house for the accommodation of invalids.

During the storm described, the pair had remained for shelter on board their schooner; which, anchored as she was, had hard work to live through the anger of the elements. At length, however, after four or five hours, their rage began to abate; the wind gradually blew less and less wildly; the clouds commenced to disperse, and the shower to fall more quietly. Finally, the sun broke through his shroud of darkness, a pleasant calm succeeded, and the only rain-drops perceptible were those which clung to the

dripping masts and sides of the schooner, and the rocks and shrubbery on the island.

As the old man and his son looked around them, the sea swelled and heaved with the agitation of the recent storm, the effects of which upon the waves had been too violent to subside for many hours.

All at once, the young man started and exclaimed, "God in Heaven! father, there is a vessel drifting upon the opposite strand."

The old man perceived an object among the tide. He took his spyglass and looked through it. "She is dismasted," he said; "nothing but her hull is left upon the water."

"And drifting against the breakers," cried his son, in horror, "without the slightest means of weathering the point!"

"She makes no attempt," replied the other, "she must be deserted by her crew."

"No open boat could have existed through such a storm as is just past; all must have perished."

"Most probably," answered the old man, with the mild composure of his years.

The hulk was now in the midst of the current, and drifting rapidly toward the strand. Their sight of it, however, was still indistinct, though from the black speck it had at first appeared, it grew a visible object. At length they could perceive that it was a freight or passenger vessel, unfitted for defence, for there were no port-holes discernible. She had evidently been dismasted in the storm, and lay upon the waves, at the mercy of their violence. The crew, finding themselves unable to guide her, had taken to their boats and left the ship to her fate.

There was nothing then to fear for human life in the end to which she was fast approaching; yet the old man and his son could scarcely behold her without a feeling of apprehension, about to fall a prey to the waves. As she ad-

vanced, she grew larger and larger. At length, as she surmounted the summit of one mountainous billow, her whole bulk was discernible. And when that wave retired, she had ceased her existence, and the receding ocean carried back merely her shattered remains, in the form of planks and beams, to return again by the next wave, and again be precipitated to a distance.

At this instant he perceived a plank floating toward the land, to which were fastened two human beings.

"It has grounded in a place so shallow as almost to be dry; those persons live and may yet be saved!" was the exclamation of the youth, as he jumped from the deck of the schooner, and began to make his way at an incredibly rapid pace towards the wreck.

"My son, return; your attempt is rashness; nay, it is death."

But the young man was out of hearing. In ten minutes he stood upon the cliff which overlooked the spot he sought. He began to descend. His progress was several times impeded by the falling of huge stones, to which he was about to intrust his weight. But a courageous heart and a firm tread bore him safely to the foot of the precipice.

He was now upon the shallow portion of a small shelf, which projected out a little distance into the sea, composed of gravel and stones. Upon this a few pieces of the wreck had grounded. He eagerly sought among these the objects that had brought him on his perilous errand. He soon discovered them. One of them, a delicate female, her wet clothing hanging in heavy folds upon her form, and herself tied by a handkerchief round her waist to a plank, being placed with her face uppermost. The other was that of a man, lying by her side in a reversed position, with his left arm thrown over his companion, as if to keep her more securely in her place, and his right clinging round the plank, with the tight convulsive grasp with which he had taken hold upon it. In both these persons sense and the power

of motion were gone. The plank on which they lay, not being thoroughly grounded upon the beach, but floating still in part upon the sea, was liable every moment to be washed away, to return no more.

Just as the youth who had come in the hope of being their preserver, had discovered them, he saw a billow approaching, and hastened to interpose his efforts before it reached them, lest, in receding, it might bear away the sufferers.

It was not without a severe struggle on his part, that he as well as his lifeless companions were not swept off by the wave, which proved even stronger in its might than he had anticipated. He succeeded, however, in retaining his position; and, before the return of another, by a violent exertion of strength, he dragged upon the small strip of dry sand, the plank as well as those attached to it.

He next asked himself, how he should remove the unhappy sufferers to his father's vessel, and obtain the means of recalling their ebbing life and prostrated strength. He looked toward the cliff and shouted for assistance, but he was answered only by the roaring waves. He turned his eyes again on those who were before him. The lady, as she lay with her face uppermost, was a sight more beautiful in the eyes of the rough youth who gazed upon her, than he had ever deemed were the angels in Heaven. She was at the middle age of life, but still interesting and lovely in appearance. Her garments were black, and contrasted strangely with the pearl-like whiteness of her skin. The face of her companion being downward, his features were not visible; but chestnut curls clustered over the back of his head, and his whole appearance gave promise of a pleasing physiognomy beneath.

Bending over them, their preserver discovered that they both still breathed, but so feebly, that the respiration of each was scarcely perceptible. Of the lady especially, life seemed to have so slight a hold, that there was much ground to fear

that, unless it were at once reinforced, it would shortly become extinct.

At this moment, his father crept cautiously along the beach. Anxious for his son, as well as wishing to assist him in his hazardous enterprise of mercy, if, in fact, he had not lost his life in the perilous path he had taken, the old man had reached him at length by a circuitous and less dangerous descent.

He uttered an exclamation of thanks on beholding him uninjured. Then, after a moment's consultation, the father untied the handkerchief which bound the female to the plank, and lifting the insensible and fragile form in his arms with much care, he set out with rapid steps by the same path he had come.

His son had more difficulty in raising the body of her companion. But by one of those superhuman efforts of strength which great emergencies are known to inspire, he at length succeeded, and with labored breath followed after his father, as rapidly as the heavy weight of his burden would allow.

It was about twelve minutes after the old man, that the youth reached the schooner. The lady, by this time, under the vigorous exertions of his father, had revived so far as to open her eyes and sigh heavily.

Both the men, therefore, deemed it best to devote themselves to the other sufferer. He, too, though not so readily as his companion, owing to his face having lain downward, and his respiration having been thus impeded, at length gave signs of returning life.

Reader, we will not stay to behold their complete restoration to consciousness. We leave you to imagine the circumstance. Doubtless you have anticipated us in the information, that in them you behold Alice Heath and Frank Stanley, both of whom the storm had been the means of delivering unharmed from the hands of the pirates.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

"Oh, is it not a noble thing to die  
 As does the Christian, with his armor on?—  
 What is the hero's clarion, though its blast  
 Ring with the mastery of the world, to this?  
 What are the searching victories of mind—  
 The lore of banished ages?—What are all  
 The trumpetings of proud humanity  
 To the short history of him who made  
 His sepulchre beside the King of kings?"

WILLIS.

HENRY ELMORE and his wife had been suddenly called to New Haven, in consequence of the receipt of a brief letter. By the same messenger, a letter had also come to Jessy Ellet, from her lover, informing her of his arrival in Connecticut, and giving some account of the capture of the vessel in which he had sailed, and of the shipwreck, with the details of his escape from which the reader is already acquainted. He also hinted at some tidings which would make her heart leap for joy; but added that, as he expected to have the bliss of meeting her before twenty-four hours from the time of his writing, he would defer his intelligence until then.

As Jessy sat alone, after having seen her sister and brother depart for New Haven, counting the hours until their return and her lover's arrival (for she supposed they would come in company), her thoughts and feelings were of that agitated kind natural to her situation, in expecting to meet so soon the object to whom her affections were plighted, after his absence for months in a distant land.

That part of the letter she had just received which spoke of joyful intelligence awaiting her, increased the pleasurable

disturbance of her mind. To what could it refer if not to the subject upon which she had opened her heart on the night when he had declared his love for her? Some clue, she deemed, he must have obtained to the truth of her surmises, and to the continued existence of that sadly beautiful lady, for whom she had so strangely felt the instinctive yearnings of a daughter's affection. Filled with all that expectancy to which this conviction gave rise, in addition to that which the announced arrival of her lover was calculated to produce, she had drawn her chair into the corridor at the back of the house, to enjoy the spring breeze, and muse at her pleasure.

As she sat thus, she was startled by the sound of a deep groan, issuing from the door opening upon the wing of the house to which the corridor led. Much surprised, and inclined to think that her imagination had deceived her, and that, in the occupation of her mind, she had mistaken some ordinary sound, and fancied it that manifestation of distress which she deemed she had heard, she aroused herself completely from her reflections, and listened breathlessly to hear whether or not it should be repeated. In a few minutes it was audible again. This time it was impossible that she could be mistaken; it was a groan of human agony which she had heard. She rose instantly, and approached the door from whence it came. She had never before sought entrance here, having always supposed the place sacred to her sister's devotions, and containing no possible attractions which should lead her to visit it.

Hastily she glanced her eye along the door in quest of a handle or latch to assist her in opening it; but it contained none. She then pushed it, in hopes that it might give way to her pressure. It was firmly secured, however, and resisted all her attempts. At length, she was about to desist in despair, when another groan, deeper and more heart-rending than those she had heard previously, caused her to make

one more effort. She exerted her utmost strength, and, in doing so, her hand accidentally touched upon a secret spring, and the door suddenly gave way. She found herself at the foot of a low flight of steps, up which she quickly ascended.

Jessy Ellet here encountered another door, which stood ajar. She heard within the sound of a heavy tread, and, filled with astonishment, hesitated whether to advance or retreat. Again a moan of distress fell upon her ear. Stimulated by feelings of kindness and compassion, no less than of intense curiosity, she proceeded, and stood within a neat though humble apartment. It was carpeted, and otherwise comfortably furnished. A table, strewn with prints and newspapers, was placed in the centre of the room. A low fire burned on the hearth, notwithstanding the lateness of the season, and a couch was drawn near it, beside which was placed a stand covered with phials, and a bowl, containing nourishment for an invalid.

Upon this couch lay the form of a person covered with a cloak. Jessy's quick glance rested here, and, at that moment, another of the sounds of pain, such as she had heard, issued from beneath the folds of the mantle. Instantly approaching, she turned down the cloak, and beheld the face of the dying person lying beneath it. It was that of an aged man, whose features were wan and worn. His eyes were closed, and through the midst of the traces of pain which rested upon his countenance, might have been discerned the calm beauty of holiness, and the placid smile of one whose hopes were placed in heaven.

As Jessy stood, she became conscious, by a slight movement behind her, that there was still another inmate of the apartment. Turning, she beheld standing near a form of manly grace and dignity. As she did so, the countenance of the person whom she viewed underwent an entire change, and he regarded her with a fixed and painful earnestness,



while a flush that overspread his fine features evinced no little emotion.

"Excuse my intrusion," said Jessy, addressing him modestly, and with embarrassment. "I heard a sound of distress, and came hither to learn whence it proceeded."

At the tones of her voice, the invalid, with another groan, stirred, as if about to awake. It seemed as though there had been some magic in her notes to arouse him, for his sleep had been deep, and she had spoken but in a low key.

"I heard the voice of my Alice, did I not?" said he, faintly.

Opening his eyes, he beheld Jessy standing by his side. "The Lord's blessing be upon thee, Alice," he murmured, endeavoring to stretch out his withered and feeble hand toward her. "I knew thou hadst not utterly forsaken us. See, William, she has returned; the Lord is still merciful to us. Mine eyes have beheld her once more, and I have now no other wish than to close them again and die."

Jessy, supposing his words caused by the delirium of illness, gently took the faded hand he tried to offer, and he continued: "Years have passed over thee, my daughter. Thou lookest scarce older or less fair than when thou wert wont to trip about thy father's halls ere trouble visited us. Time has not dealt so lightly with thy husband and myself. See how thine absence has wasted me, until I am dying to-day. Alice, thou must have been happier than we have been during thy separation."

Surprised at these words, Jessy turned toward the other stranger.

"He mistakes me for another," said she.

"Well might I too believe that thou art she," replied the person addressed, regarding her fixedly in an absent manner, and speaking as if to himself. "Maiden," said he, suddenly

shaking off for a moment his waking dream, and advancing a step nearer to her, "by what name do they call thee?"

"I am known as Jessy Ellet, sir," she replied, modestly. "Whom do I so much resemble?"

The person spoken to did not apparently hear the query. His whole senses seemed absorbed in the one sense of sight; and he continued to gaze upon her until, in spite of all his efforts at self-control, he seemed almost completely overcome by some feelings of extraordinary emotion.

Jessy looked in surprise at his working features for a moment, and she felt her nature melt in a flow of generous sympathy toward him, as she tremulously and apprehensively repeated her question.

"Whom dost thou resemble?" he said at length. "Thine own mother, my daughter—my wife, and the child of that dying man. Behold your father and grandfather in the unhappy beings before you. Come, my child, to this long forsaken bosom." And he stretched out his arms to receive her.

There was a moment's doubt on the part of Jessy; but a mysterious instinct convinced her of the truth of the words she had heard, and the next moment her arms were about the neck of the stranger, and her voice was uttering, through sobs and tears, the endearing name of father.

After a while, gently disengaging herself from his embrace, she knelt down by the side of the aged sufferer, and bathed his feeble hands with her tears. The old man seemed to have no part in the recognition which had taken place; his imagination mistook the gentle creature before him for the lost child of his memory.

He appeared now to be sinking rapidly, and as the father and daughter sat with full hearts in the consciousness of being thus united, and listened to his labored respirations, the sound of approaching carriage-wheels slightly shook the house. It ceased, and a vehicle stopped at the door. A

few moments more, and a creaking was heard upon the stairs. Presently after, a step fell upon the floor of the room, and a female figure softly advanced. The father and daughter started simultaneously, and rushed toward her. In a moment the arms of both were around her, and the heroic Alice Heath was at length restored to her husband and child.

We should attempt in vain to describe the scene that followed. From the state of torpor produced by approaching death, the old man was suddenly awakened to all the pleasure of an actual reunion with her most dear to him on earth. With hands upraised, and on her bended knees beside his couch of death, Alice thanked God, in all the fervor of true piety, that she had returned in time to shed a ray of comfort upon the departing spirit of her aged father. She rose to be clasped again in the arms of him to whom she had pledged her virgin faith, and was bound by the holiest of earthly ties, or to meet the embrace of the daughter toward whom her soul had yearned so long in absence with all a mother's tenderness. Love and affection, the first elements of her nature, and her great sustaining principles through all her trials here, found ample exercise in the full fruition of joy.

We will not linger on the scene. Pass we on then to the conclusion of our story.

## CHAPTER XIX.

"A martyr's ashes now lie there, which makes  
It a shrine. I loved *him*—how I loved him.  
I have seen him pass through such an ordeal,  
As the old martyrs would have shrunk from.  
He is gone, and I, who would have given my blood  
For him, have naught to give but tears."

"To sum the whole—the close of all."

DEAN SWIFT.

"What is writ, is writ,  
Would it were worthier!"

THE morning of the next day dawned on few who had pressed their customary couches in the house of Henry Elmore, for the aged sufferer, on the night that intervened, had breathed his last beneath its roof. The body, extended on the bed, exhibited, even in death, that mildness and serenity of expression that had characterized his face during the latter portion of his life.

Sorrow could scarcely grieve that one who had outlived the full term of years allotted to man, and drank so deeply of earth's cup of trial, should, at last, in a moment of un-hoped-for joy to cheer his exit from life, have finally departed; and Alice felt, as she kissed his cold brow, ere the coffin-lid had closed upon it forever, that her deepest feelings of filial affection could not inspire the wish within her to recall his departed spirit. Tears, many and heavy, it is true, were shed over him, but they fell rather for the sorrows he had passed, than because he was thus summoned in the fulness of time, to a world where sorrow could never come.

He was followed to the grave not only by his relations, but by Henry Elmore and his wife, whose feelings on the

occasion were scarcely less deep than their own. In them the deceased, as well as his unhappy companion, had found true and sympathizing friends; and to their unremitting care and attention it was that they had not both sunk, long ere the return of Alice, into the same grave to which the one had now finally departed. Governor H. and his excellent lady likewise attended the funeral with much sympathy, and returned afterward to the house of their niece, to rejoice with Alice on her return, and congratulate her husband on the pardon of which she had been the bearer.

An interesting scene ensued, in which Jessy wept upon the necks of those generous friends, and returned her thanks to them for having so long sought to shield her from the misfortunes of her family. Between Lucy and herself a still more affecting embrace followed. The former, through the strict secrecy of her uncle and aunt, had never suspected that the tender name of sister by which she had known Jessy, was only assumed. But though she received the intelligence in some sorrow, it was scarcely of a heart-felt kind; for both had a consciousness that it was in the name alone that a change could take place, and that in feeling and affection they would ever remain sisters still.

Stanley, too, was present on this occasion. His meeting with Jessy at such a season of deep feeling for her had been tender in the extreme; and although he had not as yet had time for many words in private with the object of his affection, she read in his manner and countenance his deep and ardent sympathy.

The rumor of the strange reunion between the parents and child; of the long seclusion of Lisle and Heath in the wing of Henry Elmore's house, thereby explaining all the mystery formerly attached to it, soon spread throughout the colony. But it scarcely excited the astonishment which such a romance in real life would create at the present day, for those were periods of tragical confusion and strange

catastrophe, when the rendings asunder of domestic charities were often without an hour's warning, and where reunions were as dramatic as any exhibited on the stage.

It created little surprise, therefore, when Heath removed to Boston with his gentle and lovely wife, there to reside permanently, or when Jessy Ellet appeared as an inmate of their family.

It was just three months after this removal that Stanley and Jessy were united in marriage. No wedding-party was invited to grace the occasion ; but Governor and Mrs. H., and Henry Elmore and his wife were the only guests.

We will now bid the reader adieu, leaving him to imagine that henceforth the fortunes of all of our characters ran in as smooth a tide as is possible in this world. We all know that the stream of actual life flows in an even course with but few. With most it is, as our tale has shown it, a confused succession of alternating sensations, sometimes dark and dull of hue, like the clouds of winter ; at others, breaking out into the glowing splendor and bright illusions of a dream.



# POCAHONTAS.





# POCAHONTAS.

## A Legend of Virginia.

---

### CHAPTER I.

"And patriot hopes awake and doubts are dumb,  
For, bold in freedom's cause, they come."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A NEAT, tight built brig was preparing to sail from Europe; its tall and tapering spars rising against the sky in symmetrical proportions. She was evidently built in that country, and, manned from the port whence she sailed, and from the excessive neatness of her decks, the beauty and order of her rigging, and those many nameless circumstances observable only in well appointed vessels—appeared the pride and glory, alike of her captain and crew. The vastness of the crowd that stood about the wharf, alone would have evinced that she was about to depart on some extraordinary enterprise; while the appearance of nobles and men of rank, with their retinues, among the assembled multitude announced that the undertaking, whatever it was, had the sanction and patronage of royalty. On board was visible all the confusion usually attendant upon the departure of a vessel from port. Men hurrying to and fro with baggage, sailors hauling the ropes, climbing the shrouds and making fast the boats to the sides—passengers getting on board, and friends accompanying them for the sake of remaining

with them to the last moment—and the voices of all resounding dissonant tones in the air.

Among those on deck two persons might have been particularly noticed. One was exactly the person in appearance from whom one would expect the various misfortunes, and romantic adventures, that history afterwards ascribed to him. The calm, steady gaze of his eye, bespoke authority, while the other features were indicative of great energy and perseverance. There was no clue to his age. The grave thoughtfulness of his face might gather on a brow of thirty, in the changes and chances of a life like his; while a vigorous constitution, and a mind not over-sensitive, might have possessed a countenance as youthful, even to forty years. Something in his manner would have bespoken him the commander of the present expedition, even had he not given his orders, from the spot where he stood, in perfect calmness, and with that distinctness and readiness so important to those in his position. The other walked towards the stern in company with an elderly gentleman, and remained there for some time, apparently absorbed in earnest conversation, and heedless of the bustle and confusion by which they were surrounded. There was, perhaps, not so much dignity in the aspect of this individual as in that of the one just described; yet a certain polished and distinguished bearing, declared him a person of more than ordinary rank. His eye was fuller of expression than that of the commanding officer, and though the many might have pronounced him inferior in attractions; the few would have said that he was the more interesting of the two. One undoubted advantage he had in the comparison—that he was evidently in the prime and spring-time of his youth.

Finally the preparations were ended, the bell rang warning to those who did not belong to the enterprise to leave the vessel. As the last sound of the clapper fell upon their ears, the person who had accompanied the individual last

described seemed deeply agitated. He extended his hand in silence to his companion, as though he had reserved his parting for the last moment, and, clasping it in his own, he whispered, "Your undertaking is perilous, my son." "When you behold me again, it will be with smiles on my lips, and gladness in my heart," was the reply, in an encouraging tone; but he added aside, more sadly, "for if I fail, there is that within me which whispers, I shall never see you more. Keep up your spirits, my father," he resumed aloud; "we embark under cheerful auspices, and let us trust to Providence for success in our cause."

"God bless you," earnestly ejaculated the father, pressing his son's hand, and in a few moments he might have been seen pushing his way to a carriage in waiting.

Groups of citizens of all classes who had crowded the decks, to bid the passengers "God speed," on their expedition, now one by one walked the plank to the shore. Once more the bell sounded and the brig was slowly got under way. As she pushed off, many anxious faces from the crowd of spectators cast wistful glances on her decks—some that penetrated in sad farewell to the hearts of their friends who were departing—some that sent the less heartfelt looks of the mere acquaintances—and some that gazed in idle curiosity. From the deck many a hat was doffed, handkerchief waved, and veil raised to have a last sight of the parting features in the view of some beloved one, from whom the owner was being borne far away.

The vessel bent her course toward the sea, scudding over the waves, and leaving behind her a line of silver to mark her onward track. During the first few days there was little conviviality among the passengers; feelings of anxiety concerning their undertaking seemed to prevail among all. By degrees, however, the silence maintained at first wore away, and at intervals, social conversation ensued.

Gorgeously and majestically the sun was sinking one

evening into the ocean. There was a stillness in the atmosphere unconsciously whispering peace, and, save when broken by the sounds of the sea-bird floating over the vessel, the calm was rather deepened than disturbed. The main deck of our gallant brig presented a reposeful picture. Many of the seamen were seated on their guns, with their cheeks pressing the rude metal, which served them for a pillow. Others lay among the planks with their heads resting on the hatches, while not a few lay extended in the stern sheets, their tarpaulins shielding their eyes from the rays of the dying sun.

There was a gay striped awning over the quarter deck, couches and chairs were scattered, and a group of individuals, variously employed, were assembled here. By their outward appearance it was easy to perceive that this crowd was composed of a motley group. There were some husbandmen, of the richer classes in England, rough in their bearing, but not without a shade of pretension to wealth, in their garments—men clad in ample coats and wearing unpowdered wigs on their natural hair. There were trading men and merchants from the towns of England—persons whom the daily necessities of appearing in a fair light before their customers had habituated to something of an imposing character in their dress and manners; but yet who dared not encroach on the gay attire which was appropriated to the nobility of the times.

There, too, were men of no ordinary rank at home, whose graces of manner had shone in the courtly assemblages of James I. These were easily distinguishable by a certain loftiness of manner, as they sat abstractedly apart, intent on their own thoughts, and unobservant of everything around. There also might be found some stray offsets of high life—young men with curled locks, showy dress, and ready oaths—men whose indolent study it was to make the time pass—young men whose irregular habits had alienated

them from friends and home, and who now risked their lives with the same reckless prodigality as they had already risked their property and credit.

There were many evidently at sea for the first time—wonder and delight openly manifested in their countenances, and in their exclamations of joy at the sight of a bird or a fish. To these last the smallest incident formed an object of interest—an epoch from which to date the flight of time.

This heterogeneous assemblage of persons were on their way to the great western hemisphere, there to build a colony and establish a home. The enterprise with them was already commenced, and would henceforth be to them no nursery tale, but a stern and hard earned reality. They were going to America, there to struggle, prosper, or fail—with blighted hopes go down to their early graves, or, building a fireside of their own, gather around it sons who, in their declining years, should in their turn go forth from the paternal roof to seek beyond the mountains of the Pacific shore, a new fireside, and a new home.

To the high grade of these adventurers, their mixture of the aristocratic and chivalrous, from the mother country, may be attributed the superiority to be found at this day among their descendants; and the contrast they present to the New England settlers, in their broad and expansive benevolence—their affable and heartfelt politeness—their enlarged and liberal views, and their frank, fearless dispositions.

The picture presented a gay and cheerful panorama. Apart from the rest of the crowd, leaning over the side of the vessel, stood Captain John Smith, the commander we have already described to the reader. Beside him stood young Rolfe, of whose appearance we have also taken note. Between these two a strong sentiment of friendship existed; and although differing somewhat in temperament, not a

shade of disunion had at any time interrupted the almost brotherly attachment subsisting between them; and each felt that the disposition of the other was the one most assimilated to his own. Hand in hand therefore they had undertaken the present expedition, and both felt deeply their share of the responsibility they had assumed.

"I have strong hopes of a favorable termination," said Smith.

"Yes," replied Rolfe, "our greatest difficulty I presume will be found in the hostility of the Indians. This was one of Sir Walter Raleigh's chief obstacles to success in the attempt he made during Elizabeth's reign."

"True," rejoined the other, "but we form a stronger body than any that has previously sailed, besides having the grant of King James, and more wealth among our number."

"Even so," said Rolfe, musingly, "yet we shall still be in danger of the introduction of disease and famine."

"Doubtless we shall have all these incidental obstacles to encounter; but you must not forestall evils."

This conversation will serve to show in contrast the characters of the two men; the one being sanguine and daring—the other, desponding and wary.

The sun had gone down, as he had arisen, in all the glorioussness of his autumnal splendor, and twilight was now fast descending. At the suggestion of the captain, who hinted at the danger of exposure to night air, the passengers retired to the cabin; he himself with his companion remaining on deck to watch the progress of the brig.

The cabin, where the assembly retreated, was commodious and well furnished. Its ornaments were appropriate—charts, mathematical and nautical instruments, not being omitted, while books of general literature were scattered around. It was self-evident that intellectual cultivation was not forgotten by the Virginia settlers—a cultivation which has

continued among their posterity and is conspicuous in the history of their State, which boasts of having given more great men to America than any other State in the Union.

Nor were books alone the only indication of intelligence and refinement the cabin contained—for on a table lay a guitar, a few pieces of old music, an English prayer book, and, scattered over the whole, several articles of unfinished needle work.

As night advanced, a stronger breeze blew up, urging the vessel on through the billowy sea; a death like silence ensued, interrupted only by the voice of the captain, as in low tones he issued, in technical language, the necessary orders for the management of the vessel.

---

## CHAPTER II.

"And, bursting sudden on the startled ear,  
In thousand echoes rise that yell of fear."

THE passage of our adventurers was a tedious one, as they took the ancient course by the West Indies. But notwithstanding their retarded progress land was one evening discovered. It was the southern boundary of the Chesapeake, to which they gave the name of Cape Henry, after the Prince of Wales. They entered that spacious inlet, and, keeping along the southern shore, proceeded up a river that was there visible.

With a wide sea and full command of their helm which they had had hitherto, the narrow passage of this stream contracted at great disadvantage. It was with difficulty the vessel could be kept disengaged from the projecting foliage of the dense forest that lined the adjacent banks. It being night, too, the darkness contributed greatly to perplex their



movements ; for such were the abrupt changes of the stream that it required a man constantly on the bows to apprise the helmsman of the course he should steer to avoid collision with the shore. Before them lay a bend enveloped in more than ordinary gloom, produced by the continued meeting of the tops of the overhanging trees. This was the narrowest part of the stream, and so near were its shores that the vessel in her course could not fail to come in contact with the obtruding branches. "If we can get through this place," said the captain in a low voice, "I will venture to answer for the craft ; three hours more, and she will be at a good landing."

"Steady the helm, there," hurriedly and loudly shouted the man on the lookout.—"There's a tree lying across the river, and we are just upon it;" and while he spoke, the brig suddenly struck against the obstacle ; but the shock was not of a violent nature and the vessel was brought to. Presently the voice of the captain was heard, "bear a hand, my lads, and cut away ; half a dozen at each end, and we shall soon have a clear passage."

A dozen sailors grasped their axes and hastened to execute the command. They were busy at each end of the fallen tree, when an appalling whoop burst upon the ears of the brig's company, and the quick leaping of many forms could be heard in the underwood. Recovered from his first consternation and alarm, the captain ordered the men to their guns. The whoop had ceased ; and all was still ; but through the gloom the dusky forms of a crowd of men could be discerned on the verge of the bank. Every gaze was riveted intently in front, as seizing the matches they applied them. The rush of the bullets through the close forest, the crashing of trees and branches, mingled with moans and agonized yells of despair and death, told the destruction it had carried to the Indians. As the smoke cleared away, they beheld by the lurid light of the torches brought from

below, the prostrate and struggling forms of numbers writhing in the last fierce agonies of death, while the dark forms of those who escaped were seen flying into the very heart of the forest.

Meanwhile the passengers below lay in their berths, petrified with alarm, enduring sufferings infinitely more terrible than death itself. The early part of the commotion they had heard, without comprehending its meaning, until it was explained by the terrific whoop of the Indians. The females had not time to form a conjecture on the subject, ere the tremendous discharge burst on the ear; and with pale cheeks, fixed eyes, and almost pulseless hearts, they lay immovable. As soon as the discharge took place, the male portion flung themselves impetuously from their berths, burst open the entrance to the cabin, and rushed up the steps.

The moon suddenly shining forth in all her glory, an opportunity was afforded to the crew and passengers to survey the scene around them. The wind had died away until there was scarcely air enough to enable the brig to obey her helm. Under the disheartening conviction that they were yet some distance from their destination, several of the older passengers proposed to send the boat ahead to tow the brig, in order that they might land by morning. The captain consented to this proposition; the boats were got forward, and into them the sailors, with a few of the young men, sprang with an alacrity that could scarcely have been expected from men who had just passed through such excitement. But the evident necessity existing for exertion, aroused them to new energy, and the hitherto motionless vessel was now made to obey the impulse given by the tow-ropes, that proved the crew to have entered on the toil with the determination of men resolved to devote themselves in earnest to their tasks. Nor was the effort confined to the sailors, they were aided essentially by the passengers.

"Well, Rolfe, I know not what you think of this sort of work," said Percy, Lord Northumberland's son, who accompanied the expedition, "but confound me if I would not rather be a merchant's apprentice in London."

"Poor fellow," said Rolfe, good humoredly, "how much in truth are you to be pitied, who have so recently basked in the sunshine of enjoyment at home. But when you have tasted of American colonial life, doubtless you will become reconciled to your departure."

"Confusion take me for a simpleton, then, if I give myself time for that," was the reply, "for it was only five minutes before that explosion that I had resolved to return to London, the first opportunity, and I am sure this kind of work is not calculated to induce me to change my opinion."

"But you would not return with so little credit to yourself, would you, Percy, as to leave your companions because they are in danger?"

"Speak not so seriously, my good friend," replied Percy, who, with a slight dash of effeminacy, was withal a high and manly spirit. "Do you fancy that I want courage to face positive danger because I didn't happen to have any particular fancy for towing a boat?"

The conversation was here interrupted by an order to quit the oars for breakfast. This meal having been hastily dispatched, and sweetened by a draught from the river—into which they had but to dip their buckets to draw water pure, sweet, and grateful, as any that ever bubbled from the moss clad fountains of sylvan deity—they once more devoted themselves heart and soul to the completion of their task—pulling with a vigor that operated on all with a tendency to hope. At length the vessel ran up along the shore to the point designated. The sudden pulling of the cable and the heavy splash of the anchor, announced that their destination had been gained.

Thus landed the first permanent English settlers on the



American continent. The difficulties that have been described as attendant upon their arrival were calculated to dishearten and discourage them greatly at the outset. But they bore within them brave hearts and dauntless courage, traits that characterize and adorn the Virginia character at the present day.

---

### CHAPTER III.

"Sunshine and storm—the alternate checker work  
Of human fortune!"—SHAKESPEARE.

THE reader is now referred to the period of the early settlement of Jamestown. It is known that after Sir Walter Raleigh's abortive attempts to settle Roanoke, no further efforts were made to establish a colony in Virginia during the remainder of Elizabeth's reign. Allured by new objects, and always preferring the most arduous and splendid, the gay courtier became engaged in undertakings more suited to his ambition, and growing indifferent to this less profitable one, relinquished his interest in America to some mercantile men of London. These, however, were satisfied with a petty traffic with the natives, and made no attempt to take possession of the soil. It was not therefore until the accession of James I. that numerous traders and men of rank formed an association again to establish colonies in America. The King was hardly seated on his throne, when this body petitioned him to sanction the execution of their plans. The period was favorable to their wishes, and their request was readily granted. They were authorized to plant a settlement in Virginia, to be governed by two councils; the one to reside in England under the eye of the Monarch, and the other to be subordinate to the first, and being also named


---

by the crown, to act under its instructions, and reside in America.

Although many distinguished individuals contributed to the stock of this first Virginia colony, its early efforts were extremely feeble. Several vessels, however, were at length fitted out and sailed with some three hundred men. One of these was that which we have followed, under Capt. Smith, and seen to land in safety after encountering and destroying a company of Indians. These vessels had all entered the wide inlet, and sailed with much difficulty about sixty miles up a river to which they gave the name of James River, after their sovereign. There they resolved to settle. Having therefore selected their location, they conferred on it the appellation of Jamestown, which it still retains.

A number of skirmishes with the savages, the first few months, impeded the progress of the colony, but the Indians in time ceased all interference, and retreated to their own settlements disheartened by the advantage the whites had always gained in their mutual encounters. From this time the village progressed and soon became a flourishing settlement. Situated in a beautiful country, on the banks of a fine river, and surrounded by a fertile soil, it was indeed a pleasing spot. The cheerful tenements, as they grew upon the eye; the neat patches of grass which encircled them; the whitewashed palings that fenced them in; all bespoke the taste and enterprise of the colonists. In the perspective, the ground sloped up, richly and densely wooded, and the variety of the trees and the different styles of their growth prevented monotony of appearance. As far as the eye could reach along the banks of the James River, the willows laved their boughs in the dark stream; some with the abandonment of sanctioned love, and some with the light and flickering movement of coquetry.

But the prosperity of the colony began again to be invaded. The Indians had evinced a disposition to renew



hostilities, and numerous quarrels had occurred between them and the settlers. To war was soon added a more distressing calamity that no courage could so readily oppose—a scarcity of provisions, approaching to a famine, introduced diseases, and much suffering ensued.

On the day to which we now allude, the assembled colonists had met in council to deliberate upon purposes and plans which had for this object the relief of the distressed settlement.—It was a pitiful sight to behold these brave adventurers, who had been in rank and position at home—among whom were scholars and courtiers, now in the destitute plight in which they were placed by famine. The spirit of adventure had lured them here, and for it they had cheerfully resigned the advantages of station and education. But they had not calculated the cost, or anticipated the trial they now endured. The assemblage that had met was composed not alone of the council in authority, but of all the other settlers. In their difficulty, every hope was turned towards one man on whom had been cast the sole charge of the government during the increasing perplexity. All present sat as if waiting for his arrival, for he was not in the seat prepared for him. “Does Capt. Smith not come to day?” asked one present, of his neighbor.

“Surely he does,” was the response, and the tramping of a horse, and the clattering of spurs corroborated the assertion. All rose to receive him, as he entered, and he was by general acclamation solicited to suggest a remedy in this emergency.

“There remains no way,” said he, “but to lay the Indians under contribution. For security we must seize immediately upon some of their maidens for a hostage. This we shall be forced to do until we can receive supplies from England. To-morrow we must make the first attempt. We must enter Powhatan’s settlement, and, if he refuse us corn, we must capture his daughter. The chief loves her as he does his

life, and rather than we should retain her captive he will find us in provisions. This will probably answer until we can receive the expected supplies from the mother country."

For a moment there was a stillness in the room that might have been taken for irresolution. But the period of its continuance was brief; looks were interchanged which were instantly understood. Another moment one asked, "whether it could be satisfactorily known what number were actually able and ready, if called on, to attack the savages."

"From fifty to seventy-five," was the reply. "In the event of our acceding to these views, how could the taking of Powhatan's daughter be effected?" asked a distinguished looking man rising and addressing himself to Capt. Smith. "Our only plan would be first to secure the hostage, and then we may speedily bring the chief to terms. But it would be madness in our reduced state to attempt to attack and pillage the tribe. Before we enter upon the undertaking, we must count the cost. I tell you, gentlemen," he continued, casting his eyes around the room, "our colony exists this moment only by the supineness of the Indians. It is in their power to render our condition even worse at this moment than it is. It is madness to provoke them."

"Am I to understand, Mr. Rolfe," asked Capt. Smith, "that it is your opinion that our case is hopeless, that we are to die of starvation, without an effort being made?"

"Not hopeless," replied the other, respectfully, "unless it be made so by a precipitate attack. If we can steal the hostage without a suspicion being excited in the mind of Powhatan, I think your suggestion a good one. But we would have to wait our chances."

"To wait for chances, Mr. Rolfe," said Smith, "while the women and children of the settlement are calling for bread! Every generous impulse, and our own half-starved appetites demand speedy measures. Let an attempt be made to-morrow to carry off the daughter of Powhatan. If

you object to the public hostility of an attack for pillage, an opportunity to steal the chief's daughter may be contrived without the delay of waiting for it. The tribe is accustomed to see us in the pursuit of the chase, and they will suspect nothing if a number of us start on horseback as if in quest of game. We can near the settlement of Powhatan, by driving the deer in that direction, and, watching the moment of the chief's absence, one of us can be prepared to carry off his daughter."

Rolfe, whose suggestion Smith had shown himself thus ready to follow, was, as we have said before, a man who had only to be shown the way to accomplish an object, and he was ever ambitious to put it into execution. In action he was prompt, courageous, and ambitious of success, though in council slow, wary, and cautious. He rose immediately, and expressed his acquiescence in the proposal of the deer hunt, and declared that in his own person he would venture into the wigwam of Powhatan and steal away the desired hostage, thereby making atonement for his first apparent dilatoriness in entering into the plan proposed.

The rest of the assembly seemed only to have awaited his assent to the suggestion of Smith, and now all unanimously subscribed their approval of the measure. Much satisfaction was expressed, a few more arrangements were made in regard to the morrow, and the meeting dispersed.



## CHAPTER IV.

"An hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,  
Clattered an hundred steeds along,  
Their peal the merry horns sing out,  
An hundred voices join the shout."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE noble and attractive sport of deer hunting was as popular in the early settlements of Virginia, as at this day; indeed even more so in proportion to the scanty population, for the passionate lovers of hunting are now fast thinning in numbers. The branching antlers of a stag, as in the old oaken days of England, were found in the early period referred to, fixed in some conspicuous station in almost every habitation—trophies of the owner's skill, and testimonials of his attachment to the chase.

Bright shone the sun, the following morning, in the settlement of Jamestown, on that most exhilarating of scenes, a meeting of the hounds. A slight frost in the night had been followed by a genial thaw, and glittering drops were trickling down the leafless branches, sparkling like diamonds on the blades of grass, and beneath the spacious forests of Virginia.

From every habitation the colonists had assembled in their gay scarlet coats. Sounds of the chase resounded in the clear air, the neighing and snorting of the impatient horses as they stood pawing the ground and tossing their graceful heads, the cries and cracking of the whip, as the whippers-in rode to and fro, calling the unruly hounds to order, all mingled harmoniously.

One was there, who seemed especially to claim the attention and observation of all the rest, a stately, commanding looking man, who was followed by a pack of eager hounds. Many a meagre, half starved face was turned towards him.

For encouragement for the day's exertion he spoke a few words calculated to raise their flagging spirits, and vaulted into his saddle. Another might have been noticed whose countenance was scanned with less anxiety by the assembled huntsmen. He, too, dropped some words of cheer, ere he mounted his steed.

At length the signal was given, the leader sounded a long blast, and onward moved the procession along the high road, then turned aside into the woods to surround the deer in their place of resort. Winding through romantic defiles thickly bordered with alders, they slowly ascended to the summits of those hills for which Virginia is so remarkable. At one side, the James River burst upon their sight in all its quiet beauty. On the other rose the hills and plains, clothed even to the horizon with boundless forests, and having nothing to break the uniformity of its outline near the water's edge.

After a ride of a mile over a hilly road, through woods alternately exposing and hiding the river, they arrived at the deer stand, a long ridge nearly parallel with the river, in the very heart of the savages, and in sight of Powhatan's wigwam. Having examined their ground, they took their stands about a hundred yards apart, each behind a large tree, composing an opening through which the deer was expected to pass. A few moments after they had taken their station, the distant baying of the dogs fell faintly upon their ears. The chorus of canine voices soon grew louder and more violent, and the crushing of under brush with the increased roar of the pack warned them to lie ready. The next moment, with a crash and a bound, a noble stag, with his head laid back upon his shoulders, crossed their line and disappeared in the thick woods surrounding the Indian encampment. The dogs followed like meteors, and the foremost of the sportsmen gayly flourished their whips as they passed a group of Indian boys who had been attracted by

the chase. Rolfe was among them, and now disengaging himself from the rest, another moment his fiery horse had borne him far from their view, and rapidly through the thick forest. Taking a circuitous route he bent his steps towards the settlement of Powhatan. Not a sound broke the stillness of the dense forest through which he pursued his way. No sign of life appeared, and as he felt that the moment was so opportune, he began to realize more fully the act he was about to perform. Full of reflection, concerning his purpose, he at length reined in his horse before Powhatan's wigwam. He hesitated; rumors of the wonderful beauty of Pocahontas had reached the colony, but it had also been told that the child grew so closely to the father's heart as to close up every avenue. It was, therefore, no slight undertaking to attempt to bind the chief by a chain that was to reach through his child's heart, although it was probably the only one that could have been attempted that was likely to prove successful. The breathing of Rolfe grew louder and deeper as he stood thus reflecting upon the purpose of his extraordinary visit. As he remained wandering, half irresolute, there was a step within the tent, a light hurried step, like the bounding of a fawn venturing timidly from its covert. The stirring of the canvas made a faint rustle, that died instantly away. Then a slender creature, graceful, and airy, as a young antelope, sprang to the opening, and stood lightly poised with one foot advanced, the head bent forward, and lips parted in eager wonder. Her dress, a crimson mantle fringed with silver, covered all the upper part of her person, while her moccasins and bracelets, composed of complicated labyrinths of bead-work, indicated her rank to be that of a chief's daughter. Her hair fell in long dark braids down her shoulders, and was parted above a low smooth brow in a way to soften the expression of eyes that had the sweetness and melting softness of the gazelle.

A faint cry burst from her lips at the sight of the stranger ;

but her emotion was instantly suppressed, for her first surprise was changed, evidently into admiration of the handsome young Englishman.

"Speak," said she, stepping quickly and softly up to him as he stood spell-bound, and using the beautiful language of her people, in a low musical voice: "What is the will of the pale face; but say the word softly, for others will hear a strange tongue. Speak, for Powhatan is a great chief, and Pocahontas is his daughter."

"Listen, maiden," was the response—and the eyes of the Indian bent beneath the ardor of his gaze—"the white braves of the colony are dying of hunger. They are weak for want of corn. They cannot shoot the deer; the papooses can beat them in the race; they cannot wrestle: they are no longer warriors; their wives and children pine for food."

In spite of the rich color that nature had bestowed, the blood deepened on her cheek until her whole face was suffused with a crimson tint.

Raising her finger in an attitude of warning, she dropped her voice—already as soft as the sighing of the wind, into a whisper as she replied, while her soft eyes filled with tears: "The heart of Pocahontas is full of sorrow." Standing an instant thoughtfully, she spoke again: "There is corn in Powhatan's tent. The pale faces shall eat, and be no more hungry." Then disappearing within the wigwam, in a moment she returned bearing a large basket filled with a preparation of Indian corn. "Give this to the pale faces of your tribe," she said eagerly.

"The daughter of the great chief is tender of heart," was the reply of Rolfe: "but this will not save the whites, they are many as the leaves of the trees."

The girl paused long and painfully, all the tender sympathies of her nature evidently at work in her bosom. Then suddenly stripping her ankles and wrists of those rude but highly prized ornaments which she wore, she laid them

---

quickly at the feet of the colonist: "These will buy corn for your people," exclaimed she, "and they will forget their hunger."

"Sweet girl," answered Rolfe, "these ornaments are beautiful, but they will not buy corn for the pale faces. Pocahontas is generous, but her beads and bracelets cannot keep the white man from starving." As he spoke, he bent his eyes upon the lovely face that instantly again beamed with tenderness and commiseration, and wondered how he should break to her, the purpose of his visit. As he gazed irresolute the low voice of the girl was heard again: "Listen, when was Powhatan hungry, and Pocahontas had not food for him? When did he come back weary that she did not weep? I will go to the tent of the pale faces until Powhatan shall consent to give them corn in abundance. This is the will of the Great Spirit, and he will protect the chief's daughter in the hands of her enemies." Suiting the action to the word, she laid her hand calmly on the arm of Rolfe, intimating her willingness to accompany him.

One unpractised in savage life might have suspected the high resolution, the noble impulse, the deep self devotion, of this determination. But Rolfe had seen too much of the dusky race to doubt for an instant the beautiful purpose of the chief's daughter. Though timid and shy, as the young of the deer, on many occasions, this savage girl had thus consented to intrust herself in the hands of her father's enemies. Had the colonist been more of a stranger to the characters of the native he might have imagined that it was the personal predilection it was evident he had inspired in his favor, that had overcome her feelings of mistrust. But, as we have said, he could not doubt her high purpose. Feelings of deep admiration mingled with joy with which he received her announced determination anticipating as it did his own object—one, too, which he had begun to fear, since the commencement of the interview, would be doubly difficult of

attainment; since he felt that force would have been impossible on his part towards so lovely a being as she who stood before him. Suddenly Pocahontas bent her ear to the ground. Instantly her eyes gleamed with apprehension. "Fly, fly!" she whispered, "and bear me with you: my people are coming, and a cloud of warriors will soon be in sight." Rolfe seized her in his arms quick as thought and reached the steed which he had left quietly grazing. Seating his precious charge upon it, with as much respectful gallantry as though she had been one of the courtliest of European beauties, he mounted behind her, and putting his horse into a gallop in an hour was again in Jamestown.

---

## CHAPTER V.

"Cursed be my tribe  
 If I forgive him.                      The child,  
 Aye, that strikes home—my child—my child"  
SHYLOCK.

To the tent of Powhatan we will again invite the reader. Its form was better and its material finer than that of the neighboring tents, though it was characterized by all the simple accoutrements of the ordinary Indian tent. Mats were spread over the floor, and a few wooden and stone vessels were placed in one corner, while fishing hooks and nets were thrown carelessly about.

This tent had but a solitary occupant. Its owner moved up and down with restless steps. The tread of his moccasins was noiseless, but the rattling of bracelets and the silver ornaments of his leggings would have betrayed that he was moving moodily from side to side, apparently buried in the deepest thought. He was lamenting the loss of the child of his love. For this child no offering had ever seemed too rich,

no sacrifice too great. His pride in her beauty, too, an uncommon feeling in his race, seemed to have been aroused, and was scarcely less absorbing than his extraordinary affection. At this moment the chief seemed borne down by mental grief, though there was still traceable in his every particular, the warrior of fine stature and admirable proportions.

Suddenly the opening of the tent was disturbed, and a tall savage glided in. As the intruder approached, the chief maintained his calm upright attitude, evincing no desire to know the wish of him who entered. Bending his head to the ear of the warrior, the stranger rather muttered than whispered, "Will not Powhatan be better pleased to see his daughter before another night may have hardened his heart to her loss?" "Doth thy chief love his child less in the morning, than at night?" asked the Indian coldly, "and is the heart of Powhatan hard that he will ever forget the child that his dead squaw hath given him?" "Listen, my brother," he continued, after a pause; "Powhatan's wigwam is empty without the blossom that used to shed light upon his hearth. Joy no more can enter it. The air of the tent is no longer pleasant to him. I will go to the warriors without, and tell them that I have seen the great chief's eyes swimming in water when he spoke of his child."

"Listen," he continued, "the pale faces are dogs! and Powhatan shall have justice. Thy child is stolen, but a hundred braves shall clear the path for her return. Old and young shall die among the pale faces. Look," continued the savage, brandishing a huge scalping-knife, "has the chief forgotten that the knife of the red man can tear asunder the scalp of the enemy?"

The old man raised his eyes to the fiery visage and shining weapon of his companion, and in another instant a loud yell from his lips broke upon the air. The other, in pointing out the means of vengeance, had struck the chord which never failed to thrill in the breasts of his race. He

seized the signal he had sought, and hastened to inform the warriors in waiting to make ready for an attack on the colonists. In a moment after, Powhatan had joined him. He gazed around upon his assembled brethren, and commenced a harangue with all the eloquence and dignity for which he was so remarkable, using all the gestures with which an Indian always illustrates his subject. He spoke of the land of their fathers passing into the hands of the white men. He mentioned his wrong in the loss of his daughter. Lifting his voice then suddenly to a pitch of energy, he asked, "Are we dogs that we should bear this outrage?"

He was answered by a burst of rage which broke into the air as if the spot, instead of containing a small band, was filled with a nation of warriors. With flashing knives and uplifted tomahawks they made answer, and breaking through the forest, headed by Powhatan, they darted among the trees with their customary fleetness.

---

## CHAPTER VI.

*Viola.* And dost thou love me?

*Lysander.* . . . . Love thee, Viola?

Do I not fly thee, when my being drinks

Light from thine eyes? That light is all my answer.

THE BRIDE, Act 2.

THE moon had risen and was silvering the tops of the trees that had waved for centuries within the sound of James River, bathing the banks, and casting upon the water points of light that danced on the crisping waves like watery spirits. The wild duck had nestled down among the sedges, with its head bent under its wing; the breezes had grown still; even the leaves which had jostled against each other all the day long, had become solemn and quiet. The soft flutter of a bird as it nestled itself down to sleep in the leaves, the shrill crow of the tree-toad as it



swelled through the branches—were all the sounds that stirred in the hazy air.

There was a step within the shadow of the woods, and then a beautiful Indian girl sprang out into the moonlight and stood lightly poised, with one foot advanced, resting on its tip. There she stood in her glorious beauty, that forest queen, her very heart paused that her quick ear might catch the approach of him whom she had already learned to love. Suddenly, she seemed to hear a sound, then dropping on one knee she bent her head to listen. It was enough; he was coming; and springing to her feet with an exclamation of delight, she darted back to her covert. The plume that adorned her head had been bent, and her hand was raised to straighten it; the heavy plaited braids were smooth and carefully adjusted. Then her fingers were passed over her smooth round arm, retracting the curve of the bended wrist with womanly vanity, and the tiny moccasined foot was thrust for a moment from beneath the silver hem, while she clasped the bracelet more firmly on the taper ankle.

"Pocahontas, my sweet one, art here?" said Rolfe, advancing from the forest; and as she looked up, he took her in his arms, and carried, rather than led, the timid girl to a seat on the smooth mossy bank which she had but a moment before occupied. The color which had at first crimsoned her face, went and came with the intensity of feeling—her eyelids drooped till their soft fringes rested upon the dainty pillow below, as her tiny hands were clasped caressingly by her lover.

To explain this meeting, the reader must know that the beautiful maiden had captivated the handsome colonist, with whom she had fled from her father's tent. Two days had elapsed without any word from Powhatan or his tribe; and Capt. Smith had, on this evening, been sent to convey to the chief the terms of his daughter's ransom.

It was to please the native taste of the Indian girl for the woods and river bank, as well as to screen the interview from the curious surmises of the colonists, that Rolfe had consented to meet the maiden in this romantic spot. Long and low was the conference that ensued between the lovers. The urgent necessity that existed for immediate relief in the colony of the English was spoken of, and a surmise suggested whether Powhatan would be likely to redeem his daughter at the terms proposed.

"Powhatan will have to take Pocahontas by force," she said, "for she will not go else, until the whites have corn."

"But," said Rolfe sadly, "will it not grieve thee to depart from the habitation of the pale men?"

The soft dark eyes were suffused with tears, as she replied, "When they shall have food enough, the presence of the Indian girl will not be needed." "But would not Pocahontas be sad to leave Rolfe?" urged her lover.

"She has had no thought but of thee," murmured the maiden; "since the moment she first saw thee. If the Great Spirit taketh her away from thee, she only asks to die. The lodge of Powhatan is large and it is not full. If the pale face will come and dwell there, my father shall make him greater than he." Rolfe shook his head; and drawing her fondly to his bosom, he said, "My people are a great people; the sun rises on their eastern and sets on their western border. I cannot leave my brethren. But I will ask the great chief to let me make thee my wife, for I cannot live away from Pocahontas."

As he spoke, the girl suddenly started to her feet, her hands clasped with intense fear. Before she had time to shape her apprehensions into words, there was a quick crackling of the underbrush, and directly there arose a most terrific hostile yell. More than a hundred savages burst from the forest upon the road leading to Jamestown.

The lovers stood riveted to the spot, horror stricken.

Fifty glittering tomahawks sparkled in the moonlight before the eyes of Rolfe, as they all stood ambitious of being the white man's murderer. At this moment the wretched girl caught a glimpse of the gigantic form of her father moving rapidly in front of the cloud of warriors. Rushing to her father, she exclaimed in tones that might have moved a heart of stone, "It is I, Pocahontas, who asks his life! Spare, oh spare the pale face! If he dies, Pocahontas will die also."

"Hold! Powhatan is satisfied," shouted the chief to his brethren, who were seizing the colonist. At this command the maiden, overcome with her emotions, sunk into the arms of her lover. But before he had time to speak his gratitude, the aged warrior with his silver locks whitened with years, caught her from him and folded her to his bosom. "The heart of Powhatan is no longer sad; for the Great Spirit has restored my blossom," he said, in a tone of touching pathos.

A struggle now ensued in the mind of his child; a struggle between filial love and the sentiment existing in her young heart for Rolfe. But the Indians quickly urged her away. "The whites shall have corn," she said, as he pressed her to his heart, ere they tore her rapidly from him, and disappeared with her in the woods.

---

## CHAPTER VII.

"Can nothing save him?"

WOMAN PLEASED.

ABOUT half a mile from the settlement of Powhatan, a clearing had been made in the woods forming an oasis in the forest, of size enough to contain a large gathering of savages. This opening looked towards the wigwams of the

tribe. A number of warriors were here lounging in groups, but occasionally exchanging hasty and whispered words with one another, and uttering even these few sentences like men who were decided in one opinion. Occasionally the eyes of the whole group were turned towards the one object in the centre of the clearing, as if it contained the subject of their common thoughts. A solitary pine-tree rose in the midst of the assembled chiefs. To this was bound a tall and elegant figure dressed in the garb of a colonist. His arms and limbs were free, but a strong rope, after having been drawn tightly around his waist, was firmly knotted behind, and passed around the tree. This captive was Capt. Smith, who had been captured in his venturesome effort to induce Powhatan to redeem his child.

Attired in the garb in which we first introduced him to our readers, the chief appeared with a dark frown settled upon his brow, imparting a severity to his aspect which rendered his countenance doubly terrible. He passed the observant and silent prisoner without notice, and proceeded to the centre of his people with the dignity of a monarch. In a few moments the council fire was blazing, and they all arranged themselves around it.

Notwithstanding the fearful and menacing array of savages on every side of him, Capt. Smith kept his eye calmly fixed on their features. He knew well the noble generosity sometimes evinced by the people before him, and felt that if any hold was to be secured by him, it was by grappling with this sentiment. He knew that the Indians entertained a firm conviction that the English were resolved on their final extinction, and the stealing of his child had probably seemed to Powhatan to be the climax of injury. No hope remained except in endeavoring to prove the peaceful disposition of the whites. It was plain that on his own presence of mind and ingenuity depended his life.

These reflections were ended by Powhatan rising slowly

and signing with his hand for Smith to speak, saying coldly, "When Powhatan talks to his prisoner, his tribe shut their ears."

Turning his eyes to the warrior, Smith answered with dignity of voice and manner:—

"Powhatan is a great chief, and his race is mighty."

"Powhatan is not a fool. What did the pale faces? They stole the daughter of their chief."

"The squaws and papooses of the white men were dying of hunger," was the reply, "and the gentle dark-haired daughter of the great warrior came to them as hostage that her father would grant them food."

"It is a lie!" exclaimed Powhatan fiercely; "the spirit of a warrior is not drunk."

"Would a great chief wreak his revenge on a slight and helpless captive?" asked the other.

"Powhatan is a redskin," was the reply.

"All that a warrior needs shall be in thy wigwam," urged Smith. "Behold!" he said, with touching pathos, "I see Powhatan rich and powerful, the ruler over many tribes; and I see his children's children walking in his footsteps."

The earnest eloquence of Smith's flattery was well adapted to their simple apprehensions, yet eminently calculated to strike their imaginations with the natural imagery with which he embellished it. As he looked from the chief to their countenances, he was beginning to hope that he was gaining some influence over them. But throughout Smith's words, Powhatan had stood impassive as a statue, and the unhappy captive anticipated his purpose.

"Warriors," he said, addressing his brethren, "even now I hear the voices of our fathers from our land of spirits calling us to vengeance." His voice was no longer audible in the burst of rage which broke into the air, and the unhappy captive had the painful certainty before his eyes that death was inevitable.

The feelings of the Indians seemed to have taken a new direction as Powhatan announced that the captive must die. A yell of delight mingled with their preparation as they hastened to bring the fatal war club to their chief. Everything was in readiness for the execution, and the stillness which prevailed was even more fearful than the horrid shouts by which it had been preceded. Throughout the whole of this awful scene, the prisoner preserved his serenity, and when a grim savage came to unbind him, he met him with a firm and upright attitude, as he silently commended his soul to God. The Indians with a yell of pleasure, led him forth to where Powhatan stood brandishing his weapon, his countenance betraying every look of triumphant and deadly passion. But at that moment his purpose was arrested, as suddenly as if some supernatural agency had interposed in behalf of the condemned.

The gentle Pocahontas, from an opening in the forest, had witnessed all that passed, and the scene, at first, had pressed upon her guileless mind in a way to paralyze it entirely. But as her sight took in the preparation for the captive's death, she rallied. Though gentle and timid on ordinary occasions, this extraordinary girl was intrepid in the cause of humanity. The promptings of an unseen but pure spirit seemed to watch over and direct her actions, uniting to keep down the natural apprehension of her sex, and impel her to be bold and resolute. Obeying her womanly impulse, she rushed forward.

"Great Powhatan!" she exclaimed, "thy daughter loves the pale faces, and would save their lives."

As her piercing tones fell on his ear, Powhatan's eye moved slowly in the direction of her person, in a steady gaze. His arm fell, and seeing that she had arrested the execution for an instant, she availed herself of the interval to throw herself on her knees before him. No image could have appeared more lovely, as with hands pressed upon her

bosom, she looked up with entreaty into her father's countenance, with looks and tones of earnest prayer.

"My daughter is very welcome to speak," said the stern old chief, using gentle intonations, and smiling as kindly as if addressing a child; as he glanced down on one on whom all of affection that he knew was centred. "He listens to what thou sayest, for the Great Spirit often speaks to men with such tongues; but this time thy sight is dim. Did not the white man steal my flower, and is not vengeance asked for the deed?"

"It is false, my father," was the reply. "There is great sorrow in the lodges of the pale faces, and they are dying of hunger; Pocahontas went to be thy hostage, that the red men might pay corn to the pale faces for her ransom. The Great Spirit will frown upon the deed."

In token of his regardlessness of her pleadings, Powhatan shook his head and gently moved her aside. The next instant he had raised his war club to give the fatal blow, when Pocahontas, with a shriek of anguish, interposed her body between the weapon of death and the captive. She seemed turned to stone. No marble statue could have appeared more lifeless. No cry escaped her lips, but there was a look of fixed horror in her upturned eyes, which paralyzed the arm of the chief, and, in an agony of remorse, he called upon her to speak to him, pouring forth a shower of tender expressions and promises for the captive. His words and self accusations recalled the wandering senses of the stricken girl.

"Will Powhatan save the pale face?" she murmured, as the color returned to her cheek and life to her eyes.

Elevating his voice and casting his eyes slowly over the whole assembly, Powhatan said: "The red man is a father; let the captive go free." In another moment the breath of Pocahontas mingled with that of the aged warrior; her lips were on his cheek, and, taking her tenderly in his arms like

a soothed child, he carried her towards the settlement. Soon after, at the intercession of Pocahontas, a treaty of peace was formed between the Indians and the colonists. She was formally bestowed by her father to Rolfe, in marriage.

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

"Light of the new born verdure!  
Glory of the jocund May!  
What gladness is out in leafy lanes,  
What joy in the fields, to-day!"

MRS. HEMANS.

It was May-day. All the freshness of spring and the glory of summer combined in one. A glorious spring-morning—the soft air wafting on its wings the glistening vapor; the cuckoo commencing its unwearied song; the streams gushing merrily, and the early flowers of spring opening their odors to the sun. All nature seemed rejoicing in the coming day.

The little settlement of Jamestown appeared astir with preparations, as if in expectation of some coming event of joyful excitement. Garlands were suspended at every cottage door, and the village children were busily employed in forming large nosegays. There was a party of lads playing at foot-ball, and a group of girls standing talking merrily to each other on what appeared to be a subject of joyous import, and at almost every door might be seen mothers, with their infants in their arms, smiling and whispering to one another. All, in fact, looked bright in the village, and every countenance wore a cheerful aspect.

The Indian settlement of Powhatan's tribe, also, seemed on this day to exhibit signs of some uncommon event, as their greater freedom from their customary employments



evinced. The clearing was covered with savages, who stood grouped in careless attitudes; squaws standing by, with papooses in their arms that they might better observe the enlivening sports of some few of their number. Seated on the turf might be seen others, supporting in their laps the heads of their husbands, occupying themselves in plaiting the long dark hair. A band of swarthy warriors, who, by their proud, calm, thoughtful bearing, might at once be known as chiefs, exhibiting the same air of indolence, walking to and fro with arms folded, or sitting with limbs carelessly crossed, and pipes in mouth, or leaning lazily against their tents, as if detained at home in expectation of some coming circumstance.

Within the lodge of Powhatan, a touching scene was enacting. "Pocahontas must wear these to-day;" said the old chief, as he laid a suit of bracelets and leggings of exquisite workmanship upon the table before him.

The girl looked up in her father's face tearfully. There was something in the doting tenderness of his voice, so subdued, that to her, who knew his usually stern and unbending character, it was deeply affecting. Encouraged by his manner, she flung herself into his arms, and he held her caressingly to his heart.

"Is Powhatan's daughter happy?" he asked, in a low broken tone.

"Happy!" exclaimed she, hiding her face in his arms; "was not my father happy when he wedded the mother of Pocahontas? O yes! Powhatan's daughter is very happy, for is not the pale face beautiful as the sun, and wise as a great chief, and does he not love the red skin? But his love does not fill her with greater joy than the love of Powhatan. He shall smoke the sweet grass in the lodge of the white chief who will be my husband, and he shall hunt the buffalo, and leave the print of his moccasin in the settlement of the pale faces."

"Powhatan," she continued, looking tenderly in his face, "if thy daughter has ever given thee cause for pain and sorrow, if she has ever angered thee, wilt thou forgive her, now that she is about to leave thy wigwam forever; and, when near the hunting ground of the Great Spirit, Pocahontas will not forget these last words of forgiveness."

While speaking, the lovely Indian had raised her head, and looked eagerly on her father. Her cheek was brilliant with a warm crimson tint, her eyes lighted up with eloquence of excited emotion, and every feature was animated with the beautiful feelings of the moment. The old chief forgot, for an instant, his sorrow at losing his treasure, in the consciousness of her increased happiness.

"The Great Spirit knows," said he, "that Powhatan has nothing to pardon in the daughter of his love. If she is happy in the lodge of the pale face, her father will be very glad. Powhatan's love will follow her there, and be as great as when she dwelt in his own wigwam."

The warrior's voice faltered, but it was not in his nature to exhibit emotion even in the presence of his own child, and he was soon able to say calmly: "Shall Powhatan lead his daughter down? The pale face awaits her."

Another moment, the young colonist Rolfe, with the maiden on his arm, was seen issuing from the tent of her father. All eyes were eagerly turned towards them. No glad cheers, however, greeted their appearance—no flowers were showered upon them by the Indians. A solemn silence reigned as they walked along.

Some few of the squaws smiled, and gazed consciously and sadly after them; but more averted their eyes, and turned mournfully away: for it was the daughter of their king, the idol of every heart, who was leaving the home of her tribe for a life among the pale faces. Sad and heavy were the souls of all.

But she, the happy young bride, beautiful, though clad in no bridal attire, she heeded not the sad faces around her.

She leaned upon Rolfe's arm in a dress entirely Indian: machocoti, with leggings, and bracelets of heavy workmanship and great value, and of a quality and texture to mark the wearer the daughter of a great chief. Her hair fell in long dark braids down her shoulders and back, and she looked more lovely, thus adorned, than had the costly trousseau been ransacked to deck her youthful form.

The village bell rang out with a silvery peal from the tall spire of the little church, which rose up among the trees and dwellings, as if pointing with its slender finger to Heaven. The church was filled with human beings, the silent aisles lined with children dressed in white, ready to pour before the feet of the bride fresh spring flowers. As they passed along, a strain of melody burst from the choir, and the following words arose:—

"They come, they come, oh! bind them, Lord,  
In bonds of steadfast love;  
And part them but to meet again  
In happier worlds above."

It died away, and then a solemn voice arose in clear and distinct tones, and the bride bent her gentle head as the words of the holy ceremony which united two hearts fell on her ear.

Why should we linger on this marriage scene? There was little to separate it from a thousand others in the world; and yet it is a picture such as an imaginative artist might have portrayed as the ideal of a bridal scene. The large soft eyes of Pocahontas were hid from the gazer; but the clear and beautiful olive complexion, the regularity of the features, the deep bloom of the round cheek, the heavy braids of black and shining hair, the slight girlish form, attired in Indian dress, the curious faces of the villagers, the venerable old chief—all formed a scene of picturesque

and quiet beauty seldom looked upon. A bright stream of sunlight fell upon the bride as she echoed softly the low-toned "I will" of him who was by her side.

Then Powhatan approached and gave his child into the hands of another—one to whom her young heart had been given in all its unsullied purity.

"The Lord keep thee and bless thee. The Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace forever more." As this concluding blessing fell upon her ear from the servant of God, the meek wife turned from the altar to be pressed to her husband's heart, while words of bliss poured like a strain of rich and soothing music on her ear—words which, for their equal in truth and tenderness, rarely before fell on a woman's loving, trusting, clinging heart. And thus, with smiling, happy, childish faces around her, with flowers beneath her feet, and songs and blessings surrounding her ear, Pocahontas, the beautiful Indian princess, was married.

---

## CHAPTER IX.

"The eye upon no lovelier sight looked down  
Than thou, fair wife! We still recall  
The soft light of thy raven-hued eyes,  
The rich twine of thy simply braided hair,  
And the low murmur of the crowd's surprise,  
To see thee pass along so strangely fair."

"Now do listen, Sir Henry, for five minutes," said Lord Elmsly, "while I tell you about this strange news. Rolfe, it seems, captivated an Indian princess, over in America, prevailed on the old chief, her father, to give supplies to the colony, enter on a treaty of peace with him, and finally bestow on him his daughter in bonds of holy wedlock."

"Yes!" replied Sir Henry Howe, "and she is this day

---

to ratify her matrimonial vows taken in the colony, by receiving the holy sacrament of baptism. I know all, you see."

"But you have not seen this beauty of the American forest," said Elmsly.

"No, but I know what you would say about her," replied his companion with an impatient smile. "She is very dusky, and very bashful, and blushes beautifully, and is quite delighted by the condescension of the English."

Elmsly laughed. "You have made a wretched guess," said he; "beautiful you knew she was, for you have heard so; but, for the rest, she is not a whit less at her ease with strangers than our court belles."

"Your partiality for your friend Rolfe has blinded you," answered the other, shaking his head doubtfully, and smiling still. "What has a young, frightened, uneducated Indian girl to boast of when put in competition with the finished women of England?"

"Her surpassing beauty, her unconscious superiority, her trembling simplicity and modesty, and her meek purity of mind—all these she possesses," said Elmsly, "not only in my eyes, but in the eyes of others."

"Indeed!" said Howe, still with an accent of doubt.

"Well," said Elmsly, desperately, "as I see you are determined not to listen, I shall tell you no more about her, but leave you to form your own opinion to-day."

There was an instant's silence. "And so you found this Indian princess very captivating," pursued Howe.

"I, as all who have seen her, found her certainly what we did not venture to anticipate, a lovely woman," replied his friend.

"Well, should she appear as lovely across the cathedral as you describe, I must caution our young courtiers, who have a stray dash of sentiment in their composition, not to fall in love with her," responded the baronet.

"What monsters!" exclaimed Elmsly; "you speak as if Pocahontas were some wild Indian we had picked up, and towards whom no ceremony need be used. Recollect she is the wedded wife of the leading man in the American colony."

"Ceremony," ejaculated Sir Henry; "you do not attempt to say that any of that frigid commodity will be required in an interview with this untutored daughter of the wilds?"

And thus idly conversing, the two friends sauntered on through the streets of London. It was one of those bright calm mornings when Heaven seems to diffuse upon the earth's face, even in cities, a solemn smile. The ordinary bustle of the great Metropolis, and the hum of busy life, were measurably stilled. Before one of the proudest cathedrals, the friends at last paused, and entering at a massive door they stood within the building where all seemed to have vied in presenting objects the most grand and beautiful. On either side of the altar were paintings the very frames of which were objects of wonder and admiration. It was not, however, to linger on the curiously grained roof, and richly stained windows, and paintings of rare and costly excellence which here abounded, that the two friends entered this edifice. It was to witness the ceremony of the baptism of Pocahontas, the meek and lovely wife of Rolfe, the colonist. The long aisles and around the massive pillars, and even in the niches, were crowded English lords and ladies in the court dress of the times.

Suddenly there was a flutter of excitement in the multitude, and a muttered sound of "*Quelle est belle comme au ange*" on all sides. All leant forward to catch a glance, as the two passed in.

The forest bride was something changed since we last drew the curtain that hid her from us. The tint upon her cheek carried in it an expression of deeper feeling, and the beholder could not help suspecting that, with all her juvenility

of appearance, the mind and heart which that delicate form enshrined had advanced with rapid strides towards the depth and intensity of womanhood. She was dressed in a robe of white satin. The heavy mass of hair was braided far from her forehead, and fell in a luxurious mass upon the white dress, the rich material of which seemed only to display to more advantage her surpassing beauty. The graceful majesty of her walk, the placidity of her whole appearance, struck every one, as she passed on, leaning upon the arm of Rolfe, by whom she was accompanied.

The scene was imposing, and the picture exquisite. The Indians of her family who had accompanied her across the water, were all present. Close by the altar, with eyes brilliant and clear as an eagle's when he looks on the sun, stood her brother, a tall savage in the wild accoutrements of his race. On one side was a warrior of rank, leaning against one of the pillars; all the indifference and stoicism of his nature having given place to a look of wonder and awe. In the back-ground a squaw sat upon the floor in the attitude of her country, as motionless as a statue, but so observant that nothing escaped her. The pen is powerless to describe the expression of that placid face, as the lovely Indian meekly knelt. The downcast eyes were dimmed by the lustre of her countenance. The soft look at that moment is truthfully depicted by the artist in that beautiful picture which forms one of the chief ornaments of our national Capitol. There needed no medium of human voice to convey to spectators the meek humility and perfect truth of the being before them. Then there arose a low tone in the air: "Pocahontas, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

As these murmured words from the man of God thrilled through the crowded building, and as the damp touch of his fingers pressed her brow, a blush diffused itself over the features of the young wife resembling the rich bloom of that

flower which is thought to portray the tint of modesty in our sex. No one but her husband detected this expression of feeling, one of those evidences of womanly sensibility by which his heart had first been drawn towards her. But when she arose, a moment after, her face was very pale, and every trace of diffidence had vanished. Human feeling incompatible with the holy place seemed to have died within her. The expression of those eyes revealed the deep devotion of her trusting heart. She was so beautiful, her husband in the bloom of opening manhood might well have deemed that he had bound to himself for life a gem of priceless value. Alas! the angel of death, as he looked down, smiled to think of the feast that was preparing for him.

---

## CHAPTER X.

*"Of such as thou are oftenest made  
Earth's fragile idols; like a tender flower,  
No strength in all thy meekness,  
Prone to fade, and bending meekly  
To the thunder shower."*

Mrs. NORTON.

Soon after the baptism of Pocahontas, recorded in the last chapter, she returned to the colony at Jamestown in company with her husband. She brought back with her the pure elements of her native character uncorrupted by the notice and admiration she had received at the court of England; yet during her stay there she had acquired not only the graces but many of the accomplishments of polite life. These, however, had never had the effect of marring her simple and unselfish nature. In the gay circle of society and away from the lordly woodlands of her native country, her health had begun to fail. So great was the change in her that the court physicians had ordered her speedy return.



to the colony. On her first arrival in Jamestown she seemed to revive, and the sight of her native soil appeared to have effect on her spirits, as if her return was enough, and sickness could hardly sully the bright haven of her joy. She visited her tribe in their wigwams, and roamed with them through the forest as she had done in her girlhood. But above all it was her happiness to instruct them in the religion in which she had been baptized. She had brought with her a small English Bible which she used often to translate to the Indian women of the settlement. In this manner she had passed the few weeks succeeding her return. We revert now to a lovely evening in May—so balmy that the windows of Rolfe's house in the settlement were open, permitting the entrance of a complete flood of dying sunshine. The little grass plat on which the window opened was sprinkled with snowdrops, violets and primroses of every hue.

Pocahontas was sitting at a table with her back towards the window, and bending over something on which she seemed attentively occupied. Several specimens of needlework were scattered about her, with various child's toys and a tiny rattle of ivory, elegant in its form and structure. She seemed, however, soon to tire of her occupation, and raised her eyes eagerly to a timepiece which sung out the hours in sweet music to her ear as if to drown the hoarse voice of time. Touching a little bell that lay within her reach, an attendant appeared; "Let baby be brought to me," she said, "and arrange his crib, for it is his hour for sleep." In another instant she sprang to the door and received in her arms a lovely boy with auburn curls, and large, dark, serious eyes, sufficiently beautiful to satisfy even a young mother's pride and tenderness. Nothing could be heard for the next few moments but the joyous merry laugh of the mother, as the boy clapped his tiny hands with baby glee at her efforts to amuse him. As the shades of twilight

---

deepened, the child, at a sign from its mother, knelt down before her, clasped his tiny dimpled hands in an attitude of devotion, and in a sweet, childish, but audible voice repeated the Lord's Prayer. This duty was scarcely done, when a tall, distinguished looking man entered, and, having fondly greeted the mother, lifted up the child, who on his entrance had stretched out his arms, calling "Papa! papa!" caressed him tenderly. The wife's eyes watched his every look and movement with eager pleasure.

The entrance of the nurse soon after interrupted this happy trio. "Baby, go to sleep," she said, with a parting caress, as the door closed upon its bright face. Then turning, she flew to bring her guitar, and order lights. Placing herself on a low stool at his feet, she struck the chords and broke forth into one of those exquisite domestic songs, then so fashionable in England, and which an extraordinary taste for music had enabled her to acquire. She seemed weak, however, and languid; there was an apparent struggle to impart life and spirit into her voice. And when she reached the second verse, she averted her face to conceal the difficulty of breathing under which she evidently labored.

Immediately her husband, without any comment on the song, exclaimed in an abrupt and anxious tone, "Are you well, love?" She raised her head and hesitatingly answered, "Yes, dearest." "Do not say yes, if you are not well," he continued. "It strikes me that you are becoming wretchedly thin."

"Oh! no, dearest," she continued, hurriedly; "you know I have a cough in the winter; but this fine spring weather has taken it away, and I feel well, very well, at this moment," and she resumed her seat by his side, while he drew her head caressingly to his bosom. "It is the way you dress your hair now, perhaps," he said, still vainly striving to close his eyes to the painful change in her appearance, which was daily becoming more evident. Alas! he could not but per-

ceive how slight, almost to fragility she had become, how almost painfully beautiful the delicacy of those chiselled features, which her hair, carefully braided in classic simplicity, so plainly revealed; while the dusky clearness of her complexion was rendered still more remarkable by a bright, feverish spot of crimson on each cheek.

Her husband had resolutely shut his eyes to this painful truth, and talked to his heart of life and hope, as if he dreamed that in the depth of his devotion, such love could ward off death. His domestic happiness was so full in its intensity, that well indeed might he have trembled for its continuance; well might he have asked with a sign of fearful doubt and anxiety at the close of every day, "Will this blissful happiness ever pass away?" If a momentary cloud of mistrust in the lasting nature of his blessedness ever dimmed his heaven, it was banished in the fond endearments of domestic felicity.

---

## CHAPTER XI.

"Oh! while those loving eyes  
Are bending thus above me,  
In vain the death dews rise,  
*Thou* dost regret and love me."

THE serenity of Rolfe, sustained so long against symptoms which ought to have prepared him for the worst, was destined at last to be destroyed. The blow fell on him with double force from being thus unexpected. The health of Pocahontas began so visibly to fail, that her friends could no longer be insensible to it, and the best medical advice was eagerly procured for her! But alas! the opinion of her physicians was more startling than the fears of her doting husband had suggested. They pronounced that the invalid was sinking

from rapid decline. It was an affecting sight, to see the effect of this announcement on the old chief, her father, when told that she whom his care had nursed in sickness and in health, raised from her drooping childhood a fragile flower, was soon to pass away to a home where his care could follow her no more. It was touching to see his increasing tenderness, after this time. He never left her side, watching her every movement with the utmost tenderness; or walking by her as she was drawn along the gardens, or supporting her weak steps along the sunny lanes of Jamestown.

June came with her sweet flowers and sunny breath, and the air was heated with one flood of warmth and life from the cloudless sun. But it brought no increase of strength to the dying invalid.

One day she had seemed stronger and better, and had been walking slowly with long intervals of rest, supported by her father, along the settlement—the scene of many a happy hour during her childhood days. She passed into his home, and, seated by him on a mat in the tent, she made his heart beat sadly by approaching gradually to the state of her own health, and, at length, spoke with affecting words upon her love for those she was soon to leave. Suddenly drawing from her bosom a small Bible, she turned on the dark warrior a smile of angelic happiness. She said in a low tone, “I love you so much, my father, and I want to meet you in another world. The Great Spirit has caused this book to be written. Will you not ask my husband to read you these sacred pages when I am gone? They will teach you to meet me in another world. I have not long to live, and if you would have me die in peace, with no earthly longing to keep my heart from God, promise to listen to these words of this holy book. It will teach you, even as it has taught me, the blessed hope in which I die.”

“Powhatan will ask the pale face to read to him the

pages of the great book when she is gone," he answered, in a voice choked by emotion, and taking the volume from the extended hand of his daughter as reverently as a Romanist would take a religious relic, though the anguish that quivered in his faded countenance was too powerful to be concealed.

A weight of painful care seemed to be removed from her mind by this promise of her father, and then, with an affecting eloquence, she spake of her husband. "Think how kind he has been to your wearied and suffering child. Night after night he has watched over me, day after day he has given up occupation to give me the happiness of his presence. Love him, were it only for the great love he has had for me. Let them lay me where grass and flowers may grow above me; do not let them cover my grave with the cold stones that mark the colonist's tombs. I would rather that the feet of my precious child should press the turf, and his dimpled hands pluck the flowers, than that a stony slab should cover me." The old chief promised this also, and then placing her hand in that of her father, she sunk like an infant in his arms, exhausted by the excitement of conversation. She was carried to her home and took possession of the bed on which she died. Each succeeding day found her increasing in holy faith and spiritual strength, as her body seemed to grow weaker and weaker, while her spirit was fed from the River of Life.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Yes, forasmuch as the time of her dissolution draweth nigh, so fit and prepare her, we beseech Thee, against the power of death."

Slowly came these words from the lips of the man of God, breaking the silence of the chamber of death. Yes, there, supported in the arms of her husband, in whose eyes are untold depths of anguish, Pocahontas reclined. The curtains of her bed were thrown back, and the cool evening

breeze blew through the upper casement, and gently fanned her cheek. The low warbling of the birds, and the murmuring of the James River, seemed to mingle with the sounds within that chamber. Powhatan was kneeling at her side, his dark features dim with grief. On the opposite side of the bed stood the clergyman, the solemn prayer for the departing spirit issuing from his lips. But suddenly he paused, for the eyes which seemed to have been lifted from all earthly objects, turned on her husband's face with a look of unspeakable love. Her lips moved, but he alone caught the whispered breathing of that deathless affection they strove to express. They were answered by a burst of passionate tenderness, while with frantic energy he folded her in his arms, as if his grasp could keep her. But the dying wife raised her eyes, and pointed with her finger upwards, saying, "There we shall meet again." "And my father, dear Rolfe," she said, as she clasped the rude hand of the old chief, and drew the two together, "will you not cling to his old age like a dear and only son?"

"My child," she continued. Another moment, and the lovely boy leaned from his nurse's arms over the bed, fixing his sweet eyes with a look of wonder upon his mother.

"Pretty mamma, pretty mamma!" he lisped, and stroked her icy cheek. There was a bright look of eager joy in that mother's face—a glance of reviving life, as she feebly extended her failing, trembling arms towards the cherub from whose lips the words of love had issued. For a moment the wondering child was fast locked in the embrace of the expiring mother, as she gasped for breath to speak:

"My husband, teach him the prayers which I have taught his infant lips. Lead my little lamb to the heavenly fold; his face will be hidden from me for a little, but soon it will bless my longing sight." An expression, as if some painful, worldly care, for a moment weighed down her spirit, and she pressed the shining ringlets of her child, and a look

almost of agony clouded her placid brow, as she poured upon its head, in faint but earnest accents, a blessing as full and tender as ever fell from a mother's lips. The child was relinquished, and she once more sunk back on her husband's bosom, as if done with this world.

There was an instant's reverential hush, as if the mourners' grief was broken by the soft fluttering of an angel's wing. The spirit had departed, and passively resigning her, Rolfe advanced to Powhatan, touching him lightly on the elbow. As soon as he had gained his attention, he pointed towards a group of Indians who, with sad faces, had gathered around the open window. The stern old chief raised his voice,

"Why do my brothers mourn?" he said, regarding the dark race of dejected warriors before him. "Why do my people weep that Pocahontas has gone to the happy hunting-ground? As for Powhatan," he added, looking about him with an air of lofty composure, "he is a solitary tree left alone in the clearings."

"No, Powhatan!" cried Rolfe, "not alone; God has taken —," and the anguish that quickened on his countenance was too powerful to be concealed, "but her father and her husband shall journey in the same path."

The warrior grasped the hand that, in the warmth of feeling, Rolfe had extended, and in that attitude they bowed their heads together, while scalding tears fell at Rolfe's feet.

In the midst of the profound stillness with which such a burst of feeling, coming as it did from the most renowned Indian of that region, Powhatan again lifted his voice, and dispersed the Indians.

Thus died Pocahontas, whose history is so identified with that of Virginia, who formed so remarkable a link between savage and civilized life, uniting all that is esteemed necessary in the one, with so much of the purity

and simplicity of the other, and forming a beautiful illustration of the combination of the two.

She had a work to do, and she did it, if not in life, yet in death. What would we ask more for her or for ourselves? It seemed as if a peculiar blessing was attached to her love, her voice, her glance, her smile. Wherever they fell, flowers, as to the soft rain of spring, were destined to shoot up.

To this influence is to be attributed, perhaps, the number of Virginians distinguished by the vigor of their judgment, the soundness of their views, the steadiness of their principles, the force of their eloquence, the loftiness of their conceptions, the purity of their lives, the warmth, and truth, and strength of their patriotism; of such were Washington, Randolph, Jefferson, Clay, Marshall, and a host of other immortal names. May these not have been formed, humanly speaking, by the gentle, undying influence of their quiet, retiring, simply educated ancestors, who were the descendants of Pocahontas?





**GRACE BARTLETT.**



# GRACE BARTLETT.

## *An American Tradition.*

---

### CHAPTER I.

Light of the new-born verdure!  
Glory of the jocund May!  
What gladness is out in leafy lanes!  
What joy in the fields to-day!  
W. C. BENNET.

Sunshine and storm—the alternate checker-work  
Of human fortune! SHELLEY.

A LOVER of the picturesque, whether poet, painter, or simply an enjoyer of Nature's works, may be justified, perhaps, in extending his quest after the sublime and beautiful beyond the landscapes of New England. Yet it is in this region that we are about to lay the opening incidents of our tale, rather than amid the cloud-capt rocks of Niagara, or upon the indented shores of our romantic lakes.

In the early days of our pilgrim forefathers, ere luxury and fashion had tarnished with their deceptive but defacing touch the primitive customs of the land—and, at the crisis referred to, neat but unpretending villages were beginning to dot at intervals the surface of the adopted country.

It is to the heart of one of these models of rural beauty that we now invite the attention of the reader. The immediate location of the village was in a sort of valley, close within the verge of an immense forest, and surrounded by

an intervening underwood, which Nature had fashioned as a sort of defensive barrier. The cottages were without the underwood, and thickly distributed on that side of the forest which skirted the open country, forming, as it were, a slight chain of protection against the inroads of the Indians. So much in the light of a defensive fortress had these indeed come to be regarded by the dusky tribes, that latterly their invasions in the place had been few and far between. Even these occasional attacks had at length seemed completely repressed through the energetic measures of one of the colonists, who had acted on each occasion of surprise with a firmness and self-possession that at once overpowered and dispelled the savages.

This man, Deacon Winthrop, had, however, by the strenuous efforts referred to, incurred the revengeful feelings of the adjacent tribes, and an impending evil at this moment hung over him, unsuspected by himself or any of the villagers.

The beautiful English custom of celebrating the first of May, by a festival of roses, had been preserved in the colonies. To the morning of as lovely a day as ever ushered in that month of flowers, we now revert. It was a day of days—not a cloud to alarm even the most fearful, and holiday dresses were donned without the slightest dread lest they should be spoiled. The weather was neither too hot nor too cold; the old failed to anticipate coughs, and the young anticipated pleasures innumerable. A poetic fancy might have deemed that the trees, the flowers, the grass, were endowed with a brighter beauty in honor of the day. This festival, though nominally and by custom given to children, was witnessed and enjoyed, we may say fairly participated in, by those of older growth. At almost every cottage door might be seen some grandmother singing to the crowing infant in her lap, and old men leaning on their sticks peering out to catch a share of the general joy.

Opposite the pastor's dwelling was reared the May-pole, gay with flowers and streaming with ribbons, while around it was collecting the limited juvenile population of the little place.

The lively ceremonies of the occasion formed no pompous pageant nor idle mockery—the smiles of the children alone shed a glow over the spot, and their merry peals of laughter rendered their sports hilarious and exhilarating to the more sober and advanced inhabitants, who acted only as spectators of this portion of the festivities.

Several hours passed thus in sportive amusements and in the crowning of the May Queen, Grace Bartlett, the pastor's only child, who was elected by the unanimous voice of her companions to the honors of the occasion.

A banquet followed, spread upon the grass, and composed of contributions from every cottage matron. When this was ended, the long train of youthful forms, each garlanded with a trimming of flowers, swept up a vast avenue of beech to the village church. There the oration of the day was pronounced by one of their number robed in white. It was a simple and heart-touching sentence that last came from those childish lips—a word of faith to be preserved when all the bright twisted garlands of the day should be withered; when that last tribute, a chaplet bound by cypress leaves, should be laid upon each bier.

Hark! now from the young circle before the low pulpit arise the simple tones of a psalm, swelling on the air in rich gradations, interrupted only by the throbbing of those tender hearts, in the fulness of their innocent joy. Their rosy cheeks and glistening eyes at that moment, what need have these of record? Are they not written still in the memories of the surviving throng? The gushing melody from those infantile voices at length ceased, and the assemblage dispersed from the building.

Again out in the open air, again on the broad common,

again scattered hitherward and thitherward, the children sought their homes, many of them possibly regretting that the festival of roses had not to begin again, but all solaced by the thought that it had become for once more an event in their personal history. And so to all intents the events of the day seemed ended. Several of the children had lingered in the meeting-house, after the general crowd had left it. By degrees, however, these few loiterers all-departed, either singly or by pairs, excepting young Frank Winthrop and Grace Bartlett, who lingered to collect and garner up a few of those perishable wreaths that garlanded and adorned the modest sanctuary.

The platform in front of the pulpit, erected for the accommodation of the children, was completely hidden in leaves and flowers. Laurel branches as graceful as stooping seraphims swept over the surface of the clerk's desk; the supporters of the pulpit lifted to its floor long, slender lines of jessamine; while from the rafters of the roof hung rich festoons of daffodil—making altogether a completely new interior; the high-backed chair of the clerk beneath was so richly adorned with roses that one kneeling before it might, without any great effort of imagination, have been mistaken for a votary of Flora.

For some time our young pair amused themselves tripping from spot to spot, their sweet, childish voices waking the echoes of the humble building. At length, tired of the day's exertion, little Grace Bartlett threw herself into the huge arm-chair behind the desk. She was a lovely child, with large, soft eyes, and fair hair, which fell in light waves, rather than curls, nearly to her waist. Although the especial pet of the whole settlement, she was not spoiled, owing to the remarkable sweetness of her disposition, which caused her to receive indulgence as the flower drinks dew, only to become more light and fragrant from the rich overflow of nutriment.

Her male companion, Frank Winthrop, was a laughing boy, who was two years her senior. He was a plump urchin, welcome to the hearts and arms of all; his life one long holiday of fun and frolic.

From under a rude, arched porch outside, the clear laugh and ringing shout of a troop of happy children, who still loitered near, might be heard. One was romping in baby-frock and pinafore among the trees, now thrusting his arm in the leaves to grasp the bared shoulder of a little sister, then creeping away under the green shadows, as a hare will hide itself, and raising his ringing voice to challenge pursuit, clapping his hands and laughing—scampering off finally on his chubby little feet, to plunge headlong in the fragrant grass, with a happy joyousness truly refreshing. At the farthest extremity of this rustic shed, three or four were playing, with noise enough for Christmas holidays; two boys at football, while the rest were testifying their feelings by sporting around them with the extremest merriment.

Little dreamed the guileless young gamblers at this moment that a savage eye was peering upon them from behind the eaves of the meeting-house. An enemy was lurking near, unknown to those innocent hearts, who, ere the village clocks should have pointed to the hour of nightly repose succeeding that day of glee, was destined to shed a gloom over the late happy region.

The pretty May Queen, Grace Bartlett, tired at length of her seat in the tall chair under the pulpit, and jumping down with a bound and a run, was soon out upon the green amidst the merry group we have described. Frank Winthrop, the other little loiterer, had fallen asleep in one of the high pews, with a large Psalm-book for his pillow, and consequently he took no heed of her departure. There he lay in the calm, beautiful sleep of his young time of life, a model fit for the painter's or the sculptor's hand. How beautiful that boyish dreamer looked!—the round, fair outline, the fresh bloom



of the features—his dark hair falling aside from his forehead, leaving its surface visible, and bland and fair.

Meantime, the shades of evening drew on, and the pennon of the hour began to bestar the heavens. A signal from the parents now brought the truant children to their homes—all but this reposing boy. It was the moment looked for by the lurking foe. Stealthily emerging from his retreat, he gazed around a moment to convince himself that his way was clear, and then advanced softly to the door of the meeting-house. From his late place of seclusion he had caught a glimpse, through the window, of the sleeper, thus opportunely for his purpose, left alone in the building, and he deemed that his moment of revenge had come.

An instant he stood at the threshold—then advanced with measured tread along the aisles. So light were his footsteps, that the very scattered garlands and stray flowers of the late pageant rebounded unharmed beneath his moccasin tread.

The space which divided him from the slumberer was soon past, and he stood before the child's smiling and outstretched form. For a moment a compunctious feeling stole over the warrior. It was an evanescent feeling, however, for in another instant he had raised the boy in his arms, and bearing him gently away, he retraced his steps to the green-sward. Another moment, and his retreating feet pressed an opening in the underwood bordering the forest, and in a moment more he was lost in the densely-wooded scenery.

---

## CHAPTER II.

Alas ! my noble boy, that thou should'st die !  
 Thou wert made so beautifully fair !  
 That death should settle in that glorious eye,  
 And leave his stillness in that clustering hair.

WILLIS.

Cursed be my tribe  
 If I forgive him.

SHYLOCK.

WE must now use an author's privilege and transport the reader to a room in a spacious mansion attached to a fortress. It was far more commodious than might have been looked for in such an isolated spot, though it was now silent and imperfectly lighted by a single wax taper. The air was fraught with the fine exotics adorning the flower-stands, and the light, dim as it was, fell upon a hundred objects of luxury.

The solitary occupant of this apartment had the air of one accustomed to action, and yet not a stranger to habits of thought. He was of no more than middle height, but in his air and gesture there was a tone of decision and command which no advantage of stature could bestow. The features were graceful, the color, that which exposure to the air increases in a skin originally soft and fresh. There was altogether a military appearance in the full and fiery eye which plainly showed the character of his adventurous life.

General Lincoln had been sent by the government of England to occupy a fortress on the borders of Canada. Whatever might be the stern peculiarities of his disposition, he was a man well calculated for the important trust reposed in him—for, combining experience with judgment in all matters relating to diplomacy, and being fully conversant with the character and habits of both Indians and settlers, he possessed singular aptitude to seize whatever advantages

might present themselves. His policy was to conciliate the adjacent tribes of savages, and through them to destroy the few colonial settlements yet formed. His first object was now in the full tide of successful accomplishment, and when it should be fully ripe, the last would naturally follow.

It was midnight, and General Lincoln was pacing the floor of his apartment, seemingly insensible of the softness of the rich carpets under his feet, or the glitter of the lustres over his head. At length, as he turned at the extreme end of the room, his eyes fell on the frame of a large painting, and for some minutes they were riveted to the picture it contained as by a master-spell. It was a portrait—a full-length portrait representing a female at the climax of youthful loveliness, with a charming infant boy resting upon her knees. Well did the gazer remember how fondly he had assisted in keeping the child quiet during the tedious task of sitting, by holding before his little laughing eyes the very toy now figuring in the hands of the mother in the picture before him.

The power of association brought back with life-like force to the father's mind the soft, warm grasp of those dimpled baby hands. Alas! they were now cold in death. The past rose before him—his early ambition—his happy marriage—his rapid and flattering success—his hope for higher honors—his wish for a son to transmit the pride of his name—his gratified desire. Before its fulfilment, the strongest principle of his mind was the longing for a son. Afterward, he had coveted worldly honors—he had garnered wealth that he might transmit to him the one and the other. Often, after the duties of the day, had he repaired to that child's chamber and watched his slumber. How often for hours had he nursed it in his arms with all a woman's tenderness and gushing joy. All his softer feelings—all his holier and better ones—such as even in the proudest bosom find root, turned toward this child.

From the soft and sinuous outline of the half-naked babe in the picture, his eye wandered to the face of the mother. Those clustering curls, those sparkling eyes, those blooming cheeks—for a moment they appeared before him, joyous, brilliant, beautiful and beloved. He pressed his hand hard with the clench of suppressed emotion over his eyes, as the heavy tears fell upon the carpet, evidencing that under the crust of worldly intrigues was a heart that beat strongly. The grave had claimed both the dear ones whose likeness he looked upon—and now only a daughter was left to him. This daughter he loved, it is true, but she could not inherit his name, and every new acquisition of fortune or fame rendered him only the more anxious to perpetuate those empty distinctions to his race.

“My son, my son!” murmured the worldly man, “would to God that I could have died for thee.”

At that instant the great hall bell sounded, and an attendant shortly afterward entered the apartment, saying, “The Indian chief Tuscalameetah is below, and would speak with Gen. Lincoln on business of private import.”

“Let him come up,” was the reply.

In a few moments, a man entered in the wild accoutrements of a native of the woods. His closely-shaven head was without ornament of any kind, with the exception of a solitary plume that crossed his crown and hung over his shoulders. He wore a hunting suit of forest green, with moccasins gayly ornamented, and his buckskin leggings laced at the side were gartered above the knee. His eye was quick and restless, roaming on every side of him, as from the habit of mistrusting the sudden approach of an enemy.

Notwithstanding these symptoms of suspicion at the moment of his entrance, his countenance was not only without guile, but wore an expression of honesty. He approached Gen. Lincoln with the dignified tread of his race.

“What bringeth thee here?” asked the proud man of

the savage. "Has thou accomplished the errand I intrusted thee with?"

"Tuscalameetah hath done thy bidding, and with the same arrow he has made sure his own revenge," answered the other.

"I trust thou hast not committed butchery in this work," said the employer. "The moment of extermination has not yet come, and I pray God it ever may be our last resource. I but desired you to find me an orphan boy among the settlements whom I could make the heir of my name."

"The red man acteth as he will, and cometh back as he sees fit," replied the chief, haughtily. "But the son of the clearings shall bless thy hearth; yet the tomahawk and scalping-knife have not left their resting-place."

"It is well," responded Lincoln, "that thou hast shed no blood. And the child, is he fair? and wherefore doth he linger?"

"He shall be in thy wigwam ere the sun setteth again," said Tuscalameetah. "The lily of the valley cannot compare with him in whiteness."

"See that thou bringest him hither by the time thou hast specified," rejoined the general, as opening an escritoir which stood on one side of the room, he handed the Indian a purse of gold. In a few moments he was again alone.

---

### CHAPTER III.

The child?—  
Ay, that strikes home—my child—my child.  
LOVE AND HATRED. BY —.

"—Lose I not  
With him what fortune could in life allot?  
Lose I not hope, life's cordial?" CRABBE.

THE morning following the mysterious disappearance of little Frank Winthrop, unusual symptoms of gloom might

have been discerned in the village. The May-pole still stood trimmed with ribbons, but no children gambolled around it. There was a party of lads and a group of girls standing talking to each other—not merrily, but earnestly, on what appeared to be a subject of grave import. There were neither shouts nor laughs to be heard. And at almost every cottage door mothers might be seen with their infants in their arms, or old men and women shaking their heads sadly, and whispering to one another.

One called to mind how he had seen the child at the festival on the day previous, and what a pensive, half-ominous air his childish features wore. Another told that he had wondered much that one so young as he should be bold enough to remain alone in the meeting-house with his baby companions. And the children went thither in little knots, and with half-fearful steps entered the pew where Ruth had left the lost boy sleeping.

As to the bereft mother, for many hours they had little expectation of her surviving, but grief is strong, and she recovered. Some faint hope of his ultimate discovery seemed to animate her heart in this season of agony. The father took an active and energetic part in the search that was made by the villagers. It was a trait in his character to conceal deep grief, which with him, in this case, seemed to lead to action, not despair or despondency.

For weeks an investigation and search, led by himself, was followed up; but it proved without success. Those who have known the blank that follows the death of an idolized child—the uneasy void, the sense of desolation that will come when something beloved is missed at every turn—they can faintly guess how those unhappy parents pined as the faint and shadowy hope deferred from day to day till their hearts grew sick. With the mother, a removal from the scene of her late bereavement was tried, in order to discover whether change of place would rouse or cheer her. But

alas! she was henceforth the same—a broken-hearted woman. The sympathy felt for her in the village was profound. As she appeared among them those who met her drew back to make way for her, and give her a softened greeting.

Months passed on, and still no tidings of Frank Winthrop cheered the ears of the villagers. Years, too, in their course, gradually rolled on, and many changes were witnessed in the settlement—the old died and were buried—new children were added to the colonists—the young began to approach the season of maturity—yet still the vanished one was seen not, and tidings of him were heard in that place no more.

---

## CHAPTER IV.

I struck in a pathway half-worn o'er the sod  
By the feet that went up to the worship of God.

\* \* \* \* \*

Such language as his I may never recall,  
But his theme was salvation, salvation to all—  
And the souls of his hearers in ecstasy hung  
On the manna-like sweetness that fell from his tongue.  
Not alone on the ear his wild eloquence stole;  
Enforced by each gesture, it sunk to the soul,  
Till it seemed that an angel had brightened the sod,  
And brought to each bosom a message from God.

MRS. AMELIA WHELY.

Seem'st thou dimly to remember  
Some sweet spot ne'er seen before,  
To have visited or known it,  
Or in dreams or times of yore?  
Doth a word send waking fancies,  
Ringing thought's familiar brain,  
Faint and distant, yet familiar,  
Where and when we seek in vain?

MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

WE must allow an interval of sixteen years to pass away ere we again appear before our readers. To the quiet meeting-house mentioned in our opening chapter, we now revert. The chaplets and flowers we described previously, had long since withered away and returned to their parent dust, and with them, except in faint tradition and in the hearts of the bereaved parents, the name of the lost boy.

The humble building was now half covered with ivy, and the small secluded graveyard was studded with simple stones and heaped with grassy mounds, showing that Time had not been idle in his allotted work. On one side lay the garden of the little house belonging to the pastor—a quiet dwelling shaded with sycamores, which threw large branches over the wall, and heavily shaded that side of the graveyard.

The low bell had done ringing some time, and the congregation had all assembled. The small house overflowed with numbers, and, what cannot be said of many such assemblies, contained but one class of human beings—all meeting on equal terms—none striving after the highest seat: difference of station having never been so much as named among them. These consisted of old men, dressed in the respectable garb of the colonists, and women of different ages.

Opposite the reading-desk, was the pastor's pew. The only occupants were his wife and daughter. The latter would have attracted attention in any assembly, for her beauty was of an uncommon cast. Her face was of that kind which is our ideal of a cherub's—rounded, pure, innocent and happy. The long golden hair absolutely sparkled in the light, while her skin realized the old poet's exquisite description:—

“Fair as the snow whose fleeces clothe  
Our Alpine hills; sweet as the rose's spirit  
Or violet's cheek, on which the morning leaves  
A tear at parting.”

Altogether, nothing could be more peaceful and soothing than the effect produced by the congregation assembled in that little, unadorned place of worship, set off alone by the deep and expressive tones which proceeded from the reading-desk. The venerable pastor was a thin, pale, reverend-looking person, with his locks thickly sprinkled with gray. He was reading a psalm from David, in the most beautiful and deeply earnest manner. His voice and pronunciation were those of a man of education, and his countenance re-



fined and intellectual. But that which struck the beholder particularly about him, was the deep and unaffected seriousness with which he performed the holy office he was engaged in.

Whether it was the peaceful quiet and seclusion of the scene—whether it was their frame of mind, or whether it was the teaching voice of the reader, we know not, but all paid the most devout attention. On the conclusion of the psalm, the preacher went up into his little worm-eaten pulpit, and began. His text was, “Why will ye labor for that which is not bread?” There was something so seriously in earnest in his manner that the words seemed to go to the hearts of his hearers. He spoke of the emptiness, the insufficiency of pleasures which terminated here, to satisfy a spirit created for an hereafter. He represented the powerlessness of those aids to support and tranquillize the heart in its sufferings and its dangers. He drew a living picture of the human heart; its secret restlessness and disquiet; its sense of the hollowness of all things. He then told them of that which was the true bread; of fountains whence flowed living waters; their immortal relations; their high destiny; their sonship and communion with the infinite God.

The clergyman was in the midst of his solemn discourse, when the attention of his hearers was attracted by loud and unusual sounds in the churchyard. There were the galloping of a horse, the clang of spurs, and the crack of a whip. The suspense was brief, for in a few moments a stranger entered the sanctuary.

The intruder was a young man, of some twenty years. He had that air which, if not embodied in the words *high bred*, is beyond the reach of words; and his whole countenance was one to rivet attention in a crowd—marking him no common person.

He paused at the entrance, for the crowded state of the little building rendered it somewhat difficult for him to per-

ceive a vacant seat. Another moment, and the stalwart form of Deacon Winthrop was seen to arise and beckon the embarrassed stranger to a place by his side.

The slight interruption to which the intrusion of the young man had given rise subsided, and in another moment he was listening, with the most respectful attention, to the resumed discourse. At its close, supposing its services ended, he arose to withdraw. He had turned slowly to the door, when a doxology arose, led by a voice in the pastor's pew in front of him, that arrested his steps. He listened, charmed and spell-bound; words came o'er his ear—words long unfamiliar to him, and but imperfectly remembered—words connected with his early and childish years—words that seemed as the ghosts of the past. He lingered, after these had ended, to catch a glimpse of the singer. Grace Bartlett was, indeed, a beautiful vision, as she thus stood among the now erect congregation, with her delicate bloom and rounded form, a picture of youth and hope. Her thoughts seemed turned from earth to heaven, and her eyes took the same direction. There was a something so pure, so spiritual about her, at that moment, that an enthusiast might have thought her an inhabitant of upper air.

The stranger stood rooted to the spot as she turned. It was a face whose expression had long unconsciously haunted his young dreams. It was one that he had seen before, though where, he could not recall. Her eyes encountered his, and she blushed to her temples—an enchanting picture of bashful confusion.

Turning away embarrassed, the young man said to Deacon Winthrop, "I am to blame for having trespassed upon the hospitalities of your place of worship."

"Nay, not so, young man," replied the excellent deacon; "the word of God is free to all. But if you will allow me to offer you those of my house, we will be glad if thou wilt accompany us home, and dine with myself and my wife."

The youth accepted the offer, and they left the place together.

Much conjecture was afloat that day at the various dinner tables of the village, respecting the young stranger who was sharing Deacon Winthrop's hospitality. The sudden appearance of any stranger in this primitive spot was sure to produce a sensation; and in this case, where the intruder was young and handsome, that sensation was proportionably increased.

Deacon Winthrop was beset by questions, to which he replied with a benign affability, "We must show this young man every attention. His religion is not ours, it is true, but he has a right to his own opinion."

Many more of the villagers, through this advice, had soon an opportunity of judging of the stranger for themselves, for he remained for some time among them; and the curiosity respecting him at first evinced, if it continued any longer, ceased to be expressed in the admiration his courteous manners and agreeable conversation excited in the minds of all.

---

## CHAPTER V.

*Viola.* And dost thou love me?  
*Lysander.* . . . Love thee, Viola?  
 Do I not fly thee when my being drinks  
 Light from thine eyes? that flight is all my answer!  
 THE BRIDE, Act 2.

It was one of the loveliest evenings in the loveliest month of a New England autumn. One of those delicious *pet days*, as they are fondly called, which, perhaps, from the uncertainty of their continuance, sometimes elevate the spirits more than the "long, sunny lapse of a summer day's light." Birds had been clamorous in melody, rare flowers had confidently expanded their delicate petals to the genial glow

that was abroad, and there seemed to be more light in the world than we are accustomed to enjoy. Yet that day had passed away, the warmer beams were gone, but their delightful influence still was felt in the soft, balmy temperature that remained. The birds had all vanished; yet even of them one would have said some soft charm still lingered in the dreamy hum which, though gradually becoming fainter, was still afloat; and if some delicate flowers had closed their bosoms from the breath of evening, others there were which gave out their fragrance.

On this delightful and balmy evening, we introduce our readers to the cottage of Pastor Bartlett, adjoining the village church. It was remote from the main village, and shut out from its bustle and occupation, in this suiting the character and taste of its occupants. From its porch, where they were sitting, the pious man and his wife feasted their eyes with the refreshing green of the woods, whose boughs bent gracefully down to kiss the beautiful verdure that grew beneath, while the whole was softly bathed in a rich, warm flood of purple light.

The sunset hung lingering over the village, as if to contrast its own chameleon-like and gorgeous beauty with the fixed and placid scenery below. Many of the settlers might have been seen seated at the vine-clad doors of their simple dwellings, watching its fading splendor as it sunk behind the tall trees which almost hid from view the Pastor's cottage at the considerable distance we have described.

The excellent clergyman and his partner were there screened from observation by the cool boughs of a sycamore, the shadows of which half covered the little lawn that separated the precincts of the cottage from those of silent death. Above the white-washed palings rose the village church. The old man and his wife were, as we have said, calmly enjoying the beauty of the evening, the freshness of the air, and, not least, perhaps, their own peaceful thoughts—the

spontaneous children of a contemplative spirit, and a quiet conscience.

At length the pair simultaneously arose, and withdrew into the cottage, for sunset was their appointed season for evening devotion. The old man seated himself in his large arm chair, but his wife lingered standing near the open lattice, until the gloom of twilight was gathering over the sky, and continued to gaze down the path leading to the village with intentness and eagerness. At last, as though weary of her employment, she turned away with a smothered sigh, saying, "Husband, what can detain Grace?"

"I know not," was the disturbed reply of the venerable man at this suggestion. "There is no fear that bodily harm can have come to her, for it is now a long time since we have had any incursions from the Indian. But I am inclined to fear for her soul's happiness. Has it not occurred to you, wife," he continued, "that Grace's relaxed interest in the duties of religion, together with her repeated absences from home, originate in some cause not purely accidental? For myself, my suspicions have been attracted toward the stranger who in the last few weeks has appeared among us. She has already informed us of their having had more than one interview at the dwellings of some of my people in the village. We must see to it that they meet no more. He must have no further opportunity of awakening an interest in the unsuspecting bosom of our daughter."

There was a tone of deep despondency in the voice which spoke these words; for recently the change in their child had become marked. Unusual absences from her home—a sadness foreign to her usual cheerfulness of manner—a sudden and frequent outbreaking of tenderness toward her mother and himself—tears often springing overflowing to her eyes—all these circumstances could do no more than excite uneasiness and anxiety in the minds of her parents.

A low murmuring sound was presently heard at the little

wicket-gate outside, and immediately after the door was softly unlatched, and Grace Bartlett glided into the room.

The anxious glances of the pastor and his wife at once discovered by the light of the fire, which blazed brightly upon the hearthstone, that the young girl's eyes were dimmed with a slight expression of sorrow, and that her lovely cheek was a shade paler than its wont. She moved gently forward, knelt down at her father's side, and kissed his brow.

"Grace," said the old man, sadly, as he laid his hand among her beautiful tresses, "we have awaited your return, my child; it is past our customary hour for prayer. Do you tire of the happiness of home, that you seek for enjoyment elsewhere?" he added, as he gazed down on the face of the lovely being so emphatically the light of his home.

The girl's countenance betrayed a confused consciousness as her beautiful "forget-me-not" eyes encountered those of her parent; but she made no reply, and a moment after arose from her knees. Untying her bonnet and hanging it against the wall, while her golden hair, disobedient to previous arrangement in modest bands by its owner, fell luxuriantly around her neck, she took a seat to signify that she was now prepared to join her parents in the devotions of the evening.

At that moment the little low-roofed apartment, so unostentatious in its old-fashioned furniture, so exact in its modest neatness—its bare walls unornamented with aught save a piece of faded tapestry, or an occasional nail whereon was hung sundry bunches of dried herbs and bags of rose-leaves—this, with the girl in her youthful simplicity and grace, kneeling by the side of her venerable parents, the eyes of all closed, and their hands clasped in devotion, while the old man's lips were parted in the act of prayer, formed altogether as complete a picture as possible of colonial economy and piety.

The aspect of the room was homely but pleasant, with its

low casement, beneath which stood the dark shining table that supported the large Bible in its green-baize cover. By the fire-place stood the elbow-chair, before which the minister was kneeling, with its needle-work cushion at the back. Fifty or sixty volumes ranged in neat shelves on one end of the wall, and a half dozen chairs, and a table, completed the furniture of the apartment. But it was the occupants who made the effect of the scene, in their pious act of evening devotion.

When the prayer was ended, Grace hastily withdrew, as if to avoid all further questions. But her anxious mother was not long in following her.

The gentle matron drew her affectionately to her side as she seated herself on the low bedstead, saying, "Grace, thou wast not educated to have any secrets from thy fond parents. Tell me, then, my child, who accompanied thee to the gate this evening?"

The girl hesitated for some moments, during which a momentary blush suffused her face and neck. Then, hiding her face in her mother's bosom, she timidly replied, "It was the young stranger; he met me on the path leading from the village, and attended me home."

The mother's face evinced a troubled expression. "Oh, my daughter," she said, "thou shouldst not have permitted him to do so. Thy father hath ever said since that young man's arrival in the village, that it did not become any of our sect to hold ungodly converse with the sons of Baal."

"But, mother," urged the fair transgressor, "the stranger belongs not to that impious race. Every Sabbath, since his sojourn in the settlement, his attendance at the place of weekly worship has been regular and respectful."

"My child!" ejaculated her mother, in a voice tremulous with sorrow, "thou hast yet to learn to beware of the wolf in sheep's clothing. Satan sometimes transformeth himself into an angel of light to steal away the affections of the

innocent. But," added the pious matron, "I will chide thee no more for the present. Thy father and I will henceforth be more watchful of thee. Commend thyself to God, and seek thy pillow for the night." So saying, she kissed her daughter and withdrew.

On the present evening, Grace had agreed to meet her lover, after the family worship in her father's cottage, for the young man was about to depart from the village on the following day. The moment she was alone in the room, the struggle in her mind, increased by the words of her mother, depicted itself on her sweet face in an expression of doubtful agony, such as never had sat upon her countenance before—for its ordinary expression was that of the most seraphic serenity. She took up her little Bible to find some word of excuse for her contemplated act of disobedience, but it was only to turn over the leaves with a throbbing heart and wandering brain, that would not permit her attention to be arrested by the words before her. Laying the book down, she sank upon her knees to pray. The ordinary words of her devotion were not urged, but she asked God to forgive her for the sin she was about to commit, and rose confirmed and strengthened in her purpose.

Sitting down by her lattice, she listened for every sound within the cottage to die away. At length, when all was still and dark, she lifted the latch of her door and stole to the threshold of her father's room. Finding all quiet, she retraced her steps, and raised the sash of her low window with the caution of one who fears danger in the beating of her own heart, and alighted on the garden plot below. She proceeded to steal along under the shadow until she reached a rustic arbor, which she hurried into, and was welcomed in the arms of her lover.

"So you have come at last!" he said, joyfully. But as he spoke, he saw her eyes were filled with tears.

She buried her face in his bosom, and her sobs became



audible. Raising her head gently, he smoothed the golden hair back from her forehead.

"Charles," she sighed, as she looked up at him eagerly and endearingly, "I fear I do wrong to meet you here against my parents' wishes."

"Your conscience is too tender, sweet innocence," was his reply. "God is more lenient in his judgment than thou deemest him. He hath implanted in thy bosom the very love for me and inclination to meet me here which thou art now afraid he will condemn; and thine own immaculate virtue and purity are thy sure safeguards from greater harm than he who now speaks could ever bring upon thee. Dearest, I would not bring upon thee the judgments of Heaven. Dost thou not believe it, Grace?"

"Nay, but your religion?" she urged timidly—

"Is easily changed," replied the lover. "Why, Grace, I will turn Puritan in garb, habits, worship, everything, to win thee. At present I am on an embassy of diplomacy; but, in a few weeks, when I return, I shall have nothing to do but to court you in the guise that shall most please your scrupulous parents. You know how from the first moment I saw you"—and he lowered his voice to the soft, musical key of impassioned devotion—"you became dearer to me than aught in this world besides. I love you, Grace, better than all words can tell, and shall live until we meet but in the hope of coming to reclaim you, with arguments fitted to disarm all the objections of your father and mother. You will not forget me, will you?" he asked.

She laid her hand trustingly in his, and in a look of unalterable love gave him her reply.

The stolen interview did not last much longer, and in another half hour Grace Bartlett slept sweetly on her pillow, and the stranger was at his quarters in the village.

## CHAPTER VI.

They linger yet,  
Avengers of their native land. GRAY.

A MONTH passed away, the stranger had departed, and whatever had been the original object of his visit, it never was made known to the villagers. Grace had as yet received no letter or token from her lover. The suspense had paled her cheek, and dimmed the soft light of her eyes. It gave also a sad plaintiveness to her voice, and a languor and debility to her movements, which awoke the anxiety of her parents to a painful degree.

They also, in common with the rest of the villagers, were, however, suffering during this time apprehensions from another cause.

At this period in the progress of the American colonies, Britain had one or two powerful emissaries on the borders, whom she had sent to crush the settlements. To disguise their purpose, or perhaps to embrace another equally important, these emissaries were officers of the army, sent with a military force to establish forts on the borders, for defence against the encroachments of the Indians. As the reader has received some intimation in the course of our tale, it became the policy of these men to direct their chief efforts against the settlers, and for this end, when it was practicable, they won by bribery the co-exertions of the savages.

Very recently, the little settlement in which a portion of our tale is laid, had received intimations of an intended attack from the Indians. Considerable alarm had been felt, and the fire-arms long in disuse, were burnished and prepared for operation in every family.

Things were in this state one calm and cloudless night, when the moon shone with her brightest effulgence, quenching the stars in their radiance, and bringing out into clear and softened perspective the scenery below. Within the peaceful village of our story reigned the most profound repose. Its inhabitants, unconscious of impending danger, had long since offered up the nightly incense of their pious hearts, and resigned themselves to sleep—sleep in the old, deep, undisturbed and dreamless; in the young, light, peaceful and visionary—in all, the unfeverish, refreshing rest which was the natural reward of their simple habits, and the rectitude of their lives.

The silence was suddenly broken by sounds that curdled the blood of those who heard them, and made them spring to their feet as if a lightning flash had stricken them. Before any one could find words, the appalling war-cry of the savages burst from every quarter, startling the very air through which it passed, and falling like a blight upon the spirit. The devoted villagers beheld throughout the settlement lines of streaming torches moved by dusky forms. These torch-lights, carried high above their heads, showed not only the grim faces of those who bore them, but also those of others who were partly concealed by the foliage of the forest in which they stood. With that forethought and cunning so remarkable in their race, they had conveyed firebrands and straw to the doors of each dwelling in the early part of the evening. The yell already noticed was the signal for firing their previous preparations, and, ere many moments had elapsed, a number of the cottages were in flames. Glancing instinctively toward their pastor's home, the terrified settlers found that it shared in the general fate. To hold a short conclave, and then dispatch a few of the more fearless and active of their number to the assistance of its helpless inmates was the work of a moment.

Hurrying along the little path, the heroic men reached

the spot as the high and agonizing scream of a woman arose far above the discordant yell even of the savages. It came from Grace Bartlett. Scarcely conscious of what she did, the unhappy girl, leaving her chamber, gained the top of the staircase, and, loudly as she could, called upon the name of her parents.

Her piteous accents were responded to only by a shout from the crowd. Bounding footsteps, mingled with shouts, reached her, approaching momentarily nearer, and ascending the stair-case.

With all the instinct of self-preservation, the affrighted Grace rushed back again into her own apartment. There, sinking on her knees, she reposed her forehead against the side of the window-sill, and nearly suffocated with smoke, and in a state of indescribable agony, awaited the consummation of her fate.

The ascending feet had now reached the passage without, and in another instant a man rushed fearlessly into the room. The blood of the young girl curdled in her veins. She mechanically caught the ledge of the casement on which her aching head rested, and, closing her eyes, awaited in trembling the blow which should put an end at once to her misery and her life. But in another moment she felt herself firmly secured in the grasp of an encircling arm, and speedily carried through the chamber. Instinctively, a sense of something more dreadful even than death now flashed across her mind, as the unhappy girl opened her eyes wildly upon her captor.

A heart-rending shriek escaped her as she did so. She was in the arms of a gigantic savage. His long raven hair was matted with blood, and hung loosely and disfiguringly over his eyes, while his face and brow were marked with crimson spots, doubtless spatterings from the wounds of others, and a slight stream that trickled from his cheek gave evidence that he himself had been hurt in the affray.

"Oh, my God, save me!" exclaimed the shuddering girl, raising her eyes imploringly to heaven. From that moment she was insensible to all that was passing.

---

## CHAPTER VII.

And was this, then, the end of those sweet dreams  
Of home, and happiness, and quiet years?

MISS LONDON.

DARKNESS was about to throw her veil over the earth, when a lofty tent might have been seen pitched on the extreme summit of a ridge, beyond which lay the horizon in golden beauty. Buffalo skins formed a floor to the inclosure, and upon these reposed the forms of three human beings. One was an Indian, evidently of the rank of a chief. He lay on one of the skins at his lazy length, while his roving eye often rested upon the farthest of his companions.

At a little distance from the savage we have described, sat a female, whose hair, complexion, and whole looks, bespoke her Indian birth. Her dress, likewise, was that of her tribe, and was of the quality and texture to mark her as the probable wife of the chief whose company she bore.

The farthest extremity of the tent revealed another woman, whose appearance denoted her to be of European extraction. Her attitude indicated a mind too powerfully absorbed in grief to be heedful of appearances, for her long golden hair hung negligently over a neck of dazzling whiteness; and a blanket drawn over the top of her head like a veil, and extending partly around her person, disclosed, here and there, portions of an apparel which was strictly American, though much torn. A bowl filled with food was at her side, but this was untasted.

"Why does the pale-face refuse to eat?" asked the warrior of her next to him, as he rolled a volume of smoke from his lips.

"Why does she refuse to eat?" echoed the woman, turning to the object of remark. "It is good," she continued, as she touched the arm of the heedless sufferer. "Daughter of the pale-faces, eat."

A cry of distress burst from the lips of the unhappy girl, as apparently roused from her abstraction, she suffered the blanket to fall from her head, and stared wildly at her questioner.

"Is the air of the tent not pleasant to the blossom of the clearings?" asked the warrior, evidently touched by her seeming misery.

Seeing that she made no answer, he continued, "What is written is written. The red-man cannot lie. We must bear thee to the great white father at a distance. But perchance the door may one day be left open, and the bird can escape from its nest."

"Ah! whither can I fly?" exclaimed Grace Bartlett, at length bursting into tears. "My home is burned, and my parents and neighbors have fallen victims to the general ruin." She wept for some moments bitter tears, which seemed to relieve her overcharged heart: the chief and his squaw looking on her with more of pity than is usual in their race.


The next morning their march commenced again through the interminable forest. The Indian travelled on foot, while the two females were mounted on mules. The wretchedness of the unfortunate prisoner seemed to increase throughout the whole route, her companions wearing the stolid indifference of the North American tribes, except when momentarily touched by her situation. For the most part, during the slow ride, Grace Bartlett was left to her own miserable reflec-

tions, receiving only at rare intervals some rude attentions from the female who accompanied her.

The slow pace of the travellers, with various other causes of delay which it is needless to mention, detained them three nights upon their road. As soon as darkness approached, the tent was again spread, and a halt was made until the morning. On the fourth evening, instead of encamping as before, they continued their journey until a late hour, when the eyes of the captive maiden, wearied with a succession of wild wood scenery, gazed with something like pleasure upon the scene that now opened before her.

The object that thus met the gaze of Grace Bartlett as they emerged from the forest, was one of those stern fortresses of which so many, in our early history, seemed to accuse England of designs against the Indians. It had external pretensions to the name by which we call it, for it looked strong enough to bid defiance to any attempts against it by siege or storm. A deep moat surrounded it on all sides, and a drawbridge was the only means of crossing to the entrance of the fort. To Grace, the sight of the fortification, though she gazed on it at first with pleasure, immediately after brought feelings of pain and apprehension; and however confident she might be in the good providence and protection of God, it cannot be denied that she felt deeply and with an anxious and sickening heart her entrance in a place which might prove to her a final prison.

After assisting his companions to dismount, the Indian blew a loud, shrill whistle. He was answered by a sentinel, who carried on a brief conversation with him, and withdrew to an inner lodge for the key of the great gate. He soon returned; it creaked upon its hinges, and the heavy drawbridge swung slowly up with a jarring sound of chains and huge iron-work, sadly harmonious with the uses of the building which they shut out. The bell, communicating with the mansion connected with the fortress, rung; and



the chief, with his prisoner, passed slowly in to an inner court, leaving the squaw standing without.


The glare of light, the sound of music, mingled with the tones of the human voice in merry laughter and light conversation reached her ear, and startled the wretched girl with wonder. The Indian, with the utmost tranquillity, and with slow and important steps, led the way toward this portion of the large and heavy mass of gloomy masonry, which, with its tall chimneys, loomed up before them. An immense doorway opened upon a broad staircase that seemed formed to make the head dizzy with its mazy windings. Up this the savage proceeded with his prisoner, whom he held by the arm, half supporting her weight as she moved passively and like a piece of mechanism in his fingers. On the first landing they passed a drawing-room, splendidly illuminated and filled with revellers, from whence the noise that had reached the courtyard proceeded. Continuing up the various turnings until they had accomplished another flight, the savage paused, and opened a door communicating with a single chamber handsomely furnished.

Its occupant seemed immersed in business, examining documents and reading letters which were strewn on a table before him. He arose as our party entered, held out his hand to the Indian, and asked, "Any prisoners?"

"We have taken a daughter of the pale faces, a blossom of the clearings," was the reply of the savage as he pointed to his captive. "But the air of the woods is not pleasant to her; she pines after the wigwam of her fathers."

Grace Bartlett had no sooner entered the apartment than she sank down on the floor, resting her elbows on her knees and pressing her hands to her forehead.

The appearance and attitude, indicative at once of extreme fatigue and the abandonment of despair, did not fail to move the compassionate feelings of General Lincoln, who raised her gently and seated her in a large arm-chair.





"Alas!" said he to the warrior when he had performed this act, "why did you bring so frail a creature? It were a pity to have made her a sacrifice to my ambitious plans; she is only fit to be the darling of her parents."

"My parents!" exclaimed the unhappy girl, at this mention of them, "would to God that I knew their fate!"

"You shall be treated kindly," said the General to her with much considerateness of manner, and in a gentle tone. "Everything shall be done to make your residence here pleasant. You are fatigued," he continued, "sweet maiden," as he turned to a bell that was suspended near.

A servant in livery appeared, and, after a few brief words from his master, again vanished. He returned presently, followed by a neat maid-servant.

"Go, now," said Lincoln to Grace, in tones of encouragement, "as he gently assisted her from the chair whereon he had placed her, "to the chamber provided for you. Susette will perform the offices of your toilet for you, and furnish you with nourishment suited to your weak condition."

When left alone with the Indian he paced the room with a disturbed air. Suddenly he paused short, and glanced his eye towards his dusky companion; he beheld the savage regarding him with the calm but sullen attention which marks the expression of this subtle people. Instantly recollecting himself, he asked in a friendly tone—

"Tuscalameetah, is the settlement wholly exterminated?"

"It is," replied the chief. "The pale-faced daughter of her people is left to mourn over the ashes of her wigwam. In the morning the sun rose upon the white men as they trod the grass happy and strong, and when the night came, only their bones were left among the ashes. Tuscalameetah has done thy bidding."

"And the youth, called Charles Lincoln, what of him?" inquired the other. "It is some months since he went to

scour the settlements as a spy. Have any of the tribes met with him?"

"Before the moon go her course," answered Tuscalameetah, "the stolen bird will tread the halls of the great white man who is to him as a father. He is now left with no kindred and no people. The man that drove back the tribes of Tuscalameetah's brethren," continued the Indian, and his eyes flashed with successful revenge, "is brought to have his tent destroyed, and his own dust scattered by the whirlwinds."

Again General Lincoln paced the room, and there was a silence. "You can depart," he said at length to the savage.

"It is hard," muttered he, as he was left alone, "to be stretched on the rack of responsibility such as this. But things prosper, and my royal master is gliding through life enjoying the fruits of my joyless days and sleepless nights, while I am wearing myself down to the grave. He has none of the remorse which haunts me, making the dying looks of these massacred people pursue me to my fireside, and molest the joys of my home."

"And the poor boy's parents are dead," he continued, after a pause. "Since blood had to be shed, better theirs than that of others, for there is now naught to come between him and his heirship to my titles and estates. God be thanked for this, for I love him as if he were the son whose place I have given him and whose name he bears."

## CHAPTER VIII.

Tear follows tear where long no tear hath been ;  
I see the present on a distant goal,  
The past, revived, is present to my soul.  
BLACKIE'S FAUST.

Supported by the very power of sorrow,  
And faith, that comes a solemn comforter.  
WILSON.

OUR poor heroine made the necessary effort, and languidly followed her conductor into a long passage which led to a chamber, carefully furnished with a luxurious bed and every appliance of elegance and comfort. Throwing herself on a sofa, Grace heeded nothing around her, different as every minute article was in its adaptation to the refinements of life from the simple arrangements of her former home.

Her attendant was assiduous in her cares. She wiped her face and hands with a damp towel, bathed her feet, and held a bottle of perfume to her nostrils to revive her failing strength. Then bringing a salver containing wine and light nutriment, she put the glass and spoon alternately to the lips of the sufferer, who mechanically tasted again and again of their contents, seemingly having lost all power of resistance. Then, assisting her to the bed, Susette departed, at a faint request from her lips to be left alone.

Passive and immovable she lay for some moments after the departure of the handmaiden. Then, with revived strength, she arose and locked the door of her apartment. There are cases in which the necessity for calm contemplation forces itself upon us, and she now nerved herself to a view of her situation. Her prospects were gloomy and sad. She was cut off from her family and friends at a moment when their lives were endangered. The sentiment of love, too, had touched her bosom for the stranger who had ap-

peared for a time in their little village, and who might return thither only to find it an ashy ruin, and supposing her to have perished with the rest of the inhabitants, forget her memory and devote himself to another. Oh! had she had one only friend to whom she could have appealed for sympathy in this moment of agony! Alone—alone—the unutterable anguish of that word!

But at this moment the child-like faith and trust of her girlhood stole over her, leading her to the one, unfailing friend who could aid and guide her. The power of prayer had heretofore since her affliction seemed denied to her, but now an inward voice called her to her Father's throne.

She knelt, and pushing her hair from her throbbing temples, as if its weight were insupportable, she prayed for resignation to her situation. The anguish she suffered was deep and terrible, known only to the Reader of all hearts; but at length the heavy weight on her spirit gave way, and though her tears fell fast and unrestrainedly, her gentle heart was comforted. There was a holy hush in that lone chamber, as if the anguish she had felt was soothed by the soft fluttering of an angel's wing, as it wafted her petitions above on its heavenward flight. That help which to all who seek is given was granted, and her yearning heart was lifted to Heaven. In after years, she looked back upon the speedy answer which had been vouchsafed to her prayer in that hour, almost with awe.

Inexpressibly comforted, she rose from her knees, extinguished the light, and lay down to seek repose. Weariness soon overcame her, and she fell asleep to dream of one whose image was impressed on her young heart. Again in her visions she was pressed to his breast, and words and protestations poured like a strain of rich and soothing music on her ear.

But through the window of her apartment the sun streamed, announcing that the morning was far advanced, and she

opened her eyes to behold the appearance of a young female, attired in a rich morning-dress. She made an effort to rise, but her strength had been overtaken by the intense emotions of her mind. In the exertion, she fell forward fainting and powerless at the intruder's feet.

When Grace Bartlett recovered, she found herself on the bed partially undressed, the lady holding a bottle of smelling-salts, which had evidently been used, and the attendant, Susette, bathing her temples and hands. For nearly an hour she hovered between sense and consciousness. Her head felt as if bound to the pillow by weights of lead, and she had an incessant burning and throbbing of all her pulses, accompanied by sharp pain. Her eyes closed upon the light, and she was in dream-land again. Still her consciousness was not lost, but there were, for a few passing moments, sounds in her ear like those of which she had dreamed.

It seemed almost as if an angel's voice now roused her, for the strange lady, bending over her, said in accents of tenderness, "You are ill, sweet maiden, speak to me."

Grace attempted to reply, but utter exhaustion followed, and tears alone attested all she felt. These proved no relief, however, and before night, Georgiana Lincoln watched over her in the strong paroxysms of a brain fever.

---

## CHAPTER IX.

A cloud of darkest gloom has wrapt  
The remnant of my brief career.

MARGARET DAVIDSON.

It would be equally needless and painful to linger over the sufferings of the sick maiden. The fever, which the terrible and agitating scenes she had passed through had excited, was so long in being subdued that those who

watched her trembled, lest the loss of either life or reason should ensue. When this was overcome, it seemed as if she must sink under the exhaustion which followed. Her constitution, however, though delicate, was good, and, after weeks of unconscious agony, she did, indeed, appear sensible of the fond cares of the young, high-bred lady who was continually by her side.

Georgiana Lincoln was exactly opposite in appearance to the Puritan girl. A high polish, and elegance of tone and manner, marked her at once as the English lady of rank. Her style of beauty was one uncommon in America. A bright, sunny brunette, the soft brown of her skin was warmed with a rich crimson—the dewy coral has its freshness but not its brightness. Her tall figure was almost concealed by a white robe, which still revealed the most exquisite proportions of her figure.

Grace Bartlett endeavored to prove her gratitude by some expressions of thankfulness; but the touching mournfulness of her sweet face too plainly revealed that the causes she had for sorrow were not forgotten with her returning consciousness.

A settled melancholy followed her recovery. Everything was done to arouse her from this. Among other resources that were adopted, she was taken to the boudoir of her hostess and companion, where birds and flowers formed the ornaments. But not the singing of the one, nor the odor of the other, brought delight to her heart. What were music and perfume to her but agony?

To all Georgiana Lincoln's attempts at consolation, she listened with a calm look of hopeless misery, which plainly told how incapable she was of receiving condolence. But, despite all her causes for grief, and the deep melancholy that consumed her, Grace could not but be touched with the kindness lavished on her. Insensibly the poor girl wound her feelings around her, and bestowed on her all that

she had of affection that was left from the grave of her parents, and the memory of her lover.

One evening, when the unhappy maiden was unusually depressed, she was seated in the boudoir of her new acquaintance.

"Thou art sadder than thy wont, sweet one," said the latter, kissing the brow of the young Puritan. "But if naught in thy own situation can add to thy happiness, gladly as any change should be made in it at thy slightest bidding, I feel sure at least that one shadow will pass from thy sympathetic nature at hearing of thy friend's prospect of happiness. Rejoice with me, Grace, my brother is expected home."

"It doth, indeed, please me that thou art about to have any contribution to thy joy," replied the poor girl with a faint smile, and a pressure of her companion's hand.

"We will have a series of festivities in honor of his arrival," resumed the other; "and if you will not participate, dear Grace, in the dancing and merriment, you can, at any rate, be present to observe the company, and listen to the music. No wonder that thou weariest without other society than that of thy tedious friend."

Our heroine smiled again, but more faintly than before, as if the tidings of the expected fêtes had little or no interest for her.

At that moment, Gen. Lincoln appeared on the balcony upon which the window opened, exclaiming, "Georgiana, my love, I have brought you a visitor—a truant; yet one you will be glad to see. Come in, my son, what do you remain there for?" he added, turning to his companion.

But the latter hesitated. His glance rested on the figure of Grace, so graceful and almost spiritual, as it was brought forward in the shadowy moonlight.

"My brother, my own dear brother!" cried Georgiana, springing out eagerly to meet him; while Grace, startled

and terrified at the idea of a stranger, hastily withdrew. General Lincoln at the same instant received a summons from below.

"Dearest Georgiana," said the young man, "I am glad to see you again; looking, too, as lovely as ever, or else this evening hour deceives me. I fear me, though, you will deem yourself but little fortunate in my return, for I come back in no agreeable mood, I assure you." So saying, he entered, and threw himself listlessly on a lounge in the room.

"But I do rejoice to see you, dear Charles," replied his sister, seating herself by his side, and gently stroking back the dark hair from his brow. "You will remain with us for a time, and we will be so happy."

"Happy!" he exclaimed, with bitterness. "I see little prospect of my ever being happy in this life; or, at least, whilst our father continues this unjust persecution of the unpretending and religious settlers on the borders."

He then proceeded to pour out to Georgiana the miserable intrigues in which Gen. Lincoln was engaged, and the embassy on which he had himself been absent. "But, my sister," he continued, "I have resolved to take no further part in this accursed policy toward a defenceless people. I have long enough worked out the will of others—a mere machine in the hands of my ambitious parent, who is striving by the course of heartless persecution I have described, to please a jealous monarch and a scheming court. The instigating of the Indians to massacre the Puritans, and exterminate their settlements, will cry aloud for vengeance.

"Yes," continued Charles, in an excited tone, "their death shrieks are ever in my ears—in the dark night their massacre is ever before my eyes, in the day, heavy and dark upon my spirits—never away from me can it be in the future,



but will haunt me throughout my desolate life, and seem to be calling on me to take vengeance against my father."

"You talk wildly, dearest brother," said Georgiana, looking at him in some alarm. "How canst thou be desolate with thy sister to love thee? And speak not of taking vengeance against our father, for that is God's even toward the humblest adversary, and not to be named by a son, against his father."

"Nay," he answered, "hear me. I have just come from one of their exterminated villages, where, in the character of a spy, I resided among them some months ago, unsuspected by their guiltless simplicity, and receiving their humble hospitalities. On my return thither recently, to visit one to whom I had become dearly attached, I found the place in ruins, and the hapless villagers destroyed by the fire-brands of Gen. Lincoln's emissaries." He seemed overcome with his emotions, and rested his head on his hand for some moments in deep reflection.

His sister appeared not less affected with sadness, and held his hand silently.

By an effort, at length, arousing himself, he asked suddenly, "Who was that graceful figure that I saw sitting at your side, when papa would have hurried me so unceremoniously through the window. She could not have thrown herself into a more becoming attitude for effect as the moonlight streamed upon her."

"Effect! poor maiden!" was the reply. "It was the last thing in her mind at that moment. She is a prisoner, brought hither by the Indians, for what purpose, originally, I know not. But whatever were his first intentions with regard to her, our father has abandoned them, and permitted me to treat her with the consideration due to her loveliness and her unhappy situation." The announcement of company in the drawing-room here interrupted the conversation between the brother and sister.

## CHAPTER X.

Lo! they muster—lord and lady—  
Brow of pride and cheek of bloom,  
Pointed beard and tresses shady—  
Velvet robe and waving plume.

HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

WEEKS passed on, and a round of festive entertainments took place. In all these Charles Lincoln mingled with a discontented and gloomy air of abstraction.

Georgiana's natural gayety seemed somewhat dimmed by this change in her brother. Their society consisted of the officers of the fort, but it was nevertheless of a kind to be grateful and pleasing to one of her temperament; and her predilections had furthermore been awakened in favor of a gallant young general in the service—so that there was still a source of interest to her unconnected with the brother, whose strange moodiness still gave her pain.

The fair colonist continued to decline mingling with the family, though with a gentle steadfastness that her friend might at any time have found it difficult to disarm; but she did not insist, lest she should give pain to the sensitive nature of the timid and heart-sick stranger.

It was on a pleasant evening in June, that, by the open window of Georgiana Lincoln's apartment, Grace Bartlett was sitting languidly. Her thoughts were evidently of the past—for at intervals the faint color would fade from her cheeks, and an expression of deep mental pain pass over her countenance—her soft eyes assuming a fixed look, as if her remembrances were fraught with agony. As she sat in the dim twilight in that state, her thoughts broke forth into pensive song, and she almost unconsciously chanted the words.

Oh, the home of my childhood ! my desolate heart !  
Its merciless loss bids the warm tears to start.

Her voice gradually died away, and by degrees she closed her eyes and slumbered. And now naught was heard save the gentle breeze waving the branches outside the window near which she reclined. But ere her tones ceased, they had reached other ears.

Charles Lincoln had stretched his lazy length on one of the couches in the balcony below ; and those musical tones came to him laden with association of other days—of a brief but transient period of bliss. With a magic power they arrested his attention, and he continued to ponder on them long after they had ceased, until he was filled with an ardent curiosity to behold once more the young stranger of whom he had caught a glimpse on the evening of his return, and whose position in his father's house had afterward been described to him by his sister.

Whilst his curiosity was thus at work, his sister approached him, accompanied by the young officer above referred to, with whom she had been enjoying an evening stroll.

"Georgiana," said her brother, starting up to meet her, and drawing her aside, "can you not prevail on your fair colonial guest to appear at the masquerade this evening ? I am dying to see her, for the melody of her voice, just now wafted to my ears on the air, has reminded me of one who was dear to me, and is lost forever."

"I have heretofore refrained from urging it on poor Grace to appear in the drawing-room," replied the young lady ; "she seemed so averse to the mention of such a thing. But I have no doubt that I could bring her yielding nature to comply, if I were to put the effort in the light of a favor toward me, whom she loves as a sister. It might do her good, too, if she could only be induced to make the exertion. It shall be as you wish, dear brother ; you may depend upon me."

A few hours afterward more than ordinary excitement was passing in the mansion. A masquerade was given to the officers—and the scene was gay and picturesque. The sounds of merriment and laughter were heard.

Grace Bartlett had at length yielded to the request of her hostess, and had quietly submitted to be attired in a graceful robe of India muslin, so transparent in its texture as to look like gauze. Her beautiful hair received a new grace from the single white camellia, with its drooping bud, which gleamed like a star amid those golden tresses, so purely, so freshly beautiful, that it seemed a fit emblem of her it adorned.

Georgiana Lincoln appeared a fairy vision of beauty and brightness; the diamonds sparkling among her shining braids, and the graceful folds of her lace robe falling around her like drapery around a Grecian statue.

The masqueraders were intent on their amusement as the two females entered. Then, for a few moments, all merriment ceased, and murmurs of undisguised admiration went round. The Puritan was seated at once by her friend in a recess upon a couch raised a little above the floor, and immediately after Miss Lincoln proceeded to mix among the company. In a moment, a gentleman of elegant figure and handsome face pressed forward, and saluted her with marked *empressement*. "My dear Miss Lincoln, to-night carries me back to London refinement and fashion—dress—scenery—company—beauty—fascination. This evening will be impressed on our English hearts indelibly, to the utter forgetfulness of our rusticated state in these American forests."

"Do be grateful, then," the lady answered, "to me for giving you some taste of London and its fashion. Papa is much too solemn for anything but those great, pompous dinners, which I detest."

"But tell me," rejoined her companion, "how did you

induce that lovely flower" (and he turned his masked visage toward Grace Bartlett) "to shed its perfume on our scentless hearts?"

"By exhausting all that irresistible eloquence of which you speak so highly," she replied; "for I recognize my complimentary acquaintance, Lieut. R——."

"Indeed! Well, she is perfectly lovely, and with a touch of sadness so interesting," said the gentleman. "I'll exert myself to flirt with her."

"I am not quite sure you will find that task so easy as you imagine," was the laughing rejoinder.

"Very likely," responded Lieut. R. "But in a good cause I am prepared to go great lengths, and as she is very pretty I'll take my chance at any rate."

Shortly after, Charles Lincoln sauntered languidly into the apartment, closely masked. On first entering, he had for a moment fixed an almost startled gaze of admiration upon the Puritan. To a close observer, deep emotion would have been discernible beneath that mask. But a powerful will struggled against the display of it, as, half concealed behind a pillar, he retreated to look more intently, and without being observed. He wished to discover whether or no his sense of vision had deceived him. But no—it must be she whom he beheld—the same grace in the drooping form, but how fragile did it appear; how painfully changed in the character of its loveliness were the faultless features of that face—when the hair, combed carelessly back from her brow, displayed their delicate outlines. Her countenance spoke with truth of the ravages sorrow had occasioned.

Lincoln gazed until he had convinced himself, rushed forward and tearing off his mask, exclaimed, "Grace! dearest Grace, you live yet, and I find you in my father's halls!"

The astonished and bewildered girl gave one cry, and fell fainting at his feet.

## CHAPTER XI.

Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.  
The web is wove. The work is done. GRAY.

It was on a lovely summer's evening, rather more than ten years after the events last recorded, that two persons were sitting in the spacious drawing-room of a noble mansion in Canada. They had, it appeared by the lady's attire, been walking, but as their conversation deepened in interest, the repose of home had again been unconsciously sought. She had thrown aside her bonnet, and as she sat, her face upturned to her male companion, her features disclosed a loveliness that would have irresistibly attracted attention. The repose of her features was so soft and gentle that the eye would have fallen there with the same delight, and turned away with the same regret which it experiences in regard to other things which are found to harmonize with its vision. In her the period of girlhood had merged into the epoch of woman's maturity, when, nearer her prime than her bloom, she unites all the freshness of early youth with those calm and more finished graces which deepen and endure.

But one glance at the sweet Madonna countenance, the unequalled expression of the placid features, the golden hair, shaded now to something of a chestnut, will suffice for her recognition by all those whose interest in Grace Bartlett has sketched her image in their minds.

To the Grace Bartlett of our opening chapter, she bore indeed only the outward resemblance that the opening flower does to the early bud. But even as the full blown rose reveals the luscious scent and glowing beauty which the blossom contained, so did her character, as it now shone forth be-

neath the bright and dazzling sun of affluence, confirm and strengthen the promise of its dawn.

The gay playful child of our first chapter, the timid, shrinking Puritan girl of our after history, was now the modestly dignified, though still retiring, wife of the Governor General of Canada. The pure and holy sentiments of religion which had formerly been spoken timidly, as hardly daring to find expression lest the high-born should mock, were now avowed calmly, unostentatiously as they had been acted upon in the deep trials of her girlhood.

Her love for her husband was intense and absorbing, but it came not between herself and heaven. The fruits of her holy life were gentleness and self-denial, meekness and charity—plainly showing at whose feet she laid the offering of her heart.

In the polished circle in which she now moved, she had preserved within her that pure light which, when the sun is growing dim and waxing faint, alone can guide through the dark valley of the shadow of death. The heart of that lovely flower of a Puritan village—a heart that had throbbed and quivered at the faintest touch of kindness, and which a silken thread could lead in all other matters, had stood firm where her religion was concerned, and this very firmness had won her husband to her faith.

The importance which Frank Winthrop had acquired as the son of Gen. Lincoln, added to his personal merit—under the name of his adopted father, which he always retained, had attracted the attention of the government. He was soon employed in various situations of responsibility and importance. By the same progression in fortune which first elevated him, another and later change had brought him in Canada to the rank of Governor General.

The conversation between the two had been continued for some time, when the voice of a young child was heard on the staircase.

●

"Oh, there is my little bird singing," exclaimed Grace Lincoln. She sprang to the door and returned, bearing in her arms a lovely boy, exquisitely fair, with deep blue eyes, and clustering curls of gold. The bright complexion and golden hair were hers, but his features were the miniature likeness of his handsome father at her side.

Over them we now drop the curtain, and in so doing, let them take their farewell of the reader.

THE END.















